THE AUSTRALIAN
WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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LYRIC

Drawing . . . by Boothroyd.

Verse by P. Duncan-Brown.

YOUNG fires kindling in young veins of men
And in the aged the embers glow again.

A girl may wake in hours such as these
When Spring has burst in the bud-brushed trees.

Through Winter boughs the emerald creepers run
And freesias waken in the sudden sun.

From feathered throats a million lyrics ring
Gladly across the crystal air of Spring.

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PRINCE'S FIANCEE *Starts* a *New* VOGUE!

Watch Out, Now, for the Crop of "Marinas"... in the Stork's Next Batch

From MURIEL SEGAL, Our Special Representative in Europe
(By Beam Wireless)

PRINCE GEORGE, fourth of the Royal Princes, whose engagement to Princess Marina of Greece is causing worldwide interest. It is now clear that this romance was the reason for Prince Henry being substituted for Prince George for the Australian tour.

Stand by, Australia! The great rush to name the baby "Marina" has already set in and will assuredly engulf your island continent ere long!

The interest aroused by the engagement of Prince George to the Greek princess spreads to every class, and one of the main reasons is, I am sure, the fact that Princess Marina so typifies the average modern young woman that every girl feels the engagement is one of those real story-book romances so dear to the heart of woman—and of men, too, for that matter!

AS a matter of fact, an intimate friend of Marina's reports that she is extraordinarily like a smart Australian girl—resourceful, energetic, with a flair for frocking with distinction on a very narrow income, and a keen zest for life.

She has sunbaked since childhood, despite the disapproval of Royal relatives, and is keen on swimming, music, and dancing. She uses an effective suntan make-up, with an orange shade of lipstick, and auburn hair wash. In the evening she uses a hazel-shadowed mascara on her eyelids. She diets strictly.

Like so many resourceful Australian girls, she makes many of her own clothes. During the recent London season, when she was notably smart, she often danced in home-made white frocks, ringing the changes in various fresh flower garlands. She has the Parisian leaning to black for street wear.

She will be the first member of British Royalty to choose a platinum wedding ring.

Queen Delighted

THE Queen is delighted that her son has chosen a bride so domesticated and unspoilt. Her frugal rearing has made her a most capable housewife and an excellent cook. Her family has rarely owned a motor car, has never indulged in extravagances, and is unaffectedly appreciative of the honor of entering the British Royal Family.

PRINCESS Elizabeth begs to be a bridesmaid at the wedding, and it is almost certain her pleadings will be successful. This will give the last touch to the popularity of the wedding, for little Princess Betty is the idol of the nation, and all England will be thrilled to know that the dear little girl is to take the role of bridesmaid at the wedding of her popular uncle and his attractive fiancee.

Everybody is agog with excitement over the wedding plans. Prince George will wear the uniform of a Commander of the Navy, and the London papers say the same ceremonial will be observed as at the wedding of the Duke of York. But, as the Princess Marina is a member of the Greek Orthodox Church, high dignitaries of that Church will assist the Archbishops of Canterbury and York in officiating at the ceremony.

How exciting it will be to watch the three Royal processions to the Abbey—those of their Majesties, the King and Queen, of the bride and her parents, and the bridegroom!

Prince George is expected back from Lake Bled, where he and the Princess Marina are the guests of the Princess's brother-in-law, Prince Nicolas, of Jugoslavia, on September 8. The papers are full of romantic anecdotes about the roseate days he is spending with his fiancee. They go rowing a good deal, and take long walks, hand-in-hand like other lovers, and on sightseeing expeditions. There is an island in the centre of the lake with a famous wishing bell and, of course, they went there, for the Princess confesses she has her pet superstitions. She cherishes a gold coin which King Alexander of Jugoslavia gave her, and this, she avows, is the mascot which brought her luck in love.

Sweet Nature

PRINCESS MARINA will visit London shortly after the return of Prince George. She will be quite at home in England, for she has always had English sympathies, and is an inveterate reader of English novels, with a passion for Galsworthy.

Above all, she is a sweet-natured, unspoiled girl, and so is sure of winning an abiding place in the hearts of the people of her adopted country. All the world knows those are the simple, homely qualities for which the women of the reigning Royal Family are famous, and the equally famous sterling worth of the Princes of the Royal House that have endeared them to the nation. So almost whilst every other crowned head of Europe has "lain uneasy" in the past perilous years, this period of testing has but served to strengthen the ties that bind the English Royal Family to the nation.

So everyone is unfeignedly glad that this new Princess who is to be allied to Royalty is so sweet and charming a woman.

And, of course, the romance has stirred all the old, eager desire to see the Prince of Wales happily married. Now, when that happens, what a stir it will make in the world!

THE PRINCESS MARINA.

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SCREEN *Personality* QUEST at *Exciting* STAGE!

Twelve Finalists to be Publicly Selected at the Savoy Theatre Next Tuesday Evening

Now comes the most exciting stage in the great Screen Personality Quest which The Australian Women's Weekly is conducting in co-operation with the committee of the City of Sydney Eisteddfod, Cinesound, and the Cinema Academy.

From the thousand competitors who have been tested during the past three weeks, sixty have been selected as worthy of the second test.

The BIG *Prizes*

A part in a Cinesound production. £50 for the woman winner. £50 for the man winner. Free course of tuition at the Cinema Academy. Cash prizes and certificates from the City of Sydney Eisteddfod. Screen tests costing £25 each for twelve finalists.

THIS test will be held on Tuesday, September 11, at 7.45 p.m. To enable the general public and the many relatives and friends of the successful candidates to witness this very interesting event The Australian Women's Weekly has engaged the Savoy Theatre, Bligh St., for that evening.

Seats may be reserved at Paling's, 2/- plus tax, unreserved seats being 1/-. We print to-day a number of those who will appear at this final test. It is impossible to print the sixty, but the fact that just a few have been selected does not imply that they are finalists.

At this test the twelve finalists will be selected, and all these finalists will be given screen tests.

It is hoped that all those interested will attend at the Savoy on Tuesday. The presence of friends and spectators acts as a stimulus and encouragement to competitors to do their best and, apart from this aspect, the tests are intrinsically good entertainment.

Unsuccessful competitors should find it especially valuable to attend these auditions, as they will learn much from them which should be very helpful on future occasions.

The Quest has been amazingly interesting. The types have been most varied, and the selections contributed by competitors covered a wide range. Certain plays proved to be much more popular than others. Several competitors selected extracts from "Within the Law," "Sometimes Even Now," "A Woman of No Importance," "The Silence of Dean Maitland," "Joan of Arc," "The Merchant of Venice," and "Julius Caesar."

Shakespearean selections, by the way, are not the wisest to choose. As a rule, it requires an experienced actor or actress to give the full force of Shakespeare's wonderful lines, whereas scenes of daily happenings can be well handled by reasonably clever amateurs.

So widespread has been the interest aroused by this contest that it is hoped to organise another later, for the demand for screen talent will be an ever-growing one.

Mr. Lane-Bayliff visited Lismore and Tamworth last Monday and Wednesday, so the selected entrants from there will be in time to appear on the gala night at the Savoy Theatre on September 11.

Much generous help has been accorded The Australian Women's Weekly in this contest from the managements of various picture theatres in the country. In addition to those mentioned at other times, we gratefully acknowledge the assistance of the managements of the Star Court Theatre, Lismore, and the Capitol Theatre, Tamworth, both of whom lent their theatres for the auditions, and the courtesies of Angus and Coote, Sydney.

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Let's Talk of Interesting P·E·O·P·L·E

PIONEERED WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE

MRS. CARRIE CHAPMAN CATT, famous pioneer of the women's suffrage movement in America, recently retired from public life. When the suffrage was gained she threw herself into the Peace movement. A brilliant orator, she was eminently suited for the office to which she was appointed of chairman of the National Committee on the Cause and Cure of War.

Since relinquishing actual public work, she has taken up broadcasting, and her talks have been so popular, and she has been so sought-after, that she has earned the tribute paid to her by her proud countrywomen, who say, "Once Mrs. Chapman Catt went out to meet the world. Now the world comes to meet her."

LITERARY SUCCESS.

MRS. E. M. BAILY, who is the wife of Rev. G. H. Baily, a Congregational minister, is a very well-known Australian, who has lived in every State in the Commonwealth, and has addressed congregations and made many friends in all of them.

From childhood she has written stories for well-known periodicals, but an early marriage and the cares of a growing family kept her for many years from attempting the writing of books. Since her children have grown up, however, Mrs. Baily has published "Outcast of Eden" and "Pathway of the Sky." Now she is at work on a novel dealing with life in Australian dairying districts.

—Broomhora.

KNOWS OUR TROPICS

MRS. C. PRICE-CONIGRAVE has lived for 15 years in the tropics in Darwin and New Guinea. In her travels through Australia and New Guinea Mrs. Price-Conigrave has collected 2000 lantern slides of scenery, animal life, and aborigines. She has also collected corroboree music and native songs.

Mrs. Price-Conigrave was formerly the well-known concert artist, Viotti Pearce. She is a member of 25 organisations in Sydney and received the honor badge from the Overseas League for her services.

She is one of the original members of the Victoria League, and formed its 146th branch at Samarai on her way to New Guinea.

She arrived in Melbourne recently after a successful visit to Tasmania, where she gave lectures and wireless talks, and has addressed a number of Victorian women's organisations.

NEW *Ways* of RULING *the* WAVES

Coiffures Go Windswept to Suit Streamline Ideals

"Curlylocks, Curlylocks, wilt thou be mine?
Thou shalt not wash dishes, thou shalt not feed swine..."

THAT old rhymester knew his business. An escape from drudgery for Curlylocks. . . Certainly! Try commencing the couplet with "Straight hair," or "Tidy locks," or even "Slick locks," and see how the magic escapes!

SKETCH showing an attractive arrangement of curls at the nape suitable for evening.

AN up-to-the-minute coiffure which attractively obeys the dictum for a straight backward movement with waves widely spaced and artistic cluster finish.

—By courtesy Craig & Aitken, Sydney.

THIS PHOTOGRAPH illustrates a "non-electric" method of wave invented by Mr. Maeder and introduced by him to Australia some three years ago. The machine consists of parallel metallic bars, on which clips, somewhat resembling paper clips in appearance, are heated. When the hair is prepared and dampened with the special solution, it is wound on small rods, and the heated clips from the machine are placed in position. The clips are removed when cool.

—Photo by courtesy La Ray (Madame Lloyd, 87 Liverpool St., and Woollahra).

A BEAUTIFUL EXAMPLE of the newest coiffure note. The hair is "windswept" to the back where it is finished in a very charming arrangement of cluster curls.

—Courtesy Craig & Aitken, Sydney.

THE simplicity of the carefully-waved and set shingle retains its appeal when the effect is as artistic as this.

ANOTHER interesting modern method of permanent waving is illustrated here in the "Supaperm." No machine is used in this method. The hair is prepared in sections, and wound on metal curlers. Then the sections are encased in long paper cylinders, each composed of a foil-wrapped packet containing a quantity of white powder. When wet, the powder generates the heat and steam necessary to wave the hair. Before it is encased in the curler each cylinder is dipped in water.

—By courtesy of "Supaperm," Aust. Ltd.

FOR who cares how much washing – up and swine-feeding have to be done by the straight-haired, but for dear little Curlylocks, what a different matter!

In short, "Curled, and the world smiles with you; straight, and you weep alone," as the poet might have said.

So, from earliest times, women have sought the charms of curled hair. Primitive woman tried complicated mud-baking methods, and from these descended curling papers, rags, pins, twigs, irons, and now you think of another.

Came the "permanent wave," and what a cheer was there, my countrywomen! Then you and I and all of us sought the beauty salons, and, at first with trepidation, but in these later days with implicit confidence, placed our hair at the disposal of these beneficent machines.

(Please turn to Page 25)

A SKETCH illustrating one of the latest trends in hairdressing. Note the disposition of the back curls to suit the millinery modes of the moment.

Test IT NOW for 30 DAYS!

Get NEW HAIR, £1000 Guarantee Quickly!

This offer expires SHORTLY Post NOW!

HURRY—
For This Sensational Offer!

NOW, you can test it yourself—try this famous treatment in your own home—under any condition you like, and if it doesn't grow new hair, rid you of dandruff or any other hair trouble you suffer from, within 30 days, it costs you nothing!—not one penny! But you must hurry; this offer may never be repeated; it places you under no obligation; all you have to do is to post that coupon NOW!

WHAT I DISCOVERED ABOUT HAIR

IT does not matter if your hair is falling out, if you are fast growing bald—or what you have tried. I know you have not used the RIGHT method. My own hair fell out in handfuls until I fast began to go bald. I tried everything. But now I have a thick, lustrous growth of hair—thanks to the important discovery that—

TONICS WILL NEVER GROW HAIR

THEY never have—because it is impossible! There is one underlying principle that stimulates New Hair Growth—that principle is involved in the new Kelso Murchison Treatment. It's a new way—entirely different and successful. It approaches baldness, falling hair, etc., from a new angle. With it you can stop your hair troubles overnight! Don't waste more time and money on worthless "tonics" and "hair restorers," but accept my great offer and watch your hair grow! Get this special offer coupon in the post to-day!

J. KELSO MURCHISON
Dept. W.W., Lombard Chambers,
PITT STREET, SYDNEY, N.S.W.

30 Days Amazing Trial Offer

IT DOES NOT MATTER

IT does not matter how long-standing your hair or scalp trouble may be, it does not matter what you have tried—J. Kelso Murchison is prepared to PROVE to you beyond all doubt and without your risking one penny, that YOU CAN DEFINITELY GROW NEW HAIR — if you send the coupon below NOW!

STILL MORE PROOF—
READ IT!

"It has completely changed the colour of my hair. It has turned it from its dry, dead, straw-looking colour back to its original shade of brown, and now, after about three weeks' use, I have a lot of new hair growing all over my head. It's growing like wildfire. I might mention that I never gave your treatment a very fair go, either."—G. J. Reynolds, M., N.S.W.

"After using your course for one week my hair stopped falling and began to improve wonderfully. To-day my hair is as healthy as it is possible to be, and the thin parts are almost as abundant with hair as the rest of my head."—G. Hoepper, G., N.S.W.

Rip This out-and POST!

J. KELSO MURCHISON, Dept. W.W., Lombard Chambers, Pitt Street, Sydney, N.S.W.

Name .....

Address .....

Enclose 4d. in stamps for postage of literature. 8/9/'34.

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DREADFUL DEATH ... of *Girl-Mother!*

Public Conscience Aroused by Tragic Case

Every time the foulest of crimes is committed, every time the most revolting of horrors is perpetrated, the victim is—A WOMAN!

In addition to the dread discovery in the past few days of the charred body of the young woman victim of the Albury crime, a case was heard in the Wagga Court last week which received little publicity in the papers, but which is so utterly pathetic that the conscience of the public should be aroused to a state of affairs which allows a woman to be so treated.

INDIGNANT letters about it have reached The Australian Women's Weekly, but so briefly was the case reported that this will come as the first news of it to many thousands of readers. Yet the case cries aloud for publicity.

Only when the people are fully aware that such things can happen in our midst will such a clamor for justice to women arise as must result in the abolition of the merest possibility of such a crime recurring.

THE Wagga case was an inquest on a girl of 19 years. A married woman, with one baby of twelve months, she was living in a poverty-stricken home, and expecting to become a mother for the second time. Her husband was a gardener.

On July 19 last he left home for his work. According to all accounts there was very little food, and hardly any furniture, in the house. The young wife was quite alone.

Some time in the morning she gave birth to a child. No one came to her assistance. When the husband came back from work the child was dead, with a rag tied round its neck. The mother was taken to the Wagga Hospital, where she died on the 22nd of August last.

No wonder the Wagga Coroner (Mr. H. Oates) said at the inquest on the dead child last week, that the case was the saddest in his experience. He also made some scathing remarks about the conduct of the husband in leaving his wife alone all day—conduct which he described as "indirectly responsible for what happened."

After the inquest on Friday last The Australian Women's Weekly got in touch with the police station at Wagga. "Is anything further being done?" the sergeant in charge was asked.

"Well," was the reply, "the papers are being forwarded to the Superintendent at Albury. I do not know that we can do any more. The coroner gave the woman's husband a dressing down. Whether there is ground for further action we cannot say."

THE circumstances of the case call loudly for official notice and investigation.

The husband's story at the inquest was that he did not know his wife was in a certain condition. This, despite the fact that when he left home she was within a few hours of her confinement! In any event, it was established that his work was only about half a mile from where the sick woman and dead child were lying—and they lay there all day.

It was further stated at the inquest that the woman, in her desperate plight, sent a note to her husband begging him to send some biscuits. Even this did not prompt him to go personally to see what was the matter.

Should Not Happen

If there are extenuating circumstances in this most tragic and pitiful case they have not yet been brought to light. But such things ought not to be allowed to happen. Every time a tree is cut down in a city park there is a public outcry. The man who ill-treats his animals arouses the righteous wrath of his fellows and places himself within the arm of the law.

But a young girl wife, with an infant in her arms and in daily expectation of the birth of another, can be left hungry and cold to go through the agonies of childbirth alone!

Where the risks of childbirth are heightened by cruel and callous neglect those responsible should pay the penalty. The Australian Women's Weekly is not making a charge against anyone. It is merely insisting that some steps should be taken by local and governing authorities to prevent such things.

There is a law to deal with murderers. Why is there no law to protect an expectant mother from treatment so brutally callous that it may turn the agony of labor into the agony of death?

SHE gets panic-stricken about a gray hair . . . and yet nobody else would ever know she had one! Scarcely anyone, however, can glance at her without noticing how grey her teeth look . . . and how dingy and dull.

To be really attractive your teeth must be white and bright . . . and teeth *can't* be good-looking unless your gums are healthy, because sound teeth are absolutely dependent on the condition of your gums. To be healthy your gums need the stimulation of regular, frequent exercise given them by the natural work of *chewing*. It's because the soft modern foods of *to-day's* meals rob your gums of this stimulation that they become soft and flabby . . . blood easily . . . and ★"pink tooth brush" often follows.

Check "pink tooth brush" quickly . . . it threatens the sparkle and soundness of your teeth . . . the charm of your smile. Keep your gums hard and healthy . . . and your teeth clean and bright by the regular use of Ipana Tooth Paste. Each time you clean your teeth squeeze a little extra Ipana on fingertip or tooth brush and massage it into your gums. Start to-morrow. Follow the Ipana treatment regularly and faithfully and you need have little concern about "pink tooth brush." You'll be rid of it.

A good tooth paste, like a good dentist, is never a luxury

★"PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

"Pink tooth brush" comes from gums that bleed easily, leaving a tinge of "pink" on the tooth brush when you clean your teeth. This is nature's warning that your gums are soft and tender . . . that gingivitis, Vincent's disease, or even pyorrhea, may be on the way. "Pink tooth brush" means that your teeth and gums need Ipana and massage. Now! Before it's too late.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

1/-, OR IN A SUPER SIZE 2/-. AT ALL CHEMISTS

YOU'LL HEAR them on 2GB. Billy Jones and Ernie Hare, internationally famous radio and movie stars, who will be featured in The Australian Women's Weekly's broadcast from Station 2GB this Saturday night.

DON'T MISS *This Radio* TREAT!

World-Famous Stars for Our Sessions . . . on Station 2GB!

Four special announcements about The Australian Women's Weekly sessions at Station 2GB:

***FIRST:** The Billy Jones and Ernie Hare features will commence this week-end on Saturday night at 9.15.*

***SECOND:** Charles Zwar, composer of "Blue Mountains Melody," the new J. C. Williamson Australian attraction, will sing and play numbers from the show during the Sunday night session.*

***THIRD:** Dorothea Vautier, who conducted our special features from station 2UW, will be with us again at 2GB.*

***FOURTH:** "Discobolus," Australia's foremost authority on recorded music, will conduct our Saturday night session.*

TUNE-IN on Saturday night at 9.15 to the first of The Australian Women's Weekly feature broadcasts from Station 2GB, and hear the ditties that have made Billy Jones and Ernie Hare famous throughout the world as radio artists.

The Australian Women's Weekly feels that in securing the first release of these brilliant partners in Australia it is giving the public something unique in radio entertainment.

In future, Billy Jones and Ernie Hare will be presented on Sunday night only, but this week, in order to give listeners every opportunity of enjoying the versatility of this delightful pair, they will be heard during the presentation of The Australian Women's Weekly recitals on both Saturday and Sunday nights at 9.15.

THESE radio stars regard their association together as a very happy one, especially as they both have the same birthday, mothers whose maiden names were the same, the habit of singing with hands in their pockets, a passion for spinach, and identical heights.

Socially, they never see each other, and this is probably the reason why, as business partners, they have been so successful. They have never quarrelled during their 12 years of broadcasting together.

Radio fans all over Australia will soon be familiar with the songs and patter of these novelty entertainers, while their famous theme number, "We're Billy Jones and Ernie Hare," will be heard in every home on Sunday nights.

AS the object of these recitals is to give our readers and listeners uninterrupted entertainment, the Billy Jones and Ernie Hare number will be preceded by Carli Elinor conducting a symphonic arrangement of the late Victor Herbert's melodies.

Herbert himself needs no introduction to the public. Both as a man and a musician he endeared himself to his friends and fellow artists. His music possesses a charm and beauty that won for him fame and recognition in every Continent.

These exquisite melodies have never been heard to better advantage than under the baton of Carli Elinor. The charm and sweetness of Herbert's music is enhanced by clever orchestration and brilliant execution.

THE Saturday night broadcasts at 9.15 will be presented by "Discobolus," who is recognised as the greatest authority on recorded music in Australia, and is a personality already well known to 2GB listeners.

Through his expert knowledge of music and entertainment, The Australian Women's Weekly will be able to give listeners Saturday and Sunday recitals that will be unsurpassed in the history of radio presentations.

Miss Vautier's Success

MISS VAUTIER is recognised as one of the leading women radio personalities in Australia.

Starting her broadcasting career at 2YA, Wellington, in New Zealand, she came to Sydney in 1928, and took second place in the radio Eisteddfod held by national stations. Since then she has announced from national stations, and has been a feature announcer at 2GB, 2UE, and 2UW. She has had longer and more varied experience than any other announcer of her age. Her voice is well known for its beautiful quality.

Apart from her radio work, Miss Vautier has developed her talents in many ways. She is a fine writer, articles from her pen having often appeared in this paper.

She has a teacher's diploma for dramatic art, and, until recently, was a prominent player on the Sydney repertory stage. Her present hobby is the modern dance. She is one of Irene Vera Young's most promising pupils.

MISS VAUTIER is typical of the modern young woman in the best sense of the word. She is neither too sophisticated nor too unsophisticated. A keen reader, she is up to date with the most modern thought. She believes that the average woman has more intelligence than she is supposed to have, and, while keeping her talks simple, she refuses to talk down to her listeners.

The Australian Women's Weekly wants readers and listeners to realise that in selecting this young announcer to do our special sessions, we have set out to get the best possible.

Miss Vautier will do two short quarter-hour sessions morning and afternoon, at 11.45 a.m. and 3.30 p.m. Full details of the talks she is going to give at these times will be found on another page.

Read our wonderful daily programmes from 2GB . . . Page 6 Home Maker section

HORT Holbrook says: My Worcestershire Sauce is the perfection of flavour. Aye, it is the world's greatest appetiser.***

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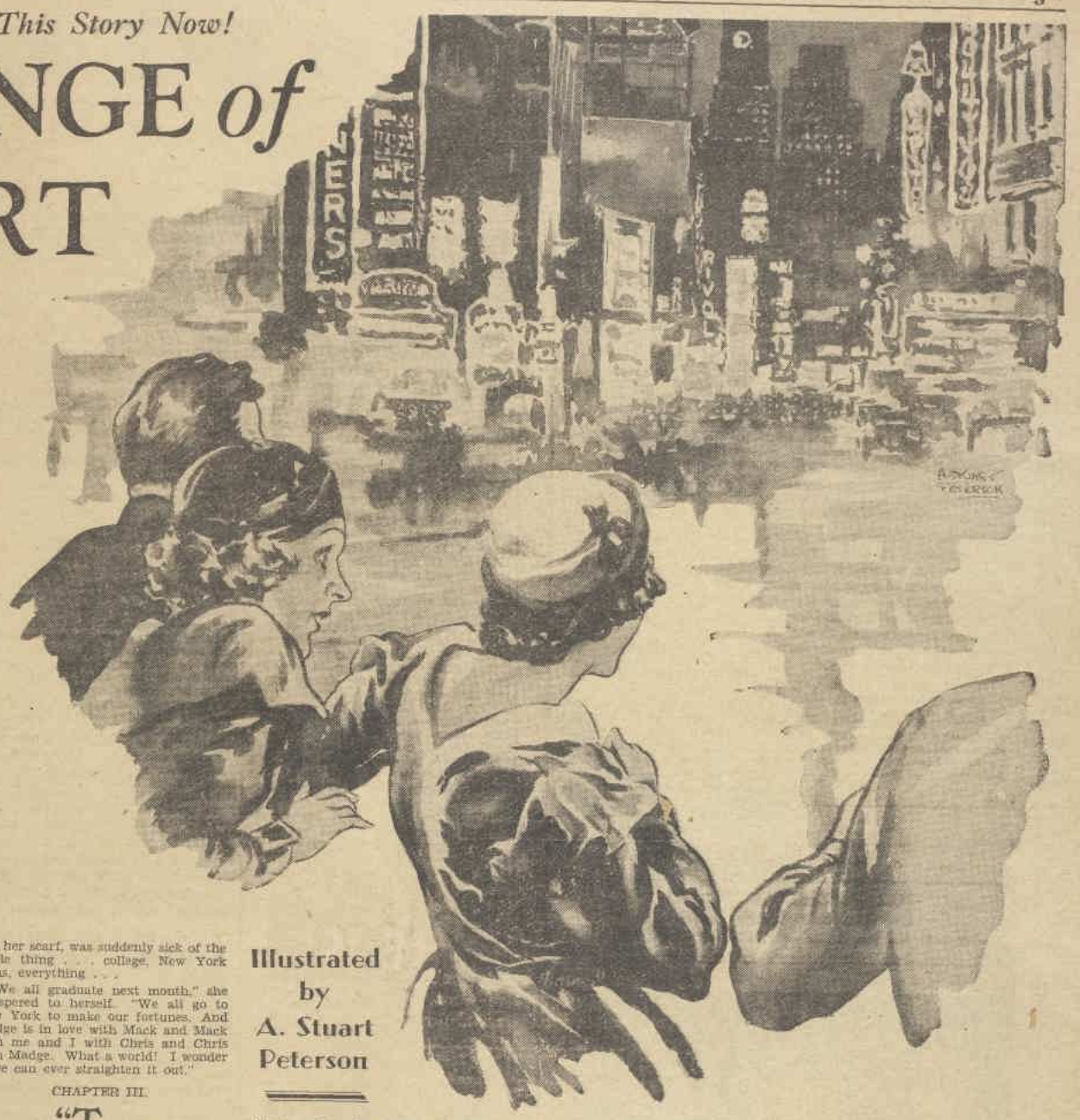
Start This Story Now!

CHANGE of HEART

By . .

Kathleen NORRIS

The World's Most Popular Woman Author.



Illustrated by A. Stuart Peterson

They stopped at a glittering corner. "Broadway!" Fanny ejaculated.

Chief Characters

FANNY FURNESS, 22, slim, blue eyes, tawny hair, vital personality, sunny-tempered, and kind.

CHRISTOPHER THRING, 24, broad, dark, rather silent, sensitive.

MADGE ROUNTREE, same age as Fanny, small and shy, with a Dresden-like beauty, clever, and ambitious for stage fame.

MACK WISE, fair and confident, resolute, big, lean and athletic.

WHEN Fanny found Madge, after their return from the picnic, lying flat on the bed, crying, intuition told her that revelations might be forthcoming that would bring her own dream castles crashing.

"Fanny, how can I make Mack like me?" Madge sobbed. "I think he likes you."

To Fanny the news was like a stone dropping to the bottom of her heart. Always she'd half hoped that Madge's flowerlike beauty would attract Mack . . . she herself wanted to be free to love Chris.

And then a further bombshell from the tearful Madge: "I'm crazy about Chris too, in a way."

What a merry-go-round Cupid had set in motion thought Fanny. "Mack is in love with me, and I with Chris and Chris with Madge and Madge with Mack," she said in her heart.

Her thoughts ran the gamut of life at the college . . . happy golden days . . . meeting Madge, with her ambitious stage plans . . . then Mack, fair and confident, lean and athletic; and lastly Chris; broad, dark, rather silent Chris, whose entry into her life had spoilt her appetite, her sleep, and her senior year at Stanford . . . but she couldn't help that.

How the four had planned to conquer the world. Somehow or other they had drifted together during the college years, and resolved never to lose each other again.

Madge's mother kept a girls' school at Piedmont, Mack's father was a doctor in Salt Lake City, Chris, with his mother and sister dependent on him, corrected papers and coached to pay his way. Fanny, an orphan, with just enough to last through college.

"Wait till we get to the Big City," was the quartet's constant hope. For them the rainbow of success curved from New York.

Fanny, as she comforted Madge and tied her scarf, was suddenly sick of the whole thing . . . college, New York plans, everything . . .

"We all graduate next month," she whispered to herself. "We all go to New York to make our fortunes. And Madge is in love with Mack and Mack with me and I with Chris and Chris with Madge. What a world! I wonder if we can ever straighten it out."

MAUD

My lady has a wondrous face—
Her eyes are like the pansy flowers,
Her hair is russet—
Autumn's tint—
Her smile like sunshine after showers.

And God gave her a wondrous grace
Of form and feature, act and speech,
To praise her, pen must touch the heights
Which my poor talent cannot reach.

—Kathleen Aitchison.

CHAPTER III.

"THERE'S a fire—something——" Fanny said, rousing from a sort of stupor.

She was tired; they were all tired. For almost four days they had been jogging, rocketing, bumping over the long road; California was more than three thousand miles away now, and college was gone forever.

It had been all thrill, all fun, at first. Fanny and Madge had settled into their compartment with great enthusiasm, dividing space, arranging soap and powders and creams fastidiously. The windows, the brief stops, had all been fun, been thrilling; every meal had been an hilarious event.

But now they were near the end; the next stop would be New York, and after that things would be more serious. Mack talked less, Chris hardly at all; on Chris' handsome, dark young face a look of concentration that was not quite a frown, not quite anxious, settled itself. Marjorie would not admit that she was uneasy, but during the last day of the trip she had reiterated with increasing definiteness her oft-repeated statement that "everyone" said that "anyone" could live easily on a hundred dollars a month in New York, or anywhere, and that "anybody" could always telegraph "their mother" for more, if need arose.

Fanny alone remained serene, as far as actual plans were concerned. But it was to be noted that as the last afternoon wore away in the hot car, and as twilight began to fall upon the unfamiliar scenes that flew by the windows, she fell silent, too; her elbow on the window sill, her face close to its own reflection in the glass, her eyes fixed on the June world outside.

"Our next letters home," she said at length, "will have 'New York' written at the top!"

"Oh, don't!" Madge said faintly. None of the four had ever seen New York.

"Let's discuss our plan of procedure once again," Fanny had said in a businesslike way, over the supper table. "We all go to Mrs. Smith's—that's a blessing anyway, to know where we're going, and what it'll cost us. Ten dollars apiece, for a week. We all have that anyway. Chris reports tomorrow to his law firm——"

"Arnold, Overman and Carnot," Chris supplied, as she glanced at him. "I hope to heaven their office'll be open to-morrow and that I can start in on Monday."

"Mack," Fanny pursued, "goes to the 'I.B.C.' the Inter-America Broadcasting Company. I think it would be cute, Mack, if you stepped into the President's office saying, 'May I B seen on your payroll——'"

"I'll remember it—go on from there," said Mack. "What do you girls do?"

"Oh, that's what scares me!" Madge put in, fluttered. "But, of course, I have my hundred."

Beginning the Great Adventure

"Madge has a letter to Tony Sarg, which she'll present," Fanny said.

"I suppose I can find him," Madge added.

"In the telephone book, darling."

"Isn't it funny," Madge interpolated wonderingly, "to think of people like Tony Sarg and—and Paul Whiteman and Gershwin and all of them, being in the telephone book!"

"OH, funny," Fanny echoed, with a gasp of premonitory excitement. "Oh, I'm going to love New York!" she said.

"Where's Mrs. Smith's boarding house, Fanny?"

"Oh, the East Fifties, or the West, or something. I showed you the Dean's letter, but Madge and I," Fanny said, "mean to find a little tiny apartment, don't we, Madge?"

"If we can, on a hundred a month," Madge began dubiously.

"Oh, but I'll be making scads!"

Chris looked at her thoughtfully. They were all wedged into the compartment seats; Chris next to Madge, Mack with his arm about Fanny, the girls at the windows. Their bags were packed; their coats and gloves waiting; the trip was almost over.

"How will you be making scads of money, Fanny?" Chris asked.

"Oh, somehow! Anyway," Fanny said serenely, "I have two hundred and twelve dollars, you know. That'll last for weeks."

"Fanny, I thought you had three hundred," Madge said.

"I did have, nearly. But—oh, I don't know," Fanny explained. "I had to send the Dean flowers—she was awfully nice to me, and my ticket, and —I don't know. Anyway, now I have two hundred."

"You'll find New York a lot different from your little home town!" Chris warned her.

"How do you know, Chris? You've never been here."

"I know. But you'll find it different. In the first place it's the biggest city in the world; people don't know each other and care about each other the way they do at home. It's bloodless; it's soulless. Then, in the second place, everybody comes to New York. Every little town in the country is sending boys and girls here to try to make good. The competition is fierce."

"Seven million persons get away with it," Fanny asserted, looking out of her window. "I intend to be one of them."

"You haven't said yet how you were going to make those scads of money," Mack said, at her ear.

"Oh—oh, yes! The stage, I think," Fanny answered judicially. "Possibly something else, as a stopgap. But eventually the stage. Miss Fanny Furness, who so charmingly portrays the part of Griselda, was born in California in nineteen-twenty. Her success in——'"

"Where do you get that nineteen-twenty?" Mack interrupted.

"Why, they always lie about their ages, Mack; actresses have to."

"Yes, but they don't take themselves back to ten and twelve."

"Well, I'll arrange the year of my birth later," Fanny said, unruffled. She looked out of her window again, and there was silence in the dusky little car until she suddenly asked:

"There, what's that? That red on the sky down there ahead of us? It must be a big fire or something."

THEY all looked out. Chris said, in an odd voice:

"That's—that's it, I guess. That's New York."

And for a while they were all four silent, staring at the dull red fan that spread umbrella-wise against the southern sky, throbbing steadily, throwing into dim silhouette the squared tops of high buildings and the great round drums of tanks. The dome of heaven was a warm dark blue now; the last of the day was lying in dull streaks of amethyst and rose toward the west.

"A monster!" Madge said, in a frightened whisper.

"A frontier," said Fanny in a resolute voice.

"Gosh, what a theatre set," Mack muttered.

"Does it lick us or do we lick it?" Chris said, as if to himself.

"We lick it!" Fanny exclaimed, with a little shudder of thrilled anticipation. "But, goodness, goodness," she added, under her breath, "it does look big, doesn't it?"

Please turn to Page 28

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"FOR 6 DAYS I tried salts, cascara and other medicines, without avail, yet...

LAXETTES gave wonderful results"

Relief when old style purgatives and oil proved useless! Immediate relief without distress or discomfort . . . that's the story told by Mrs. H. W.....in praise of Laxettes:—

"Dear Sir:
I just want to let you know what a great blessing your Laxettes are. For six days I had been ill with constipation. I took salts, cascara and all other medicines, but no good. Then I thought I would try Laxettes. I took two, and within one hour they gave just wonderful results. Before the day was done I felt a new woman. I will never be without them again.
Mrs. H. W.....,
South Melbourne."

(Original of this letter may be seen at our office).

Laxettes are gentle and certain. Admirable for adults, in stubborn cases of constipation—yet perfectly suited to the tender constitutions of children. Laxettes cause a normal, regular bowel action that keeps the system purified and healthy. *Every Laxette is a prescription compounded by chemists of the highest skill.* Only *genuine* Laxettes can be relied on with safety. Always make certain you see the name Laxettes on the familiar square tablets and on the tin (never sold loose). All chemists everywhere, 1/6.

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We will send you a free sample. Write your name and address below. Post to The Laxette Manufacturing Company Dept. WW Melbourne, C.1.

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HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE
SNATCHED FROM DEATH BY ARTERIOL TABLETS

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Price: 5/6 Trial Size; 12/- five weeks' supply; 22/- full course.

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NEW BOOKS

CONDUCTED BY JEAN WILLIAMSON

Life, as Interpreted . . . By Three Sisters

Rare delight awaits those who have not already read Miss Beatrice Curtis Brown's novel, "The Sancroft Sisters."

The story reveals rare discrimination and observation on the part of its author, and a very pleasing gift of expression.

"SANCROFT SISTERS," though not pro-feminine, could incite a certain amount of sex antagonism.

Miss Curtis Brown does not depict her women as angels and her men as fiends, but she does rather suggest a greater honesty of purpose—or at least a desire for such—in the women, and a dominating, self-satisfied attitude in the men.

She does, not let the women escape criticism, though. For instance, in the case of Sorrel and Johnny Crabbe, who part almost on the eve of their marriage.

Johnny has socialistic tendencies, and has been unable to break through the crust of Sorrel's conservatism.

He has an adoring love for her, and by many and devious ways tries to bring her to his way of thinking. But to no avail, and at their final meeting he stings her with a storm of protest.

"You have no pity and no wisdom; only a kind of shrewdness—something useful to make your way with. You have a neat little book of rules, and anyone who doesn't behave accordingly is just shut out.

"You don't realise, probably, that people like you, who give nothing away, who always give less than they get, automatically make fools of everyone."

Those are a man's indictments of a woman, and now here are those of a woman, Cicely Sancroft, on her husband.

CICELY had forgotten to bring home the whisky her husband had asked for. He created a particularly choice little scene in consequence, and Cicely, in succeeding minutes, reflected on the great intrusions a husband made in a woman's life.

Before she married no one had ever spoken to her as "Nicky" had spoken then, and often did speak.

"But now there was no fence about her; she must suffer perpetual trespassing. Not always the quiet trespassing of the companion; of another who sought the quiet shade and silence; but the trespassing of one who walked rudely in, bringing with them their own irritations, their own fears—bringing whatever mood they wore, without a thought for its impropriety."

THE three Sancroft sisters were left orphans when Cicely was twenty-one, and engaged to be married, Sorrel sixteen, and Joanna fourteen. Cicely married and lived in the country, Sorrel and Joanna, after leaving school, went to live with relatives.

When the story opens, Sorrel had adopted a career, and Joanna remained with the Coulters. All the girls were good-looking and intelligent, and had a very great love for each other.

Cicely was a calm, wise sort of woman, without any destructive impulses. She was the ideal elder sister to whom the others turned for advice and guidance, but there was nothing neutral about her. She wrote books occasionally, and only when she felt impelled to do so.

Contrasting Types

Sorrel was the handsomest of the sisters. She was a delightful companion because her keen, amused observation was so quickly translated into keen, amusing speech, because she so easily and merrily enjoyed herself, and because her deductions, always shrewd, came so often near to real wisdom.

Yet her friends were cautious with her, because in Sorrel's mind there were tracts of forbidden ground on which it was dangerous to trespass.

Joanna is the turbulent, restless member of the trio, always seeking and never finding someone who can answer for her the troublous questions that beset her mind, and still the unsettled, undefined yearnings of her own spirit.

She makes excursions into the realms of a literary career, two love affairs, and social service.

Ultimately she takes a cottage in Berkshire, and hopes that, separated from all the things that she has leaned on for so long, she will at last find her own real self.

(Victor Gollancz. Our copy, Swains.)

"VULNERABLE." **Dale Collins.** Dale Collins has used rather a new medium for spinning a tale in "Vulnerable," his latest book. He develops the action from sundry games of cards played in odd corners of the world as well as in an English mansion, and links up the threads in quite an interesting manner.

There is nothing very deep in the book, and the author makes no attempt to point a moral. Character sketches are very well done, especially those of Captain O'Malley, Max Faber, and the brandy-drinking Countess of Dunkeld. (Macquarie Press.)

A MODERN *Pied Piper*

One of the most delightful little stories that have come to hand in recent months is the Australian edition of "Peacock Feather."

The story appeared in book form in England some years ago, but is very little known in this country, and the English editions are now rare.

ALL who read the book will rejoice that it has been rescued from its obscurity, for it is of the type that one wants to possess rather than borrow.

The plot has little, if any, originality. In fact, one might say it is a hackneyed one, dealing as it does with a young man who serves three years in prison for a crime he did not commit, an unforgiving father, a woman whose love fails at a crisis, and eventually a happy ending for all concerned.

But there its likeness to similar stories ceases.

The innocent criminal is a whimsical young man, a romanticist whose loneliness of spirit drives him to a life of solitude. In memory of the superstition of the woman who failed him he sets a peacock feather in his hat, and roams the countryside—a tramp with a volume of Chaucer in his pocket. His only means of livelihood is a penny whistle which he plays divinely and which coaxes odd pennies from the pockets of the villagers who hear him.

He writes a book, a good book, and in London, where people are talking of the unknown author, a titled girl is inspired to write to him. She reveals her loneliness and discontent, as well as her hopes and aspirations, in these letters, and the correspondence between them provides delightful reading.

The simple little story, clothed in such a finished literary style, ends on a happy note, with wrongs righted, love rewarded, and loneliness banished into the realms of forgetfulness.

"Peacock Feather." Leslie Moore. (Australian edition published by Angus and Robertson.)

SHORT *Reviews*

"HARVEST IN THE NORTH." **J. L. Hodson.** In this story of the rise and fall of the cotton industry in Lancashire, Mr. Hodson has produced his finest work.

Previous books have exhibited a gift for descriptive writing and a picturesqueness of style, but nothing that exceeded the high standard he has achieved in his latest novel.

The story, even when divorced from the deeper truths that are revealed in it, is one that inspires great interest. Though it is sad, it strikes a note of human courage that is reassuring.

There is something immense about the book and a brief summary of its plot would be inadequate. It leaves the reader with the impression of a big canvas on which a picture of the crisis that was reached in Lancashire shortly after the war is faithfully painted by a master of his craft. (Gollancz. 7/6. Our copy, Swains.)

"RUN AWAY." **Ruth Manning-Saunders.** Those who like to read of the situations that can arise through the diverging viewpoint of a husband and wife will be interested in "Run Away." The poverty-stricken novelist and his wife round whom the story is woven are both sincere in their outlook, but on the one hand is the man whose contacts with life and broader vision cause him to consider unessential those things which his wife forsees as real dangers, and the wife, unintelligent and narrow-minded with a fanatical puritanism in her outlook. She sees a menace to her children by the proposed visit of a girl whose father, an "immoral" man, was her husband's greatest friend. His death results in an invitation to the girl to make her home with the novelist's family, and from this situation Ruth Manning-Saunders has built up an interesting and worth-while book. (Cassell. 7/6.)

"GREEN GREY HOMESTEAD." **Steele Rudd.** This narrative of the typical life of a young man of the bush is written in an unusual way, but it is difficult to decide whether it is admonitory or prophetic. From the time when the idea of getting a homestead of his own is first entertained to the day when he rejoices in the gurglings of his own son and heir, the young man of the outback is referred to as "you," and the pages of his daily life are revealed to him and to the reader in this fashion. The style becomes monotonous, but is a fresh way of presenting a story that has more quiet happiness than hectic glamour about it. (Macquarie Press.)

Janet GAYNOR Charles FARRELL

Together again as you've always loved them . . . as you've wanted them together once more! With two fine young players each worthy of stardom—all four in Fox Films screen version of Kathleen Norris' serial which is thrilling you in this issue!

"CHANGE OF HEART"

JAMES DUNN
GINGER ROGERS

A WINFIELD SHEEHAN PRODUCTION. Directed by John Blystone.

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Mary's YOUNG MAN

. . . was an unknown quantity. The family thought it silly of Mary to be so secretive.

Complete SHORT STORY

****

Illustrated by UNK WHITE

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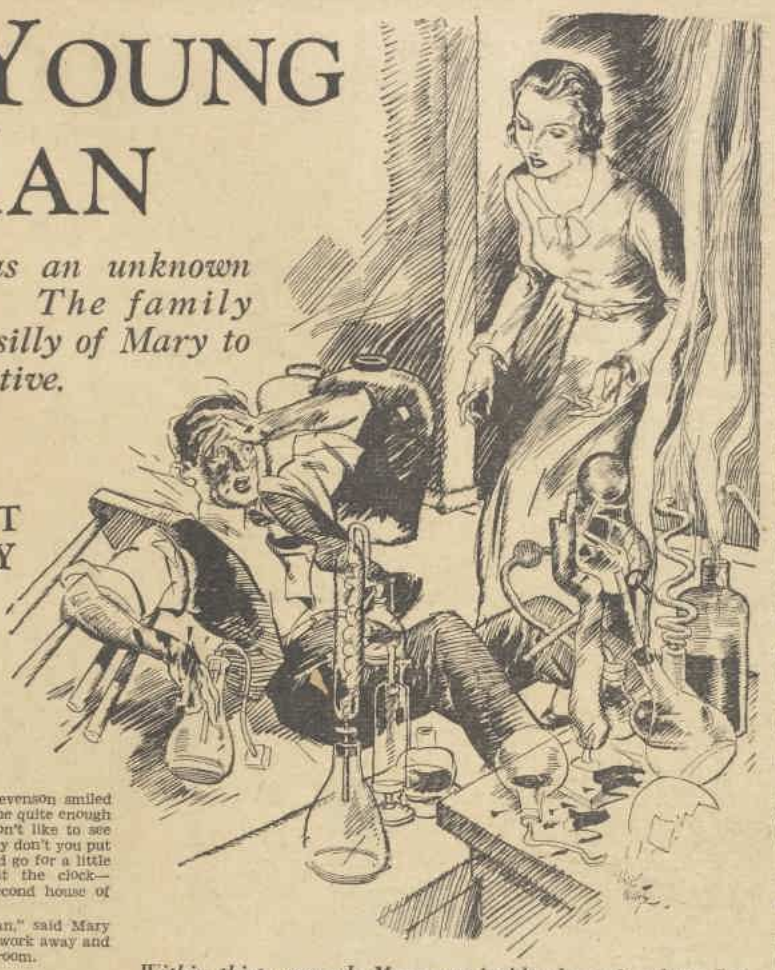

Within thirty seconds Mary was inside the attic where Len lay writhing on the floor, his arms burnt, his eyelashes singed, his face blackened.

By Doris Amy Ibbotson

THE Stevenson family had settled down for one of their long winter evenings—which meant that most of the Stevenson family were going out.

Beautiful Judy Stevenson sat on the table swinging long silken legs and waiting for Howard Clifford to come and fetch her in his super roadster. Beautiful Judy Stevenson, with a mouth like a half-blown poppy-bud, said casually, "If that pig doesn't turn up in two minutes I'll blow up!"

"Darling!" Judy's mother signified disapproval with pursed lips, shaking head, and elevated eyebrows. Which was so much water on a duck's back to Judy.

Lovely Patricia Stevenson stood in the doorway, squabbling with her latest date. "Well, you'll have to wait. I can't come out looking like a jumble sale. What? My dear man, this outfit was bought before the Flood, and I refuse to turn up at the Parrys' in it. So you'll just have to wait. Give me five minutes, and I'll be ready."

"Give her half an hour," grunted Patricia's father from behind his newspaper. "And you'll be lucky, my boy." Patricia's latest date grinned very sheepishly.

Pretty Cynthia Stevenson prinked in front of the mirror because she was going out dancing with Rex Hughes. "You know, people, I really believe I've lost a bit this last week. I'm sure I was tubbier the time before when I went out with Rex. I wonder if he'll notice the difference?"

"He's sure to bring his scales along and give you a test," said Cynthia's brother, Len, scornfully. "The tripe you girls talk is absolutely sickening! I'm clearing off to the lab.—and if your young men had any sense they'd do the same." He went out and slammed the door.

Mrs. Stevenson heaved a sigh. "That boy will blow us all up one of these days, I feel sure. I do wish he wouldn't be so keen on his experiments. If only he had a nice girl to take him out in the evenings, but——" She shook her head.

The Stevenson family sorted itself out. Judy departed in the super roadster, Patricia changed her frock in record time and went on to a party, Cynthia floated out in a swirl of georgette and ribbons to the waiting taxi, Len scowled over test tubes in the attic, Mr. Stevenson began a crossword puzzle, and Mrs. Stevenson picked up her library book.

Only Mary went on with her job—mending Len's socks, but then Mary was not a Stevenson. She was a Rivers. Mary had lived in the Stevenson household for about three months now. Mrs. Stevenson had offered her a home while she looked out for a job. But Mary did not find many jobs to look out for in a quiet country town like Manorsgreen.

Still, she was glad of a home. Now that Mother was dead there was nobody left in the world, except the Stevensons. They had been her mother's best friends. They were Mary's godparents. And she called them Uncle and Aunt. So that it was rather a complicated relationship all round.

Mary mulled her weight in the house, doing the little odd jobs Judy and Patricia and Cynthia would have done if they had ever had a moment to spare from dates and parties and hairdressers and golf and badminton and shopping. Mary felt that she was useful, so she didn't mind staying on with Uncle and Aunt.

"Mary, dear," Mrs. Stevenson smiled across at her, "you've done quite enough sewing for to-day. I don't like to see you stay in so much. Why don't you put on your hat and coat and go for a little run, or"—she looked at the clock—"there's time for the second house of the pictures."

"Very well, Aunt Susan," said Mary obediently. She put her work away and went quietly out of the room.

MARY fitted on a beret over dark curls, smiled at a little wide-eyed reflection in the mirror, and wondered if Len had meant to be funny the other night when he said she looked like Janet Gaynor. Or if it were really true.

Then she drew a deep breath, sighed heavily, and went out to see what was on at the pictures.

By eleven o'clock, the Stevenson family had drifted back to the roof-tree. Judy, because she wanted to get in a good night of beauty sleep, Patricia because the Parrys' party was "ghastly," and Cynthia because she had quarrelled with Rex, and was never going to speak to him again—never. Said with one eye on the clock and one ear on the telephone!

Len was also there, grumpy because his latest experiment had not come off. Mrs. Stevenson was tidying up the room. Mr. Stevenson was yawning his head off. They were waiting for Mary to come in before they could lock up.

She was late. The pictures must have been over long ago.

"Perhaps she's gone in to the Bijou," suggested Patrica.

"By herself? My dear, don't be mental," was Judy's reply.

THE Bijou was a little cafe in the High Street. You had your morning coffee there, and sometimes you went there after the pictures at night for another cup. If you were terribly daring you ordered bacon and eggs just to make Manorsgreen talk.

If you were going to be twenty-one or getting married or convening a meeting you used the Bijou. But you didn't want to go in there and sit all alone at a table, because there was no fun in it.

By half-past eleven the older Stevensons were beginning to get anxious, and the younger Stevensons interested. And, half a minute later, Mary arrived gasping out little apologies and looking sweet and lovely and mysterious.

Mary—with a carnation buttonhole pinned to her winter coat, and a crushed-looking carnation at that! Mary, with a two-pound box of chocolates in her hand, a little smile pulling at her lips and twinkling in her eyes, and her soft warm color coming and going in a sequence of out-of-date blushes.

"I'm terribly sorry I'm late," she panted breathlessly. "I ought to have been home earlier—only—but—well, good-night, everybody," and Mary scuttled up the stairs like a baby rabbit homeward-bound.

The Stevenson family gave one communal gasp and caught each other's eye.

"What on earth——"

"Mary's got a young man!" proclaimed Cynthia firmly. "She's had a date with him, and she's scared to tell us lest we should disapprove. It can't be one of our crowd, or we should have found out by now."

"Are you sure, dear?" Mrs. Stevenson wrinkled her brows with perplexity. "She said nothing to me when she went out to-night."

"Mary isn't the kind to broadcast her affairs with amplifiers," said Judy, nodding her head wisely. "She's a dark horse."

Mary didn't give anything away next morning. There was a little twinkle in her eye, and a little dimple at the corner of her mouth, and a general air of mischief about her. In fact, she had the look of a young girl who is just beginning to realise that she has fallen in love—and rather likes it.

Evenings went on, but still Mary's young man remained an unknown quantity. Everybody was curious but Len and his father. Mr. Stevenson had seen too many young men come and go in his house to get excited over one more, while Len only lived for the moment when he could get to his lab. Len was a budding auctioneer in the daytime, but at night he dreamed dreams over his test-tubes, his blue eyes serious, his mouth firm and unsmiling. Some day, perhaps, Len was going to make a Big Discovery. He was not quite sure what it would be, but—some day. . . .

Mary went to the pictures four times a week, and came in smiling and blushful. Sometimes with flowers, sometimes with chocolates, sometimes with both.

"Who is he?" Judy asked point-blank one day.

"Who is who?" Mary simulated surprise.

"That date of yours. Out with it, now. You can't pretend to me."

"Oh!" Her eyes were stars. "He—he's somebody you know."

"Tell me his name."

Mary shook her head and changed the subject.

Aunt Susan tackled her. "Dear, you know you are always welcome to bring any—any friends home, if you wish to."

"Thank you, Aunt." Mary looked demure.

"I think it is so much nicer for a young man to call for a girl at her own house, instead of meeting outside," continued Aunt Susan, looking a little severe. "I would really prefer that, Mary."

"Yes—only in some cases it's impossible," said Mary mysteriously. "Shall I wash that pair of terribly dirty gloves on the hall table? I believe they are Len's."

IT was silly of Mary to be so secretive, and equally silly of the young man not to call for her or bring her home. The Stevensons just could not understand it.

"If it's one of our own boys trying to double-cross us——" began Patricia fiercely.

"Don't be silly," interrupted Judy. "They're always with us when Mary is out. Oh! I could shake that girl."

Mary went on holding her tongue and enjoying her secret. She was the most important person in the Stevenson household now, and it was rather fun.

It was Cynthia who brought home the startling news. Mary was in the kitchen making mincemeat, so Cynthia told the family, with bated breath, behind the closed door of the lounge.

"I've found out who Mary's young man is, people." She looked important.

"Does it matter?" yawned Len, turning the leaves of a scientific journal.

Cynthia took no notice of a mere brotherly interruption, for the rest of the family was all open mouths and open eyes and open ears.

"Betty Parker told me. She was at the Bijou last night after the show, and she saw Mary sitting at a corner table tucked out of the way. And who do you think was facing her?" She paused for effect.

"Put us out of our suspense," begged Judy, "or I shall shriek out the Prince of Wales."

"Peter Greig!" breathed Cynthia.

"Peter Greig!"

"Peter Greig!"

"Peter Greig!"

"Old Uncle Tom Cobleigh and all," chanted Len, with another noisy yawn. "Oh! well, I suppose the world won't stop turning on its axis just because Mary has a date. Anybody got the least idea when dinner will be ready?"

Mrs. Stevenson sighed with relief. Peter Greig! Doctor Greig's only son, just down from Cambridge and making the most of his freedom. It would be a Good Thing for Mary if she married Peter, because his mother had money and would certainly leave it to him.

"We'll invite him in to dinner one night," said Mrs. Stevenson. "It will be such a surprise for Mary. We won't breathe a word about it beforehand—and then just watch her face when she comes into the room and finds him there. The young people will have to own up."

Peter accepted the invitation, but Mary did not bat an eyelash when she spoke to him. And Peter, far from being overcome by her whimsical, wistful beauty, was more inclined to get all tangled up in the blonde loveliness of Judy.

It was not Peter Greig. Obviously. Even Cynthia had to admit that fact.

So then they put Mary through the Third Degree. But Mary was the type of young woman who would have faced the rack and the thumb-screw in the Middle Ages without a wince.

"It's so asinine of you," grumbled Judy, with heightened color.

"And so utterly unnecessary," went on Patricia, with blazing eyes.

"And so underhand and sneaky," concluded Cynthia, with rising temper. "Mother hates the idea of your meeting him on the quiet. She wants you to bring him home. Why don't you?"

"Bring him here—to this house?" Mary registered astonishment. "With the three lovely Miss Stevensons confronting him? Darlings, I wouldn't take the risk."

SHE laughed at their discomfiture; then her eyes grew dreamy. "You see, I'm not absolutely sure of him, myself. I don't want to come bursting in with a young man unless I know he's going to be my young man—for life. That's the kind of date I want." She sighed ecstatically. "A till-death-us-do-part date, not—not just a second-house-at-the-pictures date three or four times a week."

"I believe you're really keen on him." Judy stared at her.

Mary gazed at an unseen horizon. "I love him," she said simply.

All this was recounted to the three remaining members of the Stevenson family that evening. Mrs. Stevenson looked worried, Mr. Stevenson shrugged his shoulders, and Len said it was no concern of his, but wouldn't it be more decent of everybody to let Mary conduct her own love-affairs in her own funny little way.

His sisters didn't think so. They started to trail Mary. Judy drank four cups of coffee—equalling one sleepless night—at the Bijou, only to find that Mary had come in with muddy boots and splashed stockings and a healthy color after tramping through lanes in the moonlight.

Patricia sat through a long Marx Brothers film, which bored her stiff, only to find that Mary had been to the little cinema in Broad St. to see Cicely Courtneidge.

Cynthia watched by the front gate—and caught the worst cold of her life—only to find Mary turning the corner alone.

It was all so much waste of time. And Mary was as perverse as ever. She acted just as though she had a good joke—and didn't want them to share it. Which was as near the truth as they had yet been.

Mary bought a new winter outfit. It was the right shade of brown to tone with her brown eyes, and the amusing little hat gave her an elfin look. She put it on for the first time one crisp, frosty night when the color glowed in her cheeks and her eyes were as bright as planets. She was going out to meet her young man.

"Don't be late, dear," begged Aunt Susan. "I do get so anxious about you. I promised your mother that—— Goodness what a noise! I suppose it was a tyre-burst out in the road."

But Mary knew better, for she had been listening for that noise for months. She was almost relieved now that it had happened. Within thirty seconds Mary was inside the attic where Len lay writhing on the floor, his arms burnt, his eyelashes singed, his face blackened.

Please turn to Page 35

ARTIST

"Imperfect marble! Do with it what you will!"
The builders laughed—and paused, noting a glow
In young eyes, paused and pondered and grew still,
Nor saw the David seen by Angelo.

But the young Florentine had felt the fire
Leaping within him. The builders' stone that lay
Rejected, flashed to white flame the old desire.
Young David stood before him on that day.

Hammer and mallet, all the ancient tools
Of men who work in stone with eyes that see
Beyond the moment—these and what the schools
Could teach were his. The rest is mystery.

His David stands—and centuries have known
The spirit of the artist wrought in stone.

—Ethel Louise Knox

TO-NIGHT *Belongs* to ME!

By . . . KITTY MERSON

To-morrow Penelope was to be married to Percival, who was good and reliable and wore pince-nez. But... she told herself, as she jumped into her car and started off for her last wild fling.

MRS. TREWMANN was very busy getting her daughter, Penelope, married.

"I don't think I've forgotten anything. I've put Uncle Joseph's clock in a prominent position. Lady Daker's vase has a table to itself. One has to be so tactful. Penelope, do see that Percival drives slowly to Stonehenge, and wire me the moment you arrive—I shall be very worried. Then there is the——"

Penelope listened in amazement. Surely nothing could go wrong. Her mother had organised it all, and when Mrs. Trewmann organised, things stayed organised. It seemed unnecessary that she should have to go over everything again and again, in a rather pathetic voice, with frequent sniffs into her handkerchief.

Professor Trewmann yawned openly. He was aching to return to his ponderous essay on Egyptian relics. Penelope decided that if she listened to her mother's voice a second longer she would do something rash.

"I'm going to bed," she announced. Inside her bedroom she felt a little better. She scrambled into apple-green pyjamas, the kind you wear at parties—but not her mother's parties—sprawled across the bed and smoked.

She thought of Percival Ponteface. She thought of the things she liked about him: his fair hair, his faultless clothes, his goodness, his reliability. And she thought of the things she didn't like about him: his stockiness, his pale blue eyes that blinked feebly through pince-nez, his passion for geology, his pig-headedness and his prehistoric ideas where women were concerned. Still, he was a very clever young man and a very good one. Everybody said so.

The telephone disturbed her. It was Edna Crayle.

"That you, Pen? I want you to come over. A party."

"I can't. I'm supposed to be composing myself for to-morrow. Will you be there?"

"No!" The husky voice was grim. "I'm not going to see my best friend being tied for life to a fossil-hunter. Do come to-night, Pen."

"All right!" The wild green eyes were dancing. "I'll come."

She opened her wardrobe and got out green sandals. She gazed for a moment at her trousseau. Nothing bright or gay, no pyjamas or brief swim-suits. Oh, she meant to do right by Percival.

But to-night! To-night she could laugh and dance and talk with people who were gay and amusing, who wouldn't know a fossil if they saw one. People who wrote books and designed scenery and ran little shops and things. Nice people, whom Percival, for some obscure reason, thought wicked.

She ran a comb frantically through her flaming hair, powdered her nose, carved a crimson bow on her mouth, thrust her feet into the gay green shoes and crept quietly down the stairs. She listened breathlessly at the drawing-room door. Percival's beautiful, measured voice was assuring her father that she would be treated as a precious stone, cherished and worshipped and loved reverently. Penelope grimaced. That was just the way Percival would love—"reverently." It sounded extremely dull, and it would go on for years and years.

She ran quietly out of the house into the friendly night. Percival's car, dark and reliable, stood before the door. She made a face at it and pushed her own little red roadster from the garage. It refused to start quietly. Three heads bobbed out of the drawing-room window. She cursed and struggled with the self-starter, but Percival was already at her side.

"Where are you going?" he gasped.

"I'm not running away. Going to a party—the Crayles'."

He reddened.

"You know I don't like them, and I don't think it quite seemly for a bride-to-be on her wedding eve to—oh!" Percival was not in pain. He had merely noticed the pyjamas. "You're not going out in that?"

She stared at him with scorn.

"I am."

"You're not. I absolutely forbid you to! Go to bed at once! Do you hear?"

"To-night," Penelope cried joyfully, "belongs to me."

She crashed her foot on the accelerator and the car shot through the gates like an arrow. Over her shoulder she saw that her parents had arrived on the scene. They were waving their arms frantically.

Percival was scrambling into his car. She laughed. The little red roadster could do seventy easily, and Percival's car had never been known to exceed forty-five.

NICKY FENTON kissed Barbara Raye on the brow, climbed into his Bentley, and drove towards Chelsea. He drove with the air of a man whose fate is sealed. Lord Essex, had he had a Bentley, would have driven thus to the Tower.

He stared moodily ahead, his dark eyes smouldering. He was going to marry Barbara in the morning, and he was beginning to wish he wasn't. He had spent five solid months pretending he was in love with her, but it was no use. He admired her, he respected her. She had a fine brain and a certain austere kind of charm, but he wasn't in love with her. On the other hand, he was very fond of her. Their wedding would be anything but a failure. He was being wise and sensible. Their marriage would be a good thing, just as it was a good thing to brush your teeth regularly and wash behind your ears. She was handsome, too, in a biggish way. Straight, dark hair, heavy eyebrows, classical features, firm, rather thin red lips—funny that he'd never kissed her on the lips! Of course, he'd have to to-morrow.

Wedding-eve. Nicky could have rounded up the boys, gone to a club, got pleasantly tight. But you have to feel elated to do these things successfully. So he was going home to read for a bit, and then turn in. A dull, quiet evening—prelude to a dull, quiet life.

* * *

The little red roadster tore along King's Rd., Chelsea. Penelope was annoyed. Barely a hundred yards behind was Percival, also very annoyed. Several policemen were very annoyed, too. They had tried to catch the numbers of the cars as they flashed by, but without success.

She bit her lip and urged the car to seventy-five. It really was sickening that a burst tyre should have delayed her, or Percival would never have caught up, and once inside the Crayles' she would have been safe. She turned quickly into a side street, but Percival had seen her. His car seemed to have grown wings.

With a terrifying screeching of wheels the little roadster skidded. She tugged frantically at the wheel. The car shot across the road, mounted the pavement, and stopped within three inches of a formidable brick wall that guarded a block of flats. In the distance was Percival, churning valiantly up the road. She sighed. This, then, was the end to her evening's adventure. She sat on the pavement and lit a cigarette and thought how foul life was.

Mr. Ponteface emerged from the interior of his car looking very white, with his hair standing on end and his boiled shirt very crumpled.

"Are you all right?"

"Of course. I often skid just for fun. Now, having made sure that I'm not dead, perhaps you'll go home?"

Percival blazed.

"I'll do nothing of the kind, unless you come with me."

"Now listen, darling"—she put her tiny hands on his shoulders and gazed up at him with an expression that would have melted a heart of stone—"all I ask is just to be left alone to-night. To-morrow, after we're married, I'll obey you for ever and ever, amen. But to-night——"

"I think you're behaving like an idiot!" he roared. "If you don't come I'll take you home by force."

"Oh, will you?" The red hair positively bristled with rage. "Let me tell you this, young man—I'm going to do exactly what I like to-night and nobody's going to stop me. I'll knock at doors and run away, I'll shout at the top of my voice, I"ll—I'll even stand on my head. You needn't laugh. I can, you know. I do it very well." And without further ado Penelope stood on her head.

DICKY FENTON pulled up at the block of flats where he lived and wondered if there was anything wrong with his eyesight.

Stretched across the pavement was a gay red car. Stretched across the road was a dark blue one. A stocky, rather silly-looking, young man was executing what appeared to be a war-dance and, to crown it all, a young girl in green pyjamas was standing on her head in the middle of the pavement and chuckling with glee.

Nicky closed his eyes, pinched himself and counted five. He opened his eyes carefully. They were still there. He was vastly intrigued.

He sauntered up to them and raised his hat.

"Pardon me," he said politely, "is this a new game?"

Percival blinked fiercely through his pince-nez.

"No, it isn't," he snapped, "It's a tragedy."

Upside down, Penelope surveyed the new arrival with interest. She decided that he was well worth viewing the right way up. He was.

"Hullo," he said, "I think you're very clever. I've been trying to stand on my head for years."

"It's awfully easy," she assured him, "once you've got the knack. You see, you——"

Percival seized her firmly.

"Not again, please!" He appealed to Nicky. "This is my fiancee, sir, she's being quite impossible. We're getting married to-morrow, and yet she insists on careering about on her own to-night in pyjamas."

"And why not? Think"—Nicky's eyes belied the gravity of his voice—"think how much worse it would be if she careered about without them."

"This is no time for flippancy, my dear sir. Penelope, will you——"

She struggled, and accidentally trod on Percival's toe. He had very tender feet and thought she had done it on purpose. He slapped her. It was meant to be a gentle slap, but he miscalculated his own strength. Tears stung her eyes.

Nicky glowered.

"Look here, this is a bit thick."

"Ere, 'ere, wot's all this?"

They turned. A tall figure in a familiar dark blue uniform loomed out of the darkness.

"Well, you see——"

"It's like this——"

"This young lady——"

"'Ere, one at a time, please." The policeman silenced them with a masterly gesture. "Now, why are you 'ol'ing this young female? Is she a burglar?"

"Certainly not, constable." Percival adjusted his pince-nez and cleared his throat. "She is my fiancee, and I am merely attempting to persuade her to return home. I don't approve of her being out at this time of night and I don't approve of her attire."

Please turn to Page 35

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POWDERS *and* PILLS *Didn't Cure* MY ILLS

But I Scored a Double Century with the Thermometer

Who is this bronzed, handsome, muscle-bound athlete you see before you?

Well, if it's not young Lennie returned from his holidays! He eats live, live lobsters. Kiss me, sergeant, the corporal's moustache tickles. I feel so well that the police are keeping me under surveillance.

By... **L.W. Lower** *Australia's Foremost Humorist*

Illustrated by **Wep**

Then I had visitors... they all sat round all over me.

I WASN'T always like this. I shall never forget the time I had measles and appendexcitement. I was taken to the hospital in a rubber-tyred ambulance, and they had grave fears that I might survive. In spite of the best medical treatment that money could buy, I lived.

They put me to bed and then deserted me. Years later, a nurse came to me and said, "How are your vowels?"

"A.E.I.O.U. and sometimes Y and W," I replied alertly. "I'm a hot number on the I.O.U.'s, but I feel rocky on the C's. And what I want to know is, Y?"

Whereupon she took my temperature and marked it up on a scoring board attached to my bed of pain.

Somewhere about midnight, when the hens on their country perches were thinking about getting on with the day's egging, they came and washed me.

IT'S rather interesting being washed in bed. I'm a terror to giggle. Very nice nurse she was. Washed me fragmentarily (try that on your zither). I gathered that she had inhibitions. Then she gave me a dose of gall and wormwood that had been mixed up with the blood of raw prawns and stood and watched me drink it. There was nothing more until breakfast, served on plates one inch thick.

Then the doctor came and held my hand for a while and said, "how are we this morning?" and the matron said, "He's a very good patient. Not a bit of trouble. We ought to keep him here for a few years." and I said that I'd like to be washed again, but they turned the suggestion down and marked up my score on the card.

I was hundred and one, making my total for the twenty-four hours 203. I put up a record for the hospital while I was there by dipping the thermometer in my tea. It's a shame what Don Bradman or Walter Lindrum could do to a hospital, if they liked to have a stab at the record seriously

THEN I had visitors Everybody brought oranges. My Auntie Julia brought some calves' foot jelly and asked the nurse to be sure and see that I had it and she said righto and threw it down the sink, or whatever they do with it. Nobody thought of bringing a quart of rum and a couple of decent cigars. Then they all sat round all over me and talked about Willie's neuritis and Uncle Reuben's back.

Occasionally they asked me if I was in any pain, and when I said no they got the sulks. It seems to me that unless you are in mortal agony all your relatives think you have no right to be loafing about in a hospital.

(You mightn't believe me, but I caught a four pound bream on a No. 2 gut line while I was away. Actually landed it. Imagine how much it would have weighed if it got away!) Where was I? In hospital. Yes.

I had a bad corn on my little toe and the doctor said, "I think we'll have to take that leg off, old man."

I said, "Why?" Perfectly natural thing to say.

He said that the Medical School up at the University was short of a leg and what about it.

I said another crack like that and I'd never be sick in his hospital again. He was very huffish about it and one thing led on to another and I asked for my appendix back. Then my nurse came up and smoothed things out by promising to wash me again as soon as she got time.

The hound of a doctor got his own back by marking me down as an inn patient.

I WAS discharged from the hospital starving, but well washed. Then they asked me for money. I just laughed scornfully like and told them that they couldn't work any confidence tricks on me, and if I'd known it was going to be like that I'd have died on their hands and let them whistle for their money.

Nobody washes me now.

I STILL take a keen interest in medical affairs, and was pleased to hear that a doctor at the B.M.A. Conference in England advocated doped pyjamas as a cure for insomnia. Hector, our office boy, almost certainly wears doped socks, singlets, shirts, trousers, coats, and vests.

His new suit reeks of it. Now there's a boy that would repay medical research if he could be properly psychoannihilated. He has an uncanny faculty for knowing that he is wanted in some particular place, and invariably being in some other place. He is an outstanding case of virulent calf love at the moment and it is my opinion that all boys should be innoculated at an early stage in order to prevent them from mooning about with pictures of Marlene Dietrich in their hip pockets.

Furthermore, before any young man gets married he should be compelled to spend a few months in hospital in order to break him in to discipline. Do you ever see cigarette burns on the carpet in hospitals? Look at me. The almost childlike docility I display at home is due entirely to the fact that I started life in a hospital, and if I don't go quietly I finish up in the hospital every time. Sometimes I think it would be better after a night out to go straight to the hospital instead of going home first.

It would save a lot of bother.

VISUALISE *Your Partner's Cards in* CONTRACT

Having thoroughly assimilated the essentials of hand valuation in contract bridge, which includes the honor trick, and probable trick count, a player more or less automatically advances one stage further in hand valuation.

Ely Culbertson, world's champion contract bridge player, and Dr. F. V. McAdam, Australia's foremost contract bridge authority, show how to go about it in this week's article.

By DR. F. V. McADAM

ATTEMPTS, probably unsuccessful at first, are made to dovetail one's own hand with that of partner, utilising as a basis the various bids that have been made.

At suit declarations this will result in the elimination from the hand of certain of the losers—the possibility of loss being now obviated on account of partner's bid, and cards, previously of little or no importance, now become quite valuable assets.

At trump declarations it is best to count the losers in the two hands, but at no-trumps it works out better to count one's winners, and to estimate the long cards of partner's bid suits as being of use for discarding one's losers.

Misfit hands may be detected quite early, and your own and your partner's hand regarded as a single entity.

You must endeavor to visualise partner's holding, and with just a little thought and attention you will be astounded with the results achieved

By ELY CULBERTSON

No. XXXIII: PLASTIC VALUATION

AFTER a player has learned the distributional count thoroughly, and is able to estimate the value of his hand with a fair degree of accuracy, he is ready to abandon it and turn his attention to the method of valuation which is used by all the leading experts.

This method is the subconscious reasoning of experts, and consists of visualising partner's hand, and combining it with one's own, adding certain sure winners, which are shown by the bidding to be located in the other hand to the winners in one's own hand. During this process certain suits take on greater value than certain other suits, and doubtful cards are eliminated one by one. For example, say that the opening bidder held the following hand and opened with a spade:

S—A K J 7 6. H—A 9 7 5. D—Q 8 3. C—2.

His partner responds with two hearts. The 9 7 5 of hearts, which were previously extremely dubious cards, now swell in importance tremendously, as partner's heart suit can consist at the very worst of K x x x x or Q J x x x. The opening bidder can now see that the combined hands probably hold no losers in hearts, and probably no losers in spades either. The diamond situation is quite doubtful, but probably the losers will not exceed two tricks. There remains only the club loser.

Declarer, therefore, bids four hearts. Now his partner bids five diamonds, deliberately carrying the bidding beyond game. This shows a desire for a slam if the opening bidder's hand warrants it, and, furthermore, conveys the information that at least nine red cards are held, and probably ten. It also indicates honor strength. The responding hand probably consists of something like the following:

S—8 5. H—K Q 8 4 2. D—A K 9 6. C—7 4.

The only danger in the mind of the responding hand is probably his club holding. Since the opening bidder can trump the second club, a bid of six hearts is indicated and should be made.

THE responding hand might also hold something like this:

S—8. H—K Q 8 4 2. D—K J 10 6 2. C—A 4.

The slam is equally assured. In fact, it would be even without the Queen of Hearts. At the very worst, the hand is dependent upon a trump drop, or a finesse.

When using plastic valuation it is customary to count the losers at a suit contract and the winners at a no-trump contract. At a no-trump contract, however, partner's long suits, as indicated by his suit bids, may be counted on to get rid of possible losers. Say, for instance, that the opening bidder holds the following:

S—K Q 7. H—9 6 5 4. D—A 7. C—A 8 6 5—

and bids one no-trump, not vulnerable. Partner responds with three clubs, and the opening bidder bids three no-trump. Now the responding hand bids four clubs. This shows at least a six-card suit, but still the opening hand can only bid five clubs. The next bid by the responding hand is five spades—the pattern is beginning to work out. It is clear that the responding hand must hold at least 10 black cards, in addition to a trick in a red suit. If this trick is the Ace of Hearts, and the responding hand also holds a doubleton diamond, it is clear that a diamond can be discarded on a long spade. Of course, with a doubleton heart this is impossible, but the bid is well worth the gamble. Consequently, seven clubs should be bid. Here is the responding hand:

S—A J 10 6. H—A. D—6 3. C—K Q 9 7 4 3.

It is clear that seven can be made very easily.

Plastic valuation can also be used to discover misfits:

S—A Q 10 6 4. H—A 7 3. D—8. C—Q J 10 4.

We will say that the opening bid is one spade, and the responding hand bids two diamonds. The opening hand now bids two spades, and partner three diamonds. Even if partner holds a maximum hand it is clear that no game can be made. Let us say that the responding hand holds something like this:

S—7 3. H—8 6 2. D—A K 7 6 5 3. C—K 6.

Clearly three diamonds is the right place to stop, and a three no-trump bid would be an unwarranted gamble. Consequently, the opening bidder should pass.

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An Editorial

SEPTEMBER 8, 1934.

NOISE AS A CAUSE OF ILLNESS

NOW that London has taken measures to reduce noise, particularly at night-time, it is to be hoped that Australian cities will follow suit.

At recent medical congresses both in Australia and England, eminent doctors have given warnings of the damage being done to people's nerves by noise. Nervous disorders are the curse of modern life, and the opinion of experts is that noise is one of the main causes of these disorders.

At one time, people in poor health were sent from the city to the country for fresh air. To-day there is a greater tendency to send people away from the cities in order to obtain quiet.

Thus to the traditional great healers —fresh air, sunshine, and good food— Science now adds quietness. Is it not wonderful how Science discovers these profound secrets of old Mother Nature?

It is not only the major noises of traffic and industry that fray the nerves. People have got to be educated up to realising that numerous minor noises, such as loud-speakers and barking dogs, can be just as damaging.

A prominent doctor pointed out last week that polished floors in hospital wards resulted in a disagreeable clatter of feet.

Everybody knows of restaurants where the clatter of crockery and cutlery makes it possible to carry on conversation only in loud tones, and thus confusion is worse confounded.

The traffic authorities and local government bodies in Australia should regard the problem of noise as urgent.

One of the most beautiful things in the world is music. But how can ears which have been spillicated by raucous noises respond to the delicate and subtle works of inspired composers and singers?

—THE EDITOR.

Lyrics of Life

The Play

The gods of Fate shall sit and judge
In the circle above the stage
As one by one the players shall pass
Beyond into the wings of age.

Some shall be met with loud applause,
The laugh for a well-turned jest,
But most shall pass on unacclaimed
Though their play was perhaps the best.

—P. Duncan-Brown.

POINTS OF VIEW

Conducted by ALICE JACKSON.

"Army" Bonnets

ACCORDING to a cable of the week, a leading London paper declares that the Salvation Army High Council is considering the abolition of bonnets as out of date. Army headquarters, however, deny that a change of uniform is under consideration.

The "Army" bonnet may, indeed, be "out of date," but if it is to be caught and sunk in the swirling tide of fashion changes there are many thousands, not members of the Salvation Army, who will regret its loss from the familiar scenes of everyday life.

By these the bonnet is, often subconsciously, regarded as a symbol of the ideals for which the gallant "lassies" so unselfishly strive, and the most materialistic of us instinctively pay homage to those who have chosen the high way of spiritual service to their fellows.

If you doubt this, try to imagine a group of "lassies" fashionably frocked and with saucy little hats placed at the impertinent angles of the moment on elaborately-dressed heads. Stretch your imaginations a little further to include the drums and tambourines in the picture. By this time you will find your thoughts have switched from the usual cheery "Army" meetings to a jazz cabaret.

No, it simply will not do. As the sage says, there's a place for everything, and though a cow is a very useful animal you do not turn a cow into your garden. Fashion changes have their immense importance in the world of affairs, but there is much to be said for the viewpoint of those who hold that certain realms should be exempt from their sway.

Food Wrapping

SOME time ago The Australian Women's Weekly made a protest in these columns against the unhygienic practice of wrapping foodstuffs in newspapers. Now the Health Department of N.S.W. has issued a warning that the practice is an offence against the Pure Foods Act, and a prosecution campaign has been launched.

As the writer of our "Points of View" par emphasised, the practice of many shopkeepers of buying bundles of old newspapers for wrapping purposes entails risks of the papers not only being soiled, but of having come from homes where measles, scarlet fever, or other highly contagious diseases have been prevalent. Moreover, the letter of the present law is frequently evaded by the placing of a quite inadequate piece of plain paper next to the food, which is then further wrapped in old newspaper sheets.

When women are fully awake to the dangers of accepting foodstuffs so wrapped, there will be no further need to prosecute the shopkeepers.

Concerning "Rattler-Jumpers"

MR. F. C. BURNE, Police Magistrate, Toowoomba (Queensland), recently stated from the Bench that instead of sending the scores of hapless "rattler-jumpers" to prison, something should be done by the authorities to assist them, as, invariably, they resort to that means of travelling by force of circumstances in a genuine effort to seek employment.

Hard times in the past few years have driven thousands of decent men to the wall. Most of them want work, and, hopeful in the thought that "distant fields are greenest," they turn their heads in the direction of other parts. The old-time hospitality of the "track" no longer exists, and, rather than beg their way along the friendless highway, these unfortunates resort to "jumping the rattler." For the most part they make their transport the empty freight waggons—neither inconveniencing the public nor damaging the railway's property.

The Queensland P.M. summed the situation up in these words: "My experience has been that the majority are men genuinely seeking work. Most of them are young, decent fellows, and it is pitiable the way in which some appear before me in boots without soles and their clothes little more than rags. Not only is sending them to prison a burden on the taxpayers, but also it is unfair to men not criminally inclined, and who are sincerely looking for honest work. When tired in body and mind, they take this method of travelling."

A very humane viewpoint, Mr. Burne! It will be a feather in the cap of the first State Government that takes your tip and evolves a means of permitting genuine cases of down-and-out job-seekers to travel on freight trains without the shadow of prison-bars at their heels.—F.S.

Romance by Radio

PIONEER of a new method of courtship is Mr. C. R. Wright, of Leicester, who, the week's cables announce, is shortly to marry a Detroit girl whom he has never seen, but with whom he has been communicating by means of short-wave radio.

This young couple have accomplished the seemingly impossible, for it is hourly getting more difficult to pioneer anything in the sphere of Cupid. Already people have become engaged by advertisement, by letter, by cable, and have been married in the air, under the sea, and by proxy.

Falling in love at first sight has become a mere commonplace—but who, till now, has fallen in love by short air wave? Is this a case of love at first sound.

Autogyroscopic Cops

FLYING-OFFICER H. G. BENNETT, of the Royal Australian Air Force, who has just returned from England, reports that Scotland Yard is purchasing autogyros for aerial traffic control.

Great writers of the past have often let their imagination play with the idea of man-flying. Dr. Johnson's "Rasselas" was one of the most famous of the early novels on the subject. In our fathers' day, Bellamy pictured a world in which an individual would step into his curricle, adjust the necessary "gadgets," and hie him on high.

These dreamed-of marvels have come true. Your psychologist will probably tell you they have come true because they first existed in dreams, since all thoughts, conscious or subconscious, tend to embody themselves in tangible expressions. However that may be, this newest development opens up, among other things, marvellous material for the gangster novelists.

Tune in to-night, children, to "Carran of the Autogyroscopic Cops!"

A CHARMING SNAP by our photographer of two young people out for a morning's ride.

Female of the Species

KIPLING, it seems, was all wrong when he declared "the female of the species is more deadly than the male." After long study in the Bronx Zoo, which he directs, Dr. W. Reid Blair announces that almost invariably, throughout the animal kingdom, the male is more powerful, courageous, and altogether more fearsome than the female.

The female, he adds, is less obstinate, more docile, and more intelligent. She is also quickest to make the most of a hard situation.

You Lovers of the Simple Life

Study Mr. & Mrs. Abo.

By J. S. LITCHFIELD

Those folk who seek after the simple life need go no further than the Northern Territory, for the blacks there have learnt to live it in its fullest simplicity.

THE average aboriginal wears a coating of kangaroo grease and a curtain-tassel; adding a wee scrap of pearl-shell for ceremonial occasions, together with a chaste Cubist or Futurist design drawn in pipeclay on his chocolate-colored skin.

His house is a patch of sand on the beach, shaded by overhanging trees. His furnishings? A bundle of spears, a woomera or two, a pipe, a warragadee, a few yam-sticks, and, occasionally, a tomahawk. His food is cooked in the ashes, so saucepans, frying-pans, casseroles, and the like are non-essentials.

A bidgerdoo, two clapping sticks, his hands, and his own voice provide him with all the music he desires to hear.

He has no rent to pay, no rates and taxes, no firewood to buy, no clothes to purchase. He is seldom ill, but is always happy and light-hearted—singing and dancing fill up every night—and he spends half the day lazing and sleeping beside the camp-fire.

There are goannas, birds, eggs, and bandicoots in the bush, possums in the trees, kangaroos in the long grass, fish, crabs, chitons, and periwinkles in the sea, not to mention dugong and alligator, all of which are food for him, not to mention buffalo for a bigger feast.

His lubra digs out yams in the jungle, she weaves his warragadee, which is used as larder, or bassinette, or clothes-press, she bears his children, she forms his audience, and the orchestra, and the chorus for his corroborees, she cooks his food, and cheerfully shoulders all his belongings, including his babies, when he wants to move.

* * *

FOOT-LOOSE, fancy-free, living as he will, camping on that billabong last night, on this creek to-day, on yonder beach to-morrow; with no fear of the future, no dread of the past; taking each day as it comes; clad in the satiny garment that Dame Nature provided for him at his birth; free from all the aches, and pains, and worries of the white man's civilised life—who would not share in the simple life, as lived by Mr. and Mrs. Abo.?

Think of it, sisters! A new outlook every day—no floors to scrub, no dishes to wash, no clothes to make, and mend, and starch, and iron—if the sun shines in too much from the east, turn round and face the west. Does it shine from the west? Turn round and face the east.

If a goanna is handed to you for a piece-de-resistance at dinner, scrape a hole in the ashes, lay him in, and leave till done. Then break him in three or four pieces, according to the size of the family, and hand him round.

Are you hot and dusty? Take a stroll down to the nearest billabong, or creek, or beach; squat down in the water, and swim or splash till cool and clean again. Are you cold at night? Light half-a-dozen small fires, lie down in the middle of them, and you will keep warm as toast till the morning.

* * *

TOMMY will never kick the toes out of his shoes, scuff as he may. Mary will never tear her nice new frock, when clambering about. Alice will never ladder her stockings. No, they have the one garment that will never get too faded, nor too tight, nor too shabby for use, but that will always be in the very forefront of fashion.

In the long, warm evenings, do you desire a little music? Clap your hands together, and start a low-toned humming. Your man will pick up his clapping-sticks, and rap them sharply together, another man nearby will take a hollowed bamboo, and blow through it, and some of the younger ones will begin their dancing and singing.

Does the fire go out? Lay one stick flat on the ground, stand another upright on it, and twirl the upright one between the hands till the fine bark that you have laid around them begins to smoulder. Then blow it, gently at first, till it begins to blaze, and your fire is lit.

The baker, the butcher, the tentman, the gasman, the milkman, the greengrocer will never call on you and present their bills. You will not be tempted to spend more money than you can afford on the latest from Paris, nor on the most up-to-date in hats.

And, if an unexpected visitor arrives, he will, as a rule, bring his dinner with him, hanging on his belt; or else will go out with your husband, and help him to find food in the sea or the jungle.

FROM SUE TO LOU

A Bright Girl's Letters.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4602244

THE *Testing* of DILYS

BY

Mary Atherton

MARY... ATHERTON is a well-known English author, who is at present visiting Australia in search of material for a new book.

A CRUEL bit of coast, licked by a cruel sea. There is a point of rock where you can stand and see the lightship and watch the sea. The evening may be bright and windless. The church bell rings, and there is the peace of heaven in the air. You cannot realise then, as the tides come and go, calm and even and eternal, that the sea can do harsh things to men and their women.

Lie in your bed under the cottage roof and listen to the breakers in the night. Everlastingly they boom across the bar, but the sound is soothing, though if you look at the sea under the moon it is easy to imagine strange things in the depths, dark, strange things, still and terrible and to be feared.

But when the waves rush howling in, clutching and dashing at the rocks, tearing against them in a grand white fury of stinging spray, it is not so difficult then to know that there is horror in the depths, a writhing and a torturing horror that waits for the men to whom the easy atheism of cities is unknown. For the men who go down to the sea in ships learn, sooner than most, perhaps, the hidden ways of God.

It was here on the point of rocks that has found many and many a trawler and sailing-ship and cut them in half, that the sailor-folk of St. Anne's first saw Dilys.

One evening Thomas Loveday, the minister, came upon Dilys' mother.

She stood with her face towards the unbroken horizon, her slender shape in relief against the cornflower blue of an evening sky.

A breeze which had crossed a thousand miles of ocean waters bellied her wispy skirt in a line so graceful, so full of animation and moving beauty, that the heart of Thomas Loveday tightened to wistfulness as he watched her.

As she turned her head and saw him approaching, she leaned back against the wind, her skirt dipped and flared, a lock blew wild.

Thomas Loveday's eyes narrowed against her. A girl on a rock-top, quivering, plastic, young, her lips parted with the inborn sense of the eternal aching comedy that is expectant youth.

When she saw the minister she started, and, stooping over a ledge of rock, picked up something and stood motionless holding it in her arms. As he drew near she faced him.

He smiled, and looked down at the baby's head that nestled against her bared breast.

As he touched it gently a strange expression passed over her face.

"My little baby," said she, very simply, and hugged it closer to her bosom.

He asked her name and about her baby.

"Morfydd," she replied, "and this is Dilys. She was born on the high seas a few days after the Sea Urchin had turned the Cape on her homeward voyage. Her father went down with the Urchin in a frightful storm off the heads within a mile of the home port. Oh, the sea!" she cried, throwing a helpless look at it, "it is terrible. It takes and takes, and it does not give."

"Where do you live?" he asked.

After a pause, "It doesn't matter," she said, hurriedly, "it doesn't matter to anyone where I live," and made to move away. He let her go. She sprang from rock to rock and ledge to ledge until she dropped upon the beach. Then she began to run. Without a backward look or the slightest hesitation, she ran, steadily and swiftly, along the yellow sands.

She rounded a bend in the shore and was lost to sight.

ANOTHER day Peter McEvoy saw her on the point. They looked at each other and smiled. This time, when the mists gathered and twilight came, she did not race away home, though she had not her baby with her.

Instead, he helped her into the boat she had stranded on the beach below, and looked after her as she rowed out. Before turning the bend she glanced back at him and waved her hand.

After that she was often to be seen with young McEvoy, helping the fishermen bring in the nets, sauntering along the streets with a basket of fresh herrings, or just leaning lazily over the rough seawall, surrounded by sailorfolk and fisherfolk.

Often the minister tried to speak to her, but because she obviously avoided him the women of the town suspected her of harboring a secret of which she was ashamed, and looked askance at her, with mockery and accusation in their unfriendly eyes.

And then, one afternoon, they saw her on the point, lying with her face to the sky, and a baby crawling about her.

They hid themselves behind boulders and watched her. She was not married, and yet, why that child? It was her own child, true enough. A woman can always tell when another woman owns a child. A strange divination, but there it is.

Upon the next occasion of her appearance in the town black looks were cast in her direction from the women, and even the men seemed to ignore her, keeping themselves away from where she worked among the nets.

Peter McEvoy had shipped as mate on a great boat that had been in dock for scraping and repairs, so that all day she worked alone. And in the evening, when she strolled along the beach to her boat, they hooted her away. All the way, as she rowed feverishly, they hooted her, pointing fingers of accusation at her, and for one instant the single word, "Harlot!" rang in the still air.

They never heard or saw her again for seventeen years.

Seventeen wind-blown, sea-washed years. Seventeen sun-scorched sand-strewn years.

Then it was Peter McEvoy, captain now of the Paul Macumber, who received a strange missive brought to him by a dumb, half-witted creature that was a man-dwarf. As he sat, blowing at his pipe, on the doorstep of his mother's cottage, he read the slip of paper thrust into his hand:

"I am going to die. Will you come? Dorrit will show you the way. Morfydd."

Illustrated by A. Stuart Peterson

She sprang from rock to rock and ledge to ledge, until she dropped upon the beach.

The sailor scraped his chair along the cobble-stones, pushed back his cap and blinked before reading the appeal again. He had seen many strange sights, and had known many strange things in all the strange ports he had touched at in his voyages out, but this little dwarf and the few written words, the meaning and explanation of which were so perfectly clear, but which he found so hard to get into his salt-crusted mind, were the very strangest things that had yet happened to him.

But he went. Peter McEvoy afterwards never made any secret of it nor any boast for that matter. He just went with the old dumb dwarf into a boat, and was rowed along the coast for five miles.

What had to be simply had to be, was as far as his code went.

He was landed on a lonely shore and taken up a steep, stony street, out beyond the village.

Pretty lonely up here, he thought, as he and the dwarf trudged up the mountain until they came upon a little house.

At the door Peter McEvoy met yet another sight that took the breath clean out of his body.

A girl, tall and slender, with a thin, green dress clinging wetly about her. Hair that was the color of molten copper was piled up high on her head and looped across her forehead in a shining mass that gave an added splendor to her grey eyes.

Peter Receives a Strange Legacy!

"Mother's gone to sleep," she remarked to the dwarf, who looked up at the stranger. Peter McEvoy took the girl's hand.

"I've come to see your mother," he said, "she asked me to. May I go in?"

Without a word the girl let him pass, and stepped into the room after him.

A WOMAN lay on a mattress by the window on the further side. One glance at her face sent a poignant clutch at McEvoy's heart. A great vague fear, and a still greater regret. A wonder. An amazement, and then clear vision of the past. All the seventeen years dropped from him, and he saw again Morfydd with her strong, beautiful arms bared, dragging in the fishing nets with as steady a strength as any man's on the beach.

He knelt beside the bed, and knew that she was dead. Her chill hand was stretched out, covering a piece of paper. He read:

"To Peter McEvoy," and slipped it slowly from beneath her palm. He got up from his knees, and sitting on the chair by the bedside began to read:

"To Peter McEvoy.—I've sent for you because I shall be dead in a few hours—I know it, and because I've never forgotten your companionship at St. Anne's. I haven't seen you for a great many years, and I haven't touched at St. Anne's. They sent me away the last time, and I could never, never think of seeing them again. But now I'm going to die I've got to think about the future for my baby, Peter McEvoy, and God knows there isn't a soul on all the high seas and in all the mighty world to look after my baby. I was not married to her father. I have a husband somewhere on the coast of Cymri, and he's the sort of man a woman is better without. The man who went down with the Sea Urchin was the father of Dilys. And our Dilys, I've kept her always away from the world—from people—from everything. She's grown a fine, big girl, and beautiful, and she's got the heart and mind of a baby. I was so afraid some day she'd know, and people would look at her and hurt her with their looks and with their words, so I've never taught her anything. She knows that her father was a sailorman, and that the sea took him, and she knows the sight of the sea, and the little house, and Dorrit, but she knows nothing else. She's a child still, but she doesn't even know what children know.

"Still and all, she's a woman-child. She will wake up. She will have to learn.

"Peter McEvoy, I want you to swear over the body of a dead woman that you'll look after her and teach her things she ought to know. Promise. I took you for a white man all those long years ago, and for a white man I take you still. You'll teach my baby what she doesn't know. She's got her rights even if she doesn't know it yet; she's got a right to live like other women—be like them. But—swear never to let other women touch her in hurt. She's no more fit to bear the hurt of other women's accusing tongues and pointing fingers than what a baby is. So promise to look after my baby Dilys.—Morfydd."

Peter McEvoy crumpled the letter into a tight ball in his clenched hand. He got up and looked down at Morfydd lying there on the bed.

His face was grim and set. He turned his head to find Dilys standing beside him, and questioning him with her great grey eyes. He was shaken as a man is, when he suddenly realises what he's hungering for, and dare not touch it. He raised his two hands above his head, and sweat broke out on his forehead.

A few minutes afterwards, taking Dilys by the hand, he went out upon the mountain.

AND before evening had set in to cover with gloom the body of Morfydd, Peter McEvoy, plain sailorman, had sworn before his God and over the body of Morfydd that he would care for Dilys, and set himself to make a woman out of that strange child of the sea.

The first thing of which she had to learn was the mystery and the cruelty of Death.

Her grief and mingled terror and rage, when they took what had been Morfydd away, was awful to behold. For weeks madness seemed to inflame her mind, and then came such utter exhaustion and mental weariness that Peter McEvoy was mightily bewildered.

He grew thin that summer. His sister, who had looked after their mother, married when the old woman died.

So Peter McEvoy, who had lived in the little house since the hour when he had first entered it, had now no tie in the world to hold him, save the child whose beauty and pure sweetness grew upon him day by day. He did everything around the house, and tried to teach her things. He warded off people whose curiosity had urged them to seek out the tiny home on the mountain side.

It wasn't easy for Peter McEvoy. She knew just nothing at all of what you might call conventions, you see, and it wasn't until the cold weather came that he got her to dress all the time like other folks, and leave off the outlandish garments that Morfydd had made for her.

One windy night he left her with the little dwarf and went over the mountain to St. Anne's.

He had never set eyes on St. Anne's since the day when the Paul Macumber had gone out on her first voyage with the new skipper. Peter McEvoy had stood on the point and had almost hurled himself headlong into the waters when the last trace of his old ship had disappeared.

To-night he trudged over the mountain fighting against a bitter wind, to see the minister who had grown almost too old to go through four services on a Sunday.

Peter McEvoy did not say a word until he had wiped his forehead three times and consented to sit down in the minister's sombre sitting-room.

Then he gave old Thomas Loveday a look which baffled him.

"It's a bad and cruel thing what Morfydd did," began Peter. "What am I going to do? That child of hers, she's a grown girl, and Morfydd made me swear over her dead body that I'd look after her. She knew she was dying, and she made me promise I'd look after Dilys. Anybody would have done that, anyway. But—what am I going to do?"

"Dilys, you mean," said Thomas Loveday. "Why, what is there to do?" Peter's eyes looked straight into the old man's, a nerve in his cheek twitched.

"You haven't seen her," said he.

Little by little he told the minister about Dilys—the circumstances of her father's life and death, the horror that Morfydd had held of the world and other people, the environment with which she had surrounded the child all her life, her dying, and the ignorance she had never sought to break from Dilys. He spoke about the beauty of Dilys—the right she had to live as other women lived.

"Well, then," said Thomas Loveday slowly, staring into the fire, "it's high time she lived as other girls live. What about putting her into school? Of course, there'll have to be a family. Is there a family?" he asked, raising his head.

Peter shook his head. "Not a soul. Morfydd told me that particular." Then he said again, after a desperate pause, "I don't know what to do."

The minister put in, "Is there money? Can someone be paid to look after her?"

"There's money enough. Morfydd saved a lot all those years. But Dilys doesn't know what money looks like, much less what it's for."

Please turn to Page 32

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Bringing PARIS to AUSTRALIA

How a Fishing Trip Became a Fashion Pilgrimage!

As told by MONSIEUR DRIAN to ALICE JACKSON

"AUTEUIL."—Race frock in navy and white dotted tissage de Lyon. The coat is in pique with revers in silk and the hat of summer felt.

"S'KADOUR."—Evening frock of organdine. The little sleeves are suspended with ribbon from the armholes. All the frills are hand-whipped at the edges.

"NARCISSE BLUE."—The bodice of this striking evening frock of blue satin is almost entirely composed of fabric narcissi. Note the new heart-shaped back decolletage.

FROCKS illustrated on this page were designed and cut by Monsieur Drian. Photographs by The Australian Women's Weekly, through the courtesy of David Jones, with whom Monsieur Drian is associated.

THIS is the coat that accompanies "S'Kadour." Of black and white imprime de Lyon.

"CARESSES": Cocktail suit in black crepe with jacket of striped taffeta. The novel glass adornments have an exotic gardenia design.

Famous Creator of Fashions, Yes?

"BUT no, I do not come 'ere to create the fashions. No! No! No! I come for your sunshine so famous and your so exciting fishing. The fashion in mind I 'ave not when I make this voyaging . . . On the contraire. All the year, I create the fashion in Paris, in 'Ollywood. For the big fashion papers. The Vogue. The 'Arper's Bazaar . . . The Femina . . . I create for the film stars, for the queens, for the princesses . . . . So, do I come to Osstralyer to create the fashion? Nozzing of the kind . . . I want a 'oliday from fashion, ees eet not?

"But I come, I see your so interesting Osstralyan mesdames and your so sharming mademoiselles. I see the big city store. I am approach. Can I reesist? Me, who am the fashion creator and the son of a fashion creator? Can I reesist to bring Paris to Osstralyer?

"But no, madame. Eet ees not rissonable that I reesist. So I am 'ere. This is my studio, my workroom, my den, my what you say in Osstralyer, yes? 'Ere I create for the Osstralyer ladies. I bring Paris to them. I am fire with this idea. To bring Paris to Osstralyer, to all the capital cities I will go. I want that all the lady in Osstralyer she can be day by day like in Paris.

"You say 'That Monsieur Drian, why he claim to be famous?' But yes, madame. I have create for all the 'Ollywood stars. For three month every year I go to 'Ollywood. Dietrich, Garbo, Joan Crawford, Constance Bennett, Kay Francis, Marion Davies, Constance Cumming—I create frocks for them all.

"For the Queen of Belgium, yes. The trousseau of the Princess Marie Jose, yes. For the Princess of Greece, yes. For the so many others, yes.

"Where I get my eensperation? From every woman in the street. My art eet ees in the line of the figure. I do not allow any darts to model my frocks to the figure. Only the line simple and pure. So I create for every woman, petite or larj, yong or old.

"I am also artist. I make the oils painting of many people. Of Madame Marshall Fields in Chicago and many others. For my fashion creations I make all my own sketches. See, this portfolio is ver' full.

"You say, the painting and the fashion they differ. But not so ver' mooch, madame. The painting she ees stable, changes so slowly and the fashion she ees fugitive, versatile. But the fashion is not the whim and the capreese. Me, I 'ate those fussments that disguise the bad art in the frock creation. Always with the line I seek to express the quality, the grace, the charm of the wearer. The most plain woman she can be at 'eart the most beautiful. I create to release that beauty. There is the character human in this kind of fashion creating—and that is in all the true art, yes?

"For my own fabrics I make the design, too. This silk, you see, the soft grey ground and the rippling water wave. Ees eet not shadows on water in the 'alf light—that what you call twilight? So I find a name for eet in Senegal, and I call eet 'O-gentonka,' which those peoples in Senegal 'ave the meaning for 'shadows on water at twilight.'

"And this? Black brocade with the gold stars so cunningly inweave. She is stars in the midnight sky, yes! So I call 'er 'Boulingo,' which 'ave the meaning of 'stars in blackness.'

"So, in effect, my mind is light up with eensperation. I create the design for the material. I seat myself on the tapis, with my model and my material before me. What 'ave we 'ere,' she say? Me, I say, 'we 'ave 'ere a jolly cape de soir,' ees eet not? See. Eet grow under my hand thus, madame . . .

"Am I not justify in calling myself the famous creator of fashions, yes?"

Daddy listens too!

Just listen to Kellogg's Rice Bubbles when you pour on cold milk or cream. They actually crackle with crispness. And their wonderful flavour makes you want them again and again.

So nourishing. So easy to digest. Splendid for children, particularly the evening meal, because they invite restful sleep. Try them for breakfast or lunch. Ask your grocer for Kellogg's Rice Bubbles by name.

Sealed inside in the WAXTITE bag

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The Fashion Parade

by Jessie Tait, sketched by Petrov

SUMMER *Sponsors* . . . . the *New* "T" SILHOUETTE!

EACH sketch on this page shows a new summer fashion point. There are so many new ideas this season that one should study them well in advance, so as not to be too bewildered when the time comes to buy.

With all the varied materials, trimmings, accessories, new colors, and every style of hat, the only thing that remains consistently the same is the straight and narrow silhouette.

IN some evening frocks this line is broken by swirling flounces of material or the wind-blown style, but, for the day-time, there is just the one rule. Even in the most elegant afternoon frocks the skirts remain slim; groups of pleats accentuate the vertical line. Vogue coats of straight line, also falling from the shoulders, form a sort of frame to the frock. They accompany matching frocks or else are made of contrasting color and fabric; white pique, pale blue linen over black and navy frocks printed coats over one-color frocks.

The most popular coat length is three-quarters, closing just at the neckline. This gives them a Chinese appearance, being an adaptation of the Chinese coolie coat.

The redingote (a full-length fitted coat just meeting in front) is the smartest style for town wear, and is often worn with just a printed slip beneath.

On top of slim, straight bodies come large, flat hats. Last year it was the square, accentuated shoulders, now it is the big hats which provide the top stroke to the T—which is the actual line of the silhouette.

Hats with wide, straight brims and tiny, shallow crowns just sit on top of sleekly-coiffured heads. In black, marine blue, or white, they are worn with self-color or pastel frocks, and with the new prints.

With the narrow skirts, bodices are draped and slightly bloused. Most of the necklines are high, with ruffles, jabots, flowers, or pleated flounces to break the line. The shoulders are sloping, and sleeves more often than not are elbow or three-quarter length.

Skirts if without groups of pleats set in front or back, are often slit a little to give sufficient freedom.

Belts are on everything; they may be of suede or leather—very wide and with a huge square buckle, they may be narrow and made of colored string or rope. They can be wide sashes of material, or narrow bands of ribbon.

The tailored suit continues its popularity, and with it all the new blouses. Checked taffetas and artificial silks and linens, woven to look like wool, are favored fabrics for these suits.

Predominating Colors

PREDOMINATING color combinations are black and white, navy and white, navy and pale blue. All shades of blue, white, yellow, a little bright green and, of course, all pastels. Navy blue combined with porcelain, sky and powder blue, or with white, is the last word in chic.

Fabrics are taffetas—plain, checked, or plaid—printed crepe-de-chines, alpaca, and many dull-surfaced, coarsely-woven silks. Among the cottons, pique, rough linens, organdie, net seersuckers.

Lingerie accents on all manner of frocking, although seen before, come in delightful new shapes. Made of white pique, handkerchief linen, or organdie, they trim frocks for every hour of the day.

Checked and plaid taffeta makes whole dresses and suits, blouses, dress trimmings, and little jackets with plain skirts. The tiny check design is the favorite, and, in black and white, it makes trim blouses to be worn with grey, white or black suits.

Prints are not new—but the designs are. Brightly-colored field flowers on white or dark grounds. White flowers on navy or black grounds, and vice versa. The prints, which show plenty of background and the pattern in strong relief, are the smartest. Dresses made of print have dark sheer wool or velveteen coats lined with the print. Dark dresses or skirts have little jackets or long coats of print.

* * *

BLACK cotton net makes slim-fitting, tailor-made suits—although you might find this hard to believe—and what could be cooler for a hot summer afternoon or evening? An example is sketched on this page.

If you want to be up to date and you have a navy blue or black coat which you wear over a printed or pastel frock, slit the coat up the centre back from the hem about twelve inches, and slit the sleeve from below the shoulder to above the wrist—on the outside. You will see how attractive the dress looks, showing through.

Flowers made of fabric are back again. White pique flowers trim black and white printed dresses. Navy blue taffeta poppies trim a navy and white checked taffeta dress. The flowers generally match the hat. If you wear a print dress and white hat, wear white flowers; if a dark hat, dark flowers.

Very remarkable is the return of trimmings on tailored frocks; pleating, tucking, ruching and quilting, so much the mode in 1860, are now definitely smart for 1934 and 1935. Pleating and ruching form collars and jabots, bows, and fan-shaped pieces seen at necklines; they trim sleeves, basques, capes, hems, and trains of dresses. Tucks and quilting give rigidity to otherwise fragile fabrics.

ABOVE: A dress of the new black-and-white checked taffeta features the crossed corsage on the bias and a pleated collar. Next to it, a dress and cape in two shades of pale blue striped sheer wool, trimmed with dark blue. The cape mode replaces the jacket vogue of last year.

TOP RIGHT: A Molyneux ensemble in printed silk, showing the new border pattern, has a navy sash and coat. The silk is printed in navy with red, white, and green. Note the accompanying square hat. Another Molyneux ensemble, which is the last word in chic, has a belted, three-quarter-length flared coat. The taffeta necktie, gloves, and bag are in navy and white.

RIGHT: Black cotton net, the latest of smart fabrics for summer suits, is used for the trim suit at the right. White pique adorns the blouse. A black taffeta slip goes underneath.

● ● ● ●

Spots and Monograms

SPOTS, although not new, are seen more than ever this summer. Polka dots printed or embroidered on every kind of material are smart for sports, dressy town clothes, and evening wear.

Monograms form chic trimming for sports suits, washing dresses, and sweaters. Made of felt or leather or linen, and stitched on, or else embroidered—but they must be large.

PARIS Snapshots

FOR evening, capes of varied shapes. A stiff little cape in taffeta of a bright color. A long cape, sombre in tone, with short broad sleeves. A waist-length cape of ostrich feathers.

o o o

IN town as on the beach, sandals with flat heels, made in kid or in antelope, light and supple to wear on hot days.

o o o

FOR bright young sportswomen handkerchiefs to match ties, shirts, collars, and the snappy scarves of the moment.

o o o

PRINTED evening coats—knee-length—of taffeta or pique are much worn. Also plain white pique coats over dark evening frocks.

o o o

FIGURED scarves and artificial flowers provide winter evening decolletages with spring freshness.

o o o

THE unlined coat vogue makes reversible materials practical: fashionable favorites are bi-colored flamisol and satin.

o o o

TO hold the hats like flat skull-caps, hat pins, short, and terminated by a colored ball.

o o o

LOUNGE suit in gay towelling, for beach wear.

o o o

LITTLE flounces, kilted or drawn into shape, border the train of the evening frock.

o o o

AT Longchamps races were seen many short fitted jacket suits of figured alpaca or surah, worn with organdie blouses having front *frills*, and dark skirts.

o o o

OVER white dresses, and golf skirts, a collarless jacket in brightly-colored flax linen, buttoned down the front with a row of buttons.

o o o

ON a simple jumper, two initials in leather or in felt.

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A.M.P

"A sure friend in uncertain times."

How to be sure of a PENSION

THE A.M.P. has a plan by which young women in business (and young men, too, for that matter) can make themselves sure of a pension for life, beginning at whatever age they plan to retire. Perhaps the best way to explain this plan is to show just what income a certain woman will soon enjoy because she adopted it when she was 29.

Thirty years ago this woman (when she was 29) decided to invest less than 10/- a week (£25 a year to be exact) in an A.M.P. policy with the object of having a pension when she retired at 60 years.

This year she will retire, and she can have her choice between a pension—a life income—of £99/13/8 a year, or a cash payment of £1,319/12/-. If she had died before now her estate would have benefited by an amount far exceeding what she paid in.

This is but one of many plans that the Society offers its members. Full particulars may be obtained from any office of the Society. If you live within reasonable distance of any A.M.P. office an experienced counsellor will be sent to discuss them.

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A TEN-MINUTE STORY

CRYING *for the* MOON

A Story for those who are Bored with Marriage

THE canary in the window was singing shrilly. Leonie Warrender frowned at the sound. It was getting on her nerves—she had never realised until lately that she had nerves. But soon she would be out of it all. . . .

She looked at the canary's cage. It was cruel to keep birds in cages, crueller still to keep people. . . . She hadn't known when she married Harry, seven years ago, that marriage was a cage, the sort that you couldn't get out of.

But she was getting out. The door of the cage had been opened for her by Jake Harmon. She was going with him to freedom.

She wondered how Joey had felt when they put him into his cage. Perhaps he had been too young then to understand. She, too, had been young, only twenty—when she married Harry. Young and very much in love.

Being in love had been rather wonderful. She had been sure that it would go on being wonderful. The sort of thing that lasted. Only it hadn't lasted. She wasn't in love with Harry any longer, or he with her. She was just his wife.

Odd to think how once she had thrilled at the thought of being that! Everything had been tinged with romance then. The little house. Harry himself. They were going to be so happy together. And what had become of all those early dreams?

It was just that they had changed, she supposed, she and Harry. Harry most of all. He had changed from a lover into a husband. He took her for granted now, like any other of his possessions. Like the house, or the furniture. Things that you hardly noticed when you had got used to them.

Would he miss her when she had gone? You did miss things when you were used to them, of course, but you soon got over it. And it wasn't as if he cared any longer. He had his work and his friends, and his cricket or football on Saturday afternoons, all more important to him than she was.

She went upstairs and took from its tissue-paper wrappings the new frock she had bought. It was green, and she had chosen it on purpose. Harry didn't like green, which happened to be her favorite color. She hadn't been able to have a green dress since she married. And she had to drink cocoa last thing at night instead of the tea she loved, because Harry insisted that tea kept you awake; and she couldn't keep chickens in the back garden because he objected to their cluckings.

Marriage, in fact, was just one long series of couldn'ts! Marriage, that is, with Harry. But would marriage with Jake be any different?

SHE was sure that it would. Jake understood. He realised that a woman wanted to live her own life as much as a man. They had discussed it all so many times—her right to freedom, her hatred of the petty restrictions that so many marriages seemed to bring in their train.

It was that broad-mindedness that had attracted her to him from the first. They had met by chance when they had happened to be sitting side by side in a cinema and there was an alarm of fire. He had piloted her to safety, assuring her that there was no need to be afraid—which was true, for the alarm proved to be a false one.

But it had seemed only polite after that to let him take her out to tea.

They had sat in the lounge of Barford's biggest hotel, and she had listened enthralled to his tales of places he had seen, and strange peoples, and the sort of adventures that she had believed only took place on the screen or in the pages of the more romantic magazines.

He fascinated her so much that, when he had asked her to meet him again, she hadn't hesitated. There was something about him that she couldn't resist—something in the way he spoke to her, the way he looked at her, that made her realise for the first time what she was missing.

Harry never looked at her like that now. Sometimes she wondered if he even saw her at all. Small wonder that she reacted to the subtle flattery of the other man as a flower turns for warmth to the sun.

He made her feel wanted and admired. A beautiful woman should always feel that, he told her, it was her right. And when a man was fool enough not to remember this, well, if anything happened he had surely only himself to blame. . . .

That was on the evening when he had asked her to come away with him. He had guessed by that time that she was unhappy at home. How could she help being unhappy with a man who didn't appreciate her? he urged. And when there were others who did. . . .

She had tried not to listen, but she couldn't help it. He painted it all in such glowing colors—the life he could give her in exchange for her drab existence as an unwanted wife. The new lands to which he would take her—he was rich, and had no ties to hold him down. Paris—Vienna. The Taj Mahal at sunset, the desert under the glow of an African dawn, the Bay of Naples with fireflies flitting in the dusk. . . .

He made her feel like a bird that longs to wing its way to freedom. The freedom from which she had been barred for seven long years. . . .

She glanced at the clock and put on her hat hurriedly. Harry would be

By Marian MARAN

home soon, and she must get away before he came. She was to meet Jake in London, and they would cross to Paris by the evening boat. She felt a little frightened now that the moment had really come, but she would feel better when once she was with Jake. He always understood. . . .

She went downstairs, her heart beating very fast. On her way out she had to pass the sitting-room, and the door was wide open.

Joey was still singing lustily, and he flapped his wings as he heard her approach. The action seemed to her suddenly symbolical. Here was a fellow-creature longing for freedom, just as she was, shut up in a cage from which it couldn't escape——

She caught her breath as she moved forward quickly. It was the work of a moment to fling the window wider, to unfasten the little gilt door. . . .

"You're looking wonderful. That frock suits you. You ought always to wear green!"

They were sitting in a London restaurant—the kind that is both expensive and discreet.

Jake Harmon knew exactly how to take a woman out. There were special flowers on their table, and a carefully chosen menu that included all the things she liked best, and a rare brand of champagne that an attentive waiter had just set in a pail of crushed ice.

When she went out with Harry they had steak and fried potatoes because he liked them. And he never even noticed how she was looking. He would tell her how they had landed that Maddison-Hartley deal after all, and what Worthington, the manager, had said about the new typewriter they were trying out, and why Bates, the cashier, hadn't got the promotion he expected, after all.

She wondered suddenly what Harry was doing now.

If he in his turn were wondering where she was. She hadn't left a note for him in the traditional way, telling him that she was leaving him for ever. She would write to him afterwards, from Paris, asking him to set her free.

All at once that seemed rather a dreadful thing to do. But you couldn't, to use a homely simile, expect to make omelets without breaking eggs. Harry would be surprised and possibly hurt. But it was only his pride that would be hurt—his pride of possession. He would feel much the same if he woke up one morning to find that burglars had, in the night, removed a useful and familiar article of furniture from the house.

She was tired of being taken for granted like that. It was thrilling to feel that you mattered again to someone. Mattered quite a lot.

She flushed a little as Jake touched his glass to hers and lifted it to his lips, his eyes looking all the things that a woman liked to have said to her.

"To our future, and the little god of chance that brought us together! We'll have such wonderful times, darling. I'm going to make you so happy."

"I am happy."

Please turn to Page 31

HOGET Halbrook says: For the Bridge Party prepare a plate of nice dainty sandwiches made with Holbrooks' Anchovy Paste.***

● Here are a pair of 5-year olds which have had their Dark Tan Kiwi every morning. Uppers perfect. Half-soled once. Owner: R. W., Watson's Bay, Sydney.

● Kiwi Black and Tan Polish will make a good
● shoe last . . . and give a good shine to boot.
● It preserves and waterproofs the leather.

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The Quality Boot Polish
BLACK POLISH
TAN POLISH

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Marksman's Mascots : A Contest for Grandmas

A SNAP from the King's Prize rifle competition at Bisley, England. 995 competitors took part in the preliminary rounds. The photo shows Denise Philpot, daughter of the well-known marksman, who brought two mascots to help her father win . . . and he did.

PEOPLE MAY LAUGH at this cheerful young grandmother, but she is proud of the cup she is showing to the photographer. Mrs. Margaret Smith, shown above, won the Grandma's beauty contest at Brooklyn, America, where they are always looking for new kinds of competitions.

AN AMERICAN GIRL with a collection of Red Indian dolls given her by Indian craftsmen. She has been presented with one a year since she was a baby, and each time the dolls have grown bigger.

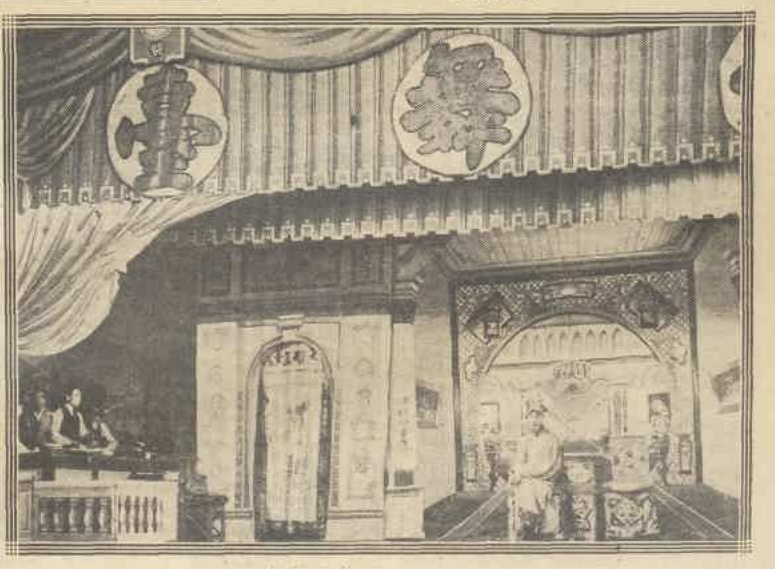
IN FLIGHT: A lovely study of Dorothy Hill, Olympic high dive champion. With back perfectly arched and muscles tensed, she sails through the air like a bird. Reverse the picture and see a human in flight.

RAMSAY MacDONALD, probably the most universally-liked Premier England has ever has, is seen here with his daughter, Ishbel, being welcomed to Canada by the Canadian Premier, Mr. R. B. Bennett, when they arrived at Quebec, recently, for a vacation.

A FAMOUS AUSTRALIAN and his wife at the London Opera. Here we see Constant Lambert, son of George Lambert, and his exotic wife who is much sought after as a model by London artists. Constant Lambert has become famous for his modern musical compositions.

ABOVE: Biking has become a family affair to this trio. Such sights are now becoming familiar on country roads in England during week-ends.

THIS MASSIVE wall of mountain is the dividing range between Austria and Germany, which was the scene of much excitement after the recent assassination of Dr. Dollfuss. The village of Obernberg looks peaceful enough nestling before the mountains in this photo, and thanks to a growing sense of the futility of war among nations, it has remained peaceful.



NOT MANY PEOPLE realise that the Chinese have a theatre and stage technique all of their own. Here is a typical Chinese stage, but curiously enough it is not in the East, but in the Chinese quarters of San Francisco. Of the 21,000 theatres in the United States, this is the only one of its kind. A strange feature of Chinese drama is that a play will sometimes take several months to present, each night being a continuation.

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The cherry lacing is the very newest thing about this frock, perfectly adapted for summer sports wear. Material is an Ivory Diagonal Spun Silk, uncrushable, in a small check design. Buttons and buckle to match. S.W. only.

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Another Cruise Frock of Ivory Knot Weave Sports Material. Sports a soft collar and scarf ends of Cherry/White spotted silk. Cross-over rever effect with buttons and buckle of Cherry. S.W.

Shoes in the public eye!

Leading the van comes the great White wave . . . this is a shoe in that tradition! Extended last with overlays and cut-outs all neatly punched. Half sizes. PRICE 21/-

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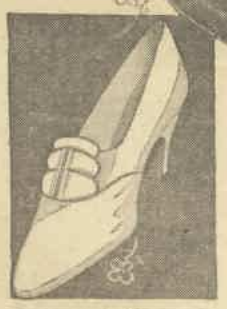

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Again one of White, a shoe of Kid, piped with Black. Extended last, with spike heel. Also in Black with White trimming. Half sizes. PRICE 27/6

Exclusive to Marcus Clark's! Buckle-strap shoes, with cut-out side trim, and seamed to toe. Half sizes in Brown or Black. PRICE 27/6

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OCTOROON GIRLS *Not Wanted* in MELBOURNE

Women's Organisations Oppose the Federal Government's Reported Plans

Reports that the Federal Government is planning to send twenty aboriginal octoroon girls to be cared for in Victorian institutions have aroused the opposition of women's organisations in Victoria.

The Metropolitan branch of the women's section of the United Country Party has sent resolutions of protest to the Prime Minister, the Minister for the Interior, the National Council of Women, the Women's Citizens' Movement, and other organisations.

An octoroon is, in this case, the daughter of a quadroon and a white—one-eighth aboriginal blood.

THESE resolutions state: "That statements in the Press had been noted to the effect that the Federal Government is bringing to Melbourne from the Northern Territory a number of octoroon girls, with the avowed object of mingling them in marriage with the white community.

"That, further, it is stated that these girls will be secretly domiciled in Melbourne in order to preclude any knowledge of their ancestry being disclosed.

"That it is greatly to be deplored that the Federal Government is so far lost to the knowledge of our deep-rooted sentiments and pride of race, as to attempt to infuse a strain of aboriginal blood into our coming generations.

"That immediate steps be taken to request the Federal Ministry to reveal the whereabouts of these girls and return them to their districts.

"That the women's organisations of Australia be urged, that for the race heritage that we hold in trust for the generations to come, for the sanctity of our age-old traditions, and for the protection of our growing boys, to combat with all their power, this insidious attempt to mingle with the community, women of illegitimate birth, tainted with aboriginal blood, the offspring of men of the lowest human type, many of whom are Asiatics and other foreign nationalities."

☆ ☆ ☆

THE National Council of Women in Victoria has referred the matter to the Australian Council, and will itself go further into the question.

The honorary secretary of the metropolitan branch, Mrs. E. W. Curtis, said: "Anyone who has lived in Eastern countries will realise the terrible consequences which can arise even in the third and fourth generation by the admixture of a colored strain in our white population.

"I have known half-caste families in India, some members of which have been quite fair, others quite black. These poor octoroons are to be pitied. How much more would our descendants need pity, where a black child appears in a white family."

Another View

ADVERSE criticism of the resolution is made by Miss A. N. Brown, hon. secretary of the Victorian Aboriginal Group.

"The octoroon belongs by parentage to the white race and is entitled to the same privileges. We allow other people of mixed descent—Saxon and Spanish, Japanese, Chinese or Syrian—to mingle with Australians.

"A great deal of misapprehension about throw-backs and reversion to type exists among ill-informed people, and is the result of cruel unfairness to half-castes and octoroons.

"It is most desirable from every point of view that these children should not be labelled, but should be given a chance to grow up among other white children.

"Where their history is known they are victimised, and difficulty is found in obtaining homes and employment for them.

"I believe the Government will find no difficulty in finding happy homes for them among Victorian families, and I am entirely in accord with the plan that the identity of these children and the people who adopt them will not be divulged."

TIME *Kept* LOCAL PLANE Out of *Big* AIR RACE

Many expressions of regret have been heard at the announcement made last week that technical difficulties prevented the completion of the all-Australian (British) aeroplane in time to compete in the great Centenary air race.

THE committee of patriotic Australians who were behind the movement to have Australia fittingly represented as a competitor in the world's greatest air race are naturally disappointed that the mechanical work of the plane could not be completed in time to allow the machine to be thoroughly tested and tried out for the great object they had in view.

Their difficulties in the early stages were restricted to finance, and when this came under the notice of The Australian Women's Weekly, the directors of this newspaper decided to abandon their original idea of purchasing a plane, and to throw in their lot with the committee of the all-Australian (British) aeroplane.

We gave £500 to the funds immediately, and supplemented it later by other donations, making a total of nearly £1000.

The Australian Women's Weekly is just as disappointed as the committee at the result, but the fact that its efforts were directed to the patriotic end of assisting an Australian industry makes it possible to accept the disappointment in a true sporting spirit.

MODERN *German Dance*

Miss Irene Young's Recital

THAT the modern German dance offers opportunities to those possessing creative ability, was clearly demonstrated by pupils of Irene Vera Young at a recital of the modern German dance, held at the St. James' Hall on Wednesday.

The choreography of the solo numbers was entirely the work of the girls themselves, some of whom showed a remarkable conception of dance movement and pattern. This was especially so in the case of Kathleen Campbell, who danced her own composition, "Flight." Though scarcely moving from one central spot, she gave a vivid impression of motion and lightness. Which again shows that the German dance is not merely a matter of twirls and gyrations.

Victoria Forth, in "The Wedding of the Wind"; Jessie Hughes, in "Strife"; Marjorie Simpson, in "A Dream"; Barbara Young, in "A Girl With a Fan"; and Marjorie Croaker in "Timidity," were outstanding numbers on an interesting programme, the movements of Marjorie Simpson and Marjorie Croaker, being particularly suave and attractive.

One or two of the dancers showed a tendency to restrict the body to the bare fundamentals of the dance, without employing them in dance form. When left to create their own choreography they lost the glamour which is imparted to them by Irene Vera Young in the group numbers.

The motion choir was particularly descriptive in "Sea Picture," and "Their Irrepressible High Spirits," the latter being an impression in movement of the second episode of Vachell Lindsay's poem, "The Congo."

The four little girls in "Grotesque" should be playing to packed houses in big city theatres.

HORT Holbrook says: Vinegar should have a mellow, fragrant flavour, and Holbrooks' Pure Malt Vinegar will please you. ***

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Some New Laughs

Conducted by ..... L. W. LOWER

"I've been to hospital, an' they took away me appendix."
"Them doctors would take anything. Why didn't you have it in your wife's name?"

Has a Woman a Sense of Humor?

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen,
When we are old and mellow, they'll still be evergreen."

"Lost your car, eh? How can you tell it if we find it?"
"Easy—if you tickle the carburettor it coughs."

MISSUS: The man next door is buying a new lawn-mower.
HUSBAND: It's about time. I'm ashamed to be seen at the front with his old one.

"There's a blonde woman following your husband."
"She'll soon get tired of that—he's a postman!"

FIRST MOUSE: Not bad cheese though, was it, Alf?"

ROBUST

because she eats with relish

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Why Mothers are returning to a LIQUID LAXATIVE

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IMPORTANT. *"California Syrup of Figs" is sold by all chemists and stores, 1/6—or 2½ times the quantity for 2/10. Say "California" and do not accept any bottle which does not say "Calif'g."*

Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

MOTHER: If you put that piece of wedding cake under your pillow all your dreams will come true.
Child: Couldn't I eat it and put the pillow over my tummy?

NIECE (to aunt): Oh, aunt, do tell me how uncle proposed.
Aunt: Well, you see, it was over the telephone. And only after I had accepted him did he realise that he had the wrong number.

"DO you get much time for motoring?"
"No, they just fine me."

"SO the judge proposed to her last night."
"Yes, and he made a lovely mess of it, too."
"What do you mean?"
"Why, when she asked for time to consider, he gave her thirty days.

GUIDE (in museum): This stuffed bird is worth £50.
Tourist: Heavens! What is it stuffed with?

THE darkie had been playing poker.
He said: "Tell you, boys, I dun los' a heap o' money las' night."
"How much, Mose?"
"A hundred and eighty-seben dollahs an' fohteen cents."
"Golly! Dat wuz a heap o' money."
"Yas, siree, and de wust of it wuz, de fohteen cents wuz cash."

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MUSIC of the WEEK

By ROBERT McCALL

Success of Big City of Sydney Eisteddfod

AS an integral part of the fifth annual Music Week in New South Wales, the second City of Sydney Eisteddfod opened on August 27. When the competitions close on Saturday evening (September 8), the adjudicators will have heard nearly 10,000 entrants, a 100 per cent. increase on last year's number, and a record for Australia.

The Welsh word, "Eisteddfod" means, I believe, "a sitting of learned men." They were indeed wise men (and women), who two years ago set to work to fulfil the hopes of musical New South Wales that this State would one day have a worthy competitive musical festival.

Roland Foster, the Conservatorium teacher, led the vanguard of these diligent enthusiasts and with his fellow-workers now reaps his reward in seeing the City of Sydney festival outstrip every other Eisteddfod in Australia.

The swift progress of this movement is epitomised in a syllabus which required 176 pages in which to set out details of the awards and the entries.

Gift Prizes

THE number of sections has been greatly increased this year, and interest has been heightened by the donation of many prizes, such as those given by Peter Dawson, Percy Grainger, John Brownlee, Florence Austral, Strella Wilson, and the Melba Memorial Trophy presented by Dame Clara Butt.

Notable Adjudicators

THE early Welsh Eisteddfodau were very serious affairs, which served to earn for successful competitors tuition in the arts of the bard and the minstrel. Candidates were required to pass through a novitiate of three years and to study for several further periods of three years before advancement to each of the higher degrees.

This scrupulous regard for a high standard should still be preserved in the day of the modern Eisteddfod, whose tremendous scope covers every branch of musical performance from that of a choir to a fretted instrument, from grand opera singer to balladist.

The organisers seem to have had such a standard in mind when they appointed the adjudicators for the City of Sydney festival. We find the new Director of the State Conservatorium, Dr. Bainton, making his debut as an adjudicator—in choral, vocal and instrumental sections.

Another worthy adjudicator is Mr. H. Brewster-Jones, an Australian musician, who is distinguished as a composer, lecturer and adjudicator. Yet another is Mr. William Hutchens, one of the best-known musicians in New Zealand, while Mr. Percy Grainger adjudicates in special choral and instrumental sections, for which he has provided both the music and the prizes.

Such an Eisteddfod as this is a great national event which is flourishing with all the vigor of a hardy perennial in its second year. Its organisers well deserve the success which has attended their labors.

Talk by Organist

FOLLOWING the performance of "Maritana" in the national programme of September 10, one of Melbourne's wittiest musicians, Dr. A. E. Floyd, organist of St. Paul's Cathedral, will be on the air. He is to give his impressions gained during his recent visit to England.

Grainger on the Air

FOLLOWING his intriguing broadcast programme with the Melbourne Symphony Orchestra comes the interesting and important news that Percy Grainger has been engaged by the A.B.C. to give eight recitals in both Sydney and Tasmania, commencing in Sydney on October 16, and afterwards a series of twelve lectures in Melbourne from about December 1.

This is great news, for Grainger is definitely one of the most provocative figures in international music to-day. In his lectures he will deal with the development of modern musical research. With the assistance of vocalists, stringed instruments and some twenty performers on keyboard and percussion instruments, he will illustrate various phases of his research work dealing principally with oriental, primitive, hybridised, and ultra-modern music.

Leff Pouishnoff

THE Russian pianist, Leff Pouishnoff, has concluded his Sydney season and is now in Melbourne for a series of four concerts, after which he will leave for a tour of India.

His interesting experiment—new, as far as I know, to Australia—in conducting an orchestra in the Town Hall while himself playing the solo parts of several concertos at the piano, was, on the whole, most successful. The band was about 40 strong, and responded alertly to the directions of the pianist-conductor, who, incidentally, was playing at his best.

He gave a further concert in the more intimate atmosphere of the Assembly Hall. The intellectuality and poetry of his playing were manifest in several beautiful works, including the Haydn "Variations in F Minor," Schumann's "Carnaval," Chopin's "Funeral March" sonata, and pieces by Corelli, Rameau, Grieg, and Wagner.

Trinity College

THE latest London magazine of the Trinity College of Music disclosed a gratifying increase in the numbers of students, and therefore a growing interest in the art of making music. Its reports, in particular, refer to the enthusiasm in Australia, where some very high marks have been awarded to Trinity College candidates in recent examinations.

The magazine also announces the appointment as chairman of the College of Sir Granville Bantock, whose orchestral fantasy, "The Pierrot of the Minute," was heard at the Conservatorium quite recently. It seems that this famous composer actually had his first musical training with the college, and has been associated with it throughout his career.

N.S.W. Music Clubs

THERE has been plenty of activity among the New South Wales Music Clubs lately. Last week the Strathfield Club had a delightful musicale at which its choir, under the baton of E. G. Sherring, sang part songs by Hatton, Brahms and Macfadden. Elsie Findlay (soprano), Laurence Macaulay (bass), Veta Wareham (violinist), and Helen Turner (accompanist) were the assisting artists. Guests of honor were Rev. C. T. and Mrs. Parkinson, and the president of the Leura Music Club, Miss Ruby Board.

Several well-known musicians collaborated to make a success of the Wahroonga Club's concert during the week—Emily Marks (soprano), Betty Idris Morgan (violinist), Lindley Evans (pianist), and Joan Orchard (accompanist).

Scholarship Winners

A MID-DAY concert was given on Wednesday at Paling's Hall by the winners of the scholarships awarded by the Music Clubs. They were: Margaret Farquharson (pianist), winner in 1932 and a pupil of Miss Andrews, of Cremorne; Rita Johnstone (soprano), 1932, pupil of Madame Goossens-Viceroy; and Keith Holt (pianist), 1933, pupil of Mr. Lawrence Godfrey Smith.

Coming Concerts

THE "Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue" (Bach), "Prelude, Fugue and Variations" (Cesar Franck), and the Ravel suite, "Le Tombeau de Couperin," are the big items in the fourth piano recital by Marjorie Hesse at the Conservatorium on September 11.

A second sonata recital by Phyllis McDonald and Frank Hutchens is to be held at the Conservatorium on Friday evening, September 7. Sonatas to be heard are the "A Major" of Brahms, "G Minor" of Debussy, and the "A Major" of Cesar Franck.

MR. PERCY GRAINGER

The Royal Sydney Apollo Club will have a concert at the Conservatorium on September 11. The club is to be assisted by Eileen Boyd, Clement Q. Williams, and the Hordernian orchestra.

* * *

A RECITAL of piano works by contemporary composers by Wilfrid Arlom (pianist) should be an interesting event at the Conservatorium on September 13. The programme will include the first Australian performance of a trio by T. B. Pitfield; "Valses Nobles et Sentimentales," by Ravel, and works by Dohnanyi, Bax, Ireland, Medtner, and Wilfrid Arlom. Assisting artists will be Florent Hoogstoel (violinist), Gladstone Bell (cellist), and Mrs. Hope Gibson (accompanist).

The Musical Association will give a chamber music evening at Paling's Hall on September 21.

The fifth concert of the year by the Conservatorium String Quartet is set down for September 12. The programme will be the Chausson piano quartet in A; Beethoven's A Major sonata for cello and piano (to be played by Gladstone Bell and the director of the Conservatorium, Dr. Bainton), and the Ravel quartet. Lenore Gosch will sing.

HOST Holbrook says: I brew my Pure Malt Vinegar from Australian barley, and mature it for one year.***

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However, custom or tradition dictates that washing and laundering the family linen is one of the functions of womenfolk, and this probably explains why there are still thousands of laundries in the Sydney metropolitan area which cannot boast either labor-saving appliances or up-to-date conveniences.

But a big change has come over things, and, since the beginning of the year, hundreds of women have taken advantage of the gas company's laundry modernising offer. This provides that, for a deposit of 10/- and monthly payments of 5/-, the company will demolish the old fuel copper and instal a spick and span gas copper. Therefore, any woman who wants to enjoy 1934 comfort and convenience on washing day—wants to get away from the humdrum and drudgery of the old fashioned method—and enjoy more leisure and pleasure—should take advantage of this modernising scheme right away.

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Letters sent to "So They Say" should be short and to the point. A heading, describing the subject, should be written at the head of each item. £1 is paid for one letter, and 5/- for all others. Letters must be endorsed "So They Say."

New writers: "So They Say" contributors who have not yet had letters published should endorse their letters, "New Writer."

CLASS DISTINCTION

I MAINTAIN that we should be much happier in our domestic and social life if we kept up the class distinctions of England. In my opinion, there is more snobbery where everyone likes to think they are as good as the next than where one moves in the same stratum of society. It is recognised that the aristocracy are polite and gracious to even the most humble. Our Royal Family is a shining example of this. They may appear "cold," but that is the English nature, and cold, good manners are preferable to inquisitiveness or boisterous style of ill-breeding. The advantages of the class system are (1) People mind their own business, (2) not coming in contact with those in better circumstances there are no appearances to keep up, (3) one is not bored with the company of those less educated, etc., (4) social enjoyment is found with a few intimate friends rather than with a host of mere acquaintances.

£1 for this letter to R. Isted, Box 99, Burnie, Tasmania.

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UNFAIR COMMISSIONS

HAVING read with interest Miss K. Browne's letter of 18/8/'34, I should like to draw readers' attention to another mean advantage taken by employers of present-day conditions.

The commission, which on paper seems very large, is in practice never adequate, and, after one or two weeks of tramping the suburbs and receiving cold receptions and even rudeness from householders, even the most tenacious girl generally gives up. The employers do not scruple to engage as many people as they can, and do not worry if their territories overlap. The poor saleswoman is lucky to earn a few shillings a week, but this, to the firm with dozens of representatives in the field, means pounds profit. Even the most unsuccessful representative advertises the product at every house she calls at—a fact which employers of the class in question are quick to realise. For this reason alone, it should be compulsory for the employer to pay at least a small retainer. If this became law, it would be amusing to note the early disappearance from the newspapers of the advertisements of the large-hearted people who offer the chance to earn fabulous incomes by commission to inexperienced men and women.

Mrs. C. Ballantyne, Box 4, Post Office, Hawthorn, Vic.

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BREAD WAR

I THINK it is quite time we women became independent and made our own bread. How men who have wealth can take bread from children's mouths is beyond my comprehension! Knowing that bread is a public necessity and not a luxury which can be dispensed with, yet they continue their money-grabbing regardless of the hundreds of families who must be nearly starving as a result.

May I say that I am sure most women cannot fail to appreciate the sincere interest taken by The Australian Women's Weekly in all matters which vitally affect women and their household problems.

Mrs. Dorothy Hall, Christie Road, Beresfield.

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OUSTING MEN

YOUR editorial of August 18 raises the question as to whether women should stay at home or go out to work. This is a very controversial subject, and there are very many arguments for and against.

I do not mind women going out to work, but what I do mind is women ousting men from such work, which is solely their domain. There are thousands of openings for women in domestic service, yet they prefer to take over men's jobs and cause more male unemployment. If they want to work, then let them take up a position that will be of service to them in married life.

What do other readers think?

J. Blaney, Biloela, Qld.

"State Salary" Snag in Job-Hunting

REGARDING the employer who demands that the would-be employee state his own salary, I entirely agree with Miss Browne. After all, any employer these days, if he states the wages, can still take his choice from some dozens of applicants after the same position. Struggle for employment is hard enough now without being made grossly unfair by the employer.

A man may desperately need a particular job and not have any idea as to what salary to demand. The only chance he has is to send in the lowest possible quote, thus perhaps procuring the job at a ridiculously low wage.

Such a practice is but a form of slavery, which all with the economic well-being of the community at heart must abhor.

Miss A. Lewis, 3 Dixson Ave., Dulwich Hill, N.S.W.

Prince Henry . . . And Our Girls

IS the Prince to converse solely on things outdoor, and current political questions? If our fortunate girls who meet him are to follow the advice of writers in practically every paper we peruse, I foresee a dull time ahead for His Royal Highness. It is all rather absurd and my advice would be to allow every girl to be her own natural self, and the Prince will sail from our shores with memories of a charming, intelligent Australian womanhood; not a race of parrots without an individual idea.

Mrs. R. Talbot Inch, 48 Botany St., Waverley, N.S.W.

The Other Side

AS mentioned by Miss Browne, the employer who advertises a vacancy on his staff, ending the advertisement "state salary required," does so to obtain the one who states the least salary. It is only natural that an employer wants the one to whom he has to pay the least money. It is ten to one that the applicant will be capable, but hard times have driven him or her to state a small wage. The employer knows this from experience. I know there are employees who would rather work for a small wage than be on the dole.

Gale Nelson, Herbert St., Brisbane.

Money Matters 'Twixt Man and Wife

I QUITE agree with Mrs. Brabbins re money matters. I think it is absurd for either man or wife to have to account for each halfpenny they spend on themselves. Every Friday my husband gives me his pay, and we get out pencil and paper and count up just what we have to pay out, plus so much for the bank. What is left we divide. Some weeks it is more than others, but who cares so long as we have our own pocket money?

Mrs. L. Trappett, Monmouth St., Morningside, Brisbane.

Should Not Share

IN reply to Mrs. A. J. Brabbins' letter, "Money Troubles" (18/8/'34), I do not think that husband and wife should share and share alike. The main responsibility of a household should rest on the husband, as he is in most cases the breadwinner. He should pay his wife a certain sum, apart from the housekeeping money for her own clothing and small expenses. At the same time the husband should have a corresponding amount. The arrangement seems to avoid the troubles which can be caused by a joint banking account.

A young couple may not see these difficulties in the first enthusiasm, but, in my opinion, it is the duty of some parent or guardian to point this out.

Mrs. Telford, P.O. Pymble, N.S.W.

Share-and-Share Alike

WITH regard to money matters between young couples, I think it is very foolish for either husband or wife to hold the purse unless the other partner has shown that he or she is incapable of making the best use of it. It will undoubtedly lead to suspicion and recriminations.

Of course, circumstances alter cases, but in the case of the average wage-earner I think by far the better way is to place the money in the house where either partner can have access to it when required.

If a couple cannot trust each other to that extent they have failed in their matrimonial venture. Even though they may not "fight," it can never be an ideal union.

Chas. Henry, Ulmarra P.O., N.S.W.

The Early Riser and the Wife's Duty

WHY call it a duty, Miss Joan Henry, "of the younger generation" (18/8/'34)? So much depends upon the way you view an undertaking.

If you are the right sort, of course you would get up and help your husband off to work, whatever the hour, and you would do it with an eye to its advantages to yourself as well—the sure knowledge that you are helping to keep the love between you everlasting. The woman who uses the wisdom handed down to her through the ages does not lie in bed skulking behind the thought of "a hard day's work ahead of her," while her kind, thoughtful husband gets himself off. She can make of her day just what she will, so she bestirs herself and sees to it that her husband goes out into the cold night air with something warm in his heart as well as in his stomach, with the feeling that he is not just a drudge going out to earn the wherewithal to pay the rent and keep the "pot boiling."

Mrs. F. W. Hawke, 15 Victoria Square, Ashfield, N.S.W.

Each Helps the Other

I QUITE agree with Miss Joan Henry, 18/8/'34. A kind and considerate husband will help his wife in every way, and never expect others to do for him what he can do for himself. If a wife leaves her husband's supper ready for him before retiring, it is no trouble to him to put a match to the gas. That is only a little to help her, and that little goes a long way. No good woman will impose on her man's generosity, nor be on hers. Each helps the other. Mothers who wait on their sons are often to blame for "helpless" husbands.

R. Gaston, Tolley St., Torrensville, S.A.

A Husband's Opinion

I CONSIDER Miss Henry is correct in her statement. The men should help by getting their own meals at awkward times. I have cut my daily lunch and managed my own breakfast for quite a long time, secure in the knowledge that my wife is having just that extra time in bed before having to get the kiddies off to school.

W. Cobbett, 9 Dawson St., Naremburn, N.S.W.

He Appreciates It

I HAVE been a wife for 18 years, and though my husband has had no "nightshift" duties, there have been lots of occasions when he has set out in the early hours of the morning. I did not feel it exactly a duty to get up and get breakfast, but I did feel that it would add greatly to his welfare and happiness if I did. Therefore, I have always seen him off well-fed on these occasions, and though he would not expect me to get up, he certainly appreciated it. Most men prefer a meal, even a cup of tea, in company, and you know men are but children of a larger growth, and a little attention goes a long way. And—whisper it—if mine insisted that I should get up and wait on him, well, perhaps I wouldn't be so willing.

Mrs. D. Bromfield, 136 McLeod St., Cairns, Qld.

Have Everything Ready

IN reply to Miss Joan Henry (18/8/'34). Provided everything is left in readiness over night, table laid, and fire set, so that only a match is needed to be put to it, any man should be capable of helping himself to an early breakfast, quite satisfied, while his love lies fondly dreaming.

Mrs. E. G. Johnson, Inglewood, Vic.

Wake Up, Victoria!

BEING a regular Victorian reader of this excellent paper since the first copy, I cannot help wondering why so few letters printed on this page are from my State. Is it that my sister readers have not the gift of writing interesting letters? Surely not. Perhaps, like myself, they are a wee bit nervous about the first, but I feel now that whether this is printed or not, I have a little confidence, and intend trying again.

Miss Frances James, c/o Post Office, Oakleigh, Vic.

"SUMMER TIME"

IT has always puzzled me, since I have been living in Australia, why Australian housewives have not made it their business to obtain what is commonly known in England as "summer time."

Who appreciates the dawn at 3 a.m., and who enjoys lighting up at 7.30 p.m. on hot nights?

Summer time was first inaugurated in England during the war, in order to economise with the artificial lighting. By moving the clocks on two hours in about May, and putting them back that two hours in September, for five months in the summer people are able to enjoy two hours more daylight of an evening. This enables the suburban man to do a bit to his garden of an evening, and the young folk to enjoy a swim or game of tennis without artificial light.

Wouldn't it be much nicer to be able to sit out on the verandah on hot evenings to do a bit of sewing without the lamp and the accompanying flying insects?

Surely, housewives, you would welcome this idea, especially when it is a well-known fact that it is successful in England. I believe something of the kind was tried here once before, many years ago, but was unsuccessful. With the aid of wireless there need be no misunderstanding as to the time even with the "outback" dwellers.

Nancy Johncock, High School House, Moonta, S.A.

ETIQUETTE

ASK FOR dishes to be passed to you. Don't lean across another person's plate.

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SILENT BREAKFASTS

HAVING been in many homes and making rather a hobby of studying human nature, I think I can with safety say that the advent of the morning paper on the breakfast table is the cause of much domestic trouble.

The bridegroom of a few months furtively scans the "Births, Deaths, and Marriages" for a start, quite unmoved by his wife's reproachful looks.

His absent-minded "Thanks Darling" dwindles down to a grunt on receiving his bacon, as the years go by. As arguments and pleading seem of no avail, the wife at last gets resigned and breakfast proceeds in silence.

Now, you men readers, what about taking up the pen and ink and giving us some reasons why you **must** read at, to my mind, the most pleasant meal of the day.

E. M. Philpott, c/o Post Office, Ringwood, Victoria.

❖ ❖ ❖

AGGRESSIVE WOMEN

WOMEN have the reputation for being much more sensitive than men. Yet I often wonder! I have seen so many modern women carry their business methods into their private life. The man at work and the man at play are hardly to be recognised as the same person. When he leaves the office he casts aside that brisk business manner, the curtness and efficiency, and becomes a gentle lover, a kind husband, or a sympathetic friend as the case may be. Usually the modern woman cannot change that way, and she continues to be the same aggressive and uncompromising business person. Of course, there are exceptions, but at present my sympathies are with the man.

Miss Gabrielle Waygood, 34 East St., Lutwyche, Brisbane.

Screen Oddities By CAPTAIN FAWCETT

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AUSTRALIA'S *Janet Gaynor?*

... *Peggy* MAGUIRE

HERE is a little girl, Peggy Maguire, barely past her middle teens, who, according to all reports, shows great promise as a future Australian film star. She spent her early years in Melbourne, but has lived latterly with her family in Brisbane. By a lucky accident when the director of Expeditionary Films Ltd. was in Queensland recently he came across Peggy, and she was immediately offered the part of leading lady in the film he is now producing in Melbourne, "Heritage," which is described as an Australian "Cavalcade."

From Our Special Representative

ALL the good fairies must have been present at Peggy Maguire's christening. She is endowed with lovely features, a cloud of dark, silky hair, roguish Irish eyes, and a lissom figure, as well as a natural gift for acting, and that indefinable something that makes a lovely girl look as lovely as she really is on the screen.

Add to that a rich, soft voice, and you have a mind picture of the lass who bids fair to become Australia's Janet Gaynor.

Her chance has come easily to Peggy Maguire. At an age when most girls are still in the schoolroom she is enjoying a unique chance to play her first big talkie role in "Heritage" as Biddy O'Shea, one of the hundred Irish brides who came out from Cork in the Bride Ship way back in the 'thirties.

All the time Mr. Charles Chauvel was filming the first outdoor scenes for the picture that he is making for Expeditionary Films Ltd., he was anxiously seeking the perfect type to play Biddy, but it was a long job.

Finally, when the company was working in Queensland, an organised search was made, and the choice fell on Peggy, though she was probably the youngest girl who offered herself, and her only experience was a small part with Pat Hanna in "Diggers in Blighty," two years ago.

PEGGY MAGUIRE, the little Irish-Australian, whose daintiness and charm suggest that in a few years she may become Australia's Janet Gaynor. She plays lead in "Heritage," the coming Chauvel production.

MRS. CHARLES CHAUVEL, who assists her husband as script girl and who will be seen as Mrs. Macquarie in "Heritage."

FRANKLYN BENNETT, or Bruce Bennett Smith, as he has previously been known, of Sydney, who is leading man in "Heritage," now in course of production at the Efftee studios in Melbourne.

Irish Descent

PEGGY got most of her education in Melbourne, but later the Maguire family moved to Brisbane. She is the daughter of Mick Maguire, of pugilistic fame, who is now the proprietor of the Belle Vue Hotel, Brisbane.

One of five sisters, all lovely, all gifted, Peggy is a quaint combination of sophistication and dewy youth, and she has a natural trick of assuming a brogue that is truly Biddyish.

Biddy has a tragic history, for her future husband marries someone else and, later, when she goes out to live in the bush, she is killed by the blacks. So there are scenes guaranteed to tax the ability of any actress.

If tears are as valuable a box office draw as we are led to believe, Peggy should go over big, for she can turn on the tears as easily as she can laugh.

At least, that is usually the case; but there was one morning when she simply could not cry. Unfortunately, it was the morning when Biddy practically breaks her heart on hearing of her lover's defection. But Peggy was pleased about something, and her youthful glee refused to be suppressed.

The producer stood it for a time and then he told the smiling girl exactly what he thought of her. She was not an actress, she was everything that was disappointing and useless. Soon real tears were streaming down the young cheeks. Then the scene was shot before the scapegrace rushed up to her dressing-room to have a good cry. According to all reports, that is one of the most moving scenes in the whole picture.

Fan Mail

THE little leading lady has had the unique experience of sitting for her portrait to seven artists at one time.

This was to provide the picture of Biddy O'Shea in her Empire gown that hangs in the modern sequence when Peggy comes back as her own granddaughter, Biddy Parry.

Already Peggy Maguire has her fan mail. A woman wrote to her at the studio to say that she had picked up a medal for elocution bearing her name, and would be willing to return it to its rightful owner in return for a signed photograph.

THE rest of the cast of "Heritage" contains some notable figures. The leading man is Franklyn Bennett, of Sydney, who is handsome enough to turn any girl's head. The other girl in the story is Margot Rees, better known to Melbourne as Kathleen Rhys Jones.

Even the smaller parts are played by well-known actors. Harold Meade, who is with Delysia at present, plays the father in the modern sequence. Frank Harvey is Governor Phillip, and Norman French, Governor Macquarie. Joe Valli has an important part, and Rita Pauncefort, of the "Fresh Fields" Company, is one of the main figures in the banquet scene. Many descendants of old New South Wales families came to Melbourne to appear in this scene, including Mrs. Hannam and her daughter, Joan, who had a part in "Roadhouse" when it was produced in Melbourne.

Strangely enough, David Ware, the ace bullock-driver of the Clarence River, brought down to Melbourne specially to play an important part, once worked for Charles Chauvel's grandfather. Dave will never see 60 again, and before his belated movie career began he had never seen a city.

PRIVATE VIEWS

By BEATRICE TILDESLEY

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ *Three stars—excellent.*

★★ *Two stars—good films.*

★ *One star—average films.*

No stars . . . . . no good.

★★ THE LIFE OF VERGIE WINTERS

Ann Harding, John Boles, Helen Vinson. (R.K.O.)

THIS is the story of a woman cruelly wronged in the first place by her father, who breaks off her match with a promising lawyer-politician by a lie for which he receives handsome payment from the father of another girl (Helen Vinson). But the young man (John Boles) discovers after his marriage that he, too, has been cruelly deceived. Throughout their lives the romance, too strong for both lovers, persists. They try to keep it secret, but it is spied upon and made the vehicle of attack by ill-natured gossips and political opponents.

Here, as can be seen, Miss Harding has ample scope for tragedy. But it says much for her quiet, unemphasised style of acting that the impression she leaves is natural and true. Whether she is the girl who cannot keep her resolution to see her lover no more, or the mother looking longingly from a distance on the child she has given over into the other woman's hands, it is a consistent study of tender resignation. Too many sorrows, perhaps, are piled on that blonde head. But Miss Harding carries them bravely.

Some admirable thumbnail sketches are given of the local, small town busybodies. The milliner's shop, too, by means of which Vergie Winters asserts her independence, is very interesting, with its glimpses of changing fashions in headgear over the last twenty years.—Regent.

★ SHE WAS A LADY

(Reviewed by E.M.T.)

Helen Twelvetrees, Donald Woods, Ralph Morgan. (Fox.)

WHAT is a Lady? We have heard of Nature's gentleman, but never of a lady to correspond. Helen Twelvetrees, as the daughter of a remittance man (Ralph Morgan), who had married his mother's maid and drifted to Montana, is a gallant and loyal soul enough, resolved to prove herself the worthy scion of a noble house. But her grandmother, seen three times in portraits though never in person, presents a problem. She is called sometimes Lady Angela and sometimes Lady Vane; and by her son, who should know, merely Angela, which doesn't help at all. But then Ralph Morgan, who plays the exiled Englishman in a sympathetic manner, never quite achieves the accent.

Our heroine herself refuses to marry her dashing lover (Donald Woods) until he sobers up and goes to Brazil to make good. Meanwhile her career takes us from a ranch by way of a circus to England, and then back to a gambling-hell in New York, so we get a little bit of everything.

The ancestral mansion of the Vanes is more studio than Tudor, but the Montana scenes are refreshingly real.—Capitol.

★ SAY IT WITH FLOWERS

(Reviewed by E.M.T.)

Mary Clare, Ben Field. (R.K.O.-British.)

HOW lovable they are, these cheery, uncomplaining, generous Cockneys! It was a happy thought to make a film showing first the life of Covent Garden and then one of those street markets which have existed in London for centuries. Mary Clare, as the flower-seller, complete with shawl and boater, and Ben Field, loyal alike to his donah and his moke, give moving performances. And the artists of a bygone age—Florrie Forde (whom we saw in Australia years ago), Marie Kendall, Charles Coborn—singing the songs that made them famous in the benefit concert for the old couple at a music-hall in the Old Kent Road, provide an appropriate finale. But the horticultural panorama at the beginning, with specimens of topiary art, a waterfall, and rows of glasshouses, shown to the accompaniment of a fruity voice (off) singing "Thank God for a Garden," is not so apt.—Lyceum.

★ WILD CARGO

(Reviewed by E.M.T.)

Frank Buck (R.K.O.).

THESE venturers into the jungle have opened up new markets. Frank Buck lays stress on the fact that he went out to the East on a commission to bring back rare specimens for American zoos, but one cannot help feeling that the tins of celluloid which he bore back in triumph were even more valuable cargo. It seems unlikely that all the perils so effectively staged were natural to his primary job. If so, what luck for him that his camera happened to be trained on the fight to the death between the black leopard and the python. The corral of wild elephants in Ceylon seems genuine enough. The golden gibbon who sports in the tree-tops near the camp is a beautiful creature; and the pelican who persecutes the camp coolies is one of Nature's comics. But if "Nature kept her biggest thrills for Buck," where was the mother of the cubs that he dragged out growling from their lair?—Lyceum.

★ ALL OF ME

(Reviewed by E.M.T.)

Fredric March, Miriam Hopkins, George Raft, Helen Mack. (Paramount.)

THE stars here do excellent work. But one could wish that the story had provided them with a better vehicle for their talents. Underworld patrons of the cinema will like Honey Rogers (George Raft). This young denizen of the slums has been reformed by love to the extent of only stealing for the sake of his girl (Helen Mack), who, staunch in her devotion, does her best to keep him straight. We rather like him ourselves, and when in escaping from prison he kills a guard, he does not altogether forfeit our sympathy; prison guards in America have such brutal manners. Lydia Darrow (Miriam Hopkins) is the sort of poor little rich girl with whom one has small patience, and her opposite number, Don Ellis (Fredric March) has too negative a part.

★ WHARF ANGEL

(Reviewed by E.M.T.)

Victor McLaglen, Dorothy Dell, Preston Foster, Alison Skipworth. (Paramount.)

THE San Francisco waterfront has recently been in the news, and this picture of its life carries conviction. Victor McLaglen has a strong part in Turk, the "ringer" of the stokehold, compact of primitive virtues and vices. Alison Skipworth, as the keeper of a waterfront dive, and Dorothy Dell, as one of the girls who frequent it, offer vivid character studies. Como (Preston Foster) is nobler and less real.

A startling light is thrown on the administration of justice in California. Como was wanted by the police for attempted murder; they had offered a thousand dollars for information leading to his capture, and as soon as they make the arrest we see them pay the money; but the informer repents of his action, and we are assured that, by the simple expedient of handing this exact sum over to a "good lawyer," Como will be set free to "begin life anew" with his wharf angel.

★ SMARTY

Joan Blondell, Warren William, Edward Everett Horton. (Warner Bros.)

VERY skilful acting on the part of the three principals here redeems a farce with a rather creaking mechanism. That a minx, such as Joan Blondell portrays, should exasperate her husband (Warren William) into slapping her is inevitable. What we cannot understand is that he had not done it earlier. Likewise, when she becomes the wife of her divorce lawyer (Edward Everett Horton), her total irresponsibility would be bound to lead to another shindy before a year of the new marriage had been completed. And we can hardly credit that William would regret his freedom.

However, Miss Blondell represents the empty-headed little cat so archly that she is always entertaining to watch. William and Horton also deserve full marks as alternate spouses. Their scenes with the runagate wife are full of interesting technique both for actors and husbands.

★ A VERY HONORABLE GUY

Joe E. Brown, Alice White. (Warner Bros.)

IT is a fairly recent and quite happy discovery of Hollywood that one thing you can do with gangsters is to laugh at them. Perhaps that is best. Dillinger would never have had his self-importance fed by seeing "Lady For a Day" or "Sing and Like It," or the present example, "A Very Honorable Guy." Still you may say his curiosity about one of the regular gangster dramas of violence was his downfall.

Here a Gilbertian conception of an underworld gambler who, like Frederick in "The Pirates of Penzance" and Captain Reece of "The Mantelpiece" is a slave to duty and his pledged word, provides excellent entertainment. Gilbert would have improved it by making the head of the gang and his henchmen as honorable and amiable in their manners as the good-hearted noodle represented by Joe. E. Brown. But the author of this story has put in some clever touches about the home life of Brown's girl friend (Alice White) and the pickpocket who shares his room. The finale on the chicken-farm seems rather incongruous.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY
HOME MAKER
Saturday, September 8, 1934. *A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers.* Page One

Talented Competitors in Our Great Screen Quest!

MR. WALLACE GRIMM, 11 Roseland Court, 510 New South Head Rd., Double Bay.

MISS MADELINE ALLT, Roseback, Waitara.

Left: MISS JOAN HOWARD, 3 Wentworth Av., Randwick.

MR. GEORGE BROWNE, 14 Main St., Earlwood.

MISS NOEL GALLIMORE, 190 Wentworth St., South Strathfield.

MISS PATRICIA HUGHES, Derwent, Bay St., Double Bay.

MR. S. LOCKE-ELLIOT, 135 Holt Av., Cremorne.

MR. L. N. FELTON, Kelso, 2 Edwin St., North Sydney.

Selected for Further Testing

An intensely interesting stage has been reached in the Screen Personality Quest which The Australian Women's Weekly is conducting in co-operation with the City of Sydney Eisteddfod, Cinesound, and the Cinema Academy.

FROM the thousand competitors who have been seen, a number have been selected as worthy of the second test.

This test will be held on Tuesday, September 11, at 7.45 p.m., at the Savoy Theatre, Bligh St. Full details of this test appear on page 2.

The following are included in the list of competitors who have been selected for this further adjudication:—

The Misses E. Hamill, N. Gurr, N. Gallimore, G. V. Ives, U. Bottisto, J. Howard, Jan Daby, J. Harris, Barbara Carr, E. Bullen, O. Andrews, J. Elwing, J. Corbett, A. Britton, Jean Dunn, Jean Dick, D. Burke, V. Roberts, G. Bird, B. Burns, M. Allt, S. Banks, G. Cheeseman, McAllister Beattie, D. Batchelor, L. Butler, M. Bailey, A. Butler, M. Talon, B. Mayhew, L. West, T. H. Stroud, T. Krag-Christensen, P. Lane, H. McCullock, P. Hughes, and Deirdre Berlase; and the Messrs. S. Worland, C. T. Brooks, R. Harcourt, Croucher, W. G. Martin, B. J. Hill, George Browne, Brien Blair, C. Wilson, A. M. Dunkley, S. Locke-Elliot, C. Bereaford, T. Farley, R. Francis, T. Vary, W. S. Nicholas, C. Peebles, C. Beattie, D. McNiven.

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FROM MONDAY, 10th, TO FRIDAY, 21st SEPT.

-Fashion Teas-

JESSICA HARCOURT

Premiere Mannequin and Talkie Star

WITH HER MANNEQUINS

will present authentic styles for the

SPRING-SUMMER

daily at 3.30 p.m. in our

FLORENTINE RESTAURANT

Special Afternoon Tea, 1/6

BOOK YOUR SEAT at Inquiry Desk, Ground Floor. There is no extra charge for reservation.

ALFRED WILMORE

the golden voiced tenor will entertain you.

BUSINESS GIRLS' PARADES

on Friday Evenings, 14th and 21st Sept., at 7 p.m.

Sports Styles for the Petite Lady

A—Choose Linen for sports wear. It will always be a winner, especially when there are smart styles like the one featured at far left. We also have another similar style. Both are nicely cut and neatly finished. In white and pastel tonings. S.S.W. fitting ... 22/11

B—Our cool contribution for cruising or sports wear . . . the saucy nautical style at near left is ideal for both. Fashioned in ivory Marocain with navy collar and white braided trimmings. S.S.W. fitting. 45/-

HORDERN BROTHERS

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

CONDUCTED BY EVE GYE

New Outlines of Chic in Intimate Things

. . . for you to make yourself. Patterns available for both these charming Rest Gowns!

DO you want something smart and new for your holidays... a charmingly comfortable garment to wear at home... for your trousseau? These two delightful patterns of rest gowns will suit such requirements — and either one may be had for 1/1.

Yes, whether you are travelling, holiday-making, or just lounging in the privacy of your home, you will find these rest-gowns indispensable, for they are especially designed for comfort and smartness.

AS you see, both are smart, serviceable, and practical. So easily made, too, with the expertly cut patterns. Price, 1/1 each.

THE bride-to-be who desires something charming, yet practical, is well advised to send for the patterns, and so add chic, at little cost, to her trousseau.

The first is a striking design, cut with drop shoulder effect, so much in vogue.

The wide sleeves are bordered with narrow fur trimming, or if you prefer it some other material may be used. This trimming extends around the neck, beginning warmly right at the throat and continuing down the fastening.

And, as you'll notice, the gown is belted in at the waist with contrasting material, finished off with a quaint, buckled bow.

Such a snug gown would be excellent when relaxing in the privacy of your home, stealing a few minutes' rest, or in the hotel in the luxury hour before tea . . . just slip your dress off and relax.

You need, for a 36-inch bust, 4¼ yards of material 36ins. wide and 3¼ yards of fur or marabout trimming. Other sizes obtainable are from 32 to 40 inches.

The Other, So Springlike!

THE second, a demure little gown with easy wrap-over, makes a charming spring rest gown. Choose some light patterned material, and you'll find how handy it will be for the hotter weather.

The deep cape and roll collar extends to the side fastening, while the sleeves, comfortable and airy, are full to the wrists, where they are gathered into a narrow band.

Material required to make this gown for a 36-inch bust would be 5¼ yards 36 inches wide. Other sizes to be obtained are 32 to 40 inches.

Send for the paper pattern to-day! Price, 1/1 each.

Such a Pretty Edge Stitch for You this Week

The edges and finishings of things, how important they are! Sometimes we feel "stuck" for want of a new dainty edge, as if we had not enough imagination to think of another!

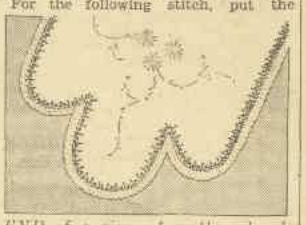
NOW, here is the old favorite—called buttonhole. This embroidery buttonhole stitch is really the same as the blanket stitch which is used to finish blankets. But through association with the edge for cutting against, the buttonhole name has clung to this blanket method.

So Simple to Make

FIG. 1 shows a crossed buttonhole variation with a contrasting line of threading. First, rule two parallel lines as a guide—see "A" and "B" on fig. 2.

To work it, bring the thread out on the left of the edge. Hold it down under the thumb. Pierce the needle in on the right of the upper line and point it slantwise to the left, with the point just over the held-down thread. This is the position as shown in fig. 2.

For the following stitch, put the needle in immediately above the position where it came out (see point "C"), and slant it to the right to make the cross-over stitch.



END of a piece of pretty colored fancywork. The edge has a tiny crochet finish into the hemstitching, then this stitch is worked to jut into the background and complete a pretty edge effect.

The third stitch is an upright stitch higher than the crossed stitches.

TRY varying this arrangement by leaving out the crossed stitches and having three upright of gradually diminishing height.

When a row of the buttonhole stitches (as shown in fig. 2) has been put in, thread in a strand of contrasting colored thread in the manner as indicated in row 1. Row 3 of our diagram shows the same treatment worked upside down. It is placed close to row 2 so that the two make a fancy border stitch, but not an edge stitch for cutting. If these two rows are placed so close that they touch, a novel trimming stitch is the result.

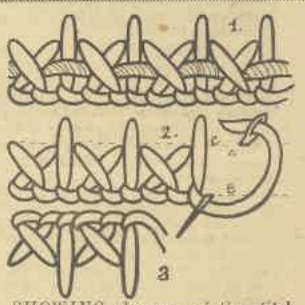
This stitch can be worked as an edge for cutting against, when it will not need the threaded line of contrast. It is then a useful stitch for white embroidery and table napery.

Materials: In stranded cotton upon crash as a straight-line stitch over a hem. The same in any fancywork. In cotton or silk, place close to a crochet edge with cutting edge of stitch to touch the hemstitching. Space it wider to look more decorative.

Again, it would look so attractive in bold pink and blue round a baby's blanket, threaded with yellow.

Use it, too, without the threading as an edge for cutting against in white work.

Work it closely round the edge of a fuji slip. It is splendid for the princess type of slip favored by the matron. Note sketch on this page.



SHOWING close-ups of the stitch in its various forms.

Beautifying the hair to Perfection

Whether the hair is soft, strong, thick, thin, stubborn or yielding, it can be perfectly waved with the "Supra" Machineless method. It assures perfect results with the most delicate or difficult-to-wave hair. It makes every wave so caressing and gentle—so gracefully symmetrical as the loveliest of natural waves.

AND WHAT'S JUST AS IMPORTANT is the supreme comfort you enjoy—no electricity—chemical heating apparatus or heavy contraptions on the head. It is an entirely new method and takes only 35 minutes to execute from commencement until the shampoo for resetting. Equally suitable for Bleached, Grey and White hair. Perfect results guaranteed or Refund of money.

SHINGLE HEAD 17/6

LONG BOB, RINGLET ENDS 25/-

Ring F3141 for Appointment. We are always busy.

Buckinghams

Ring F3141 BEAUTY SALON, SECOND FLOOR, OXFORD ST

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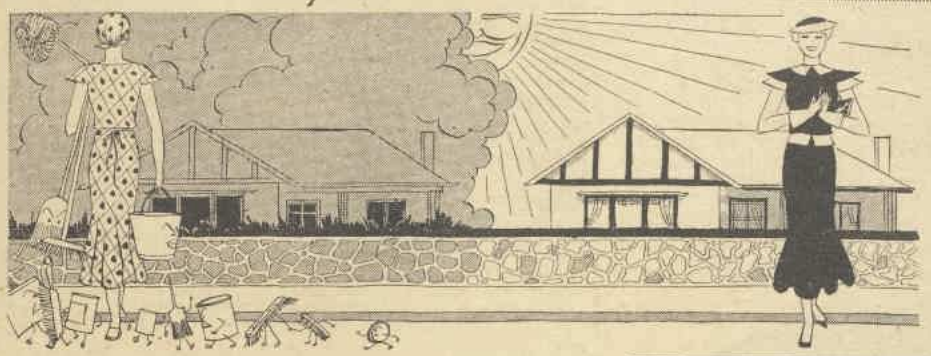
Come with me on a Spring-Cleaning Spree!

. . . Give Our Homes an External as well as an Internal Reviver and see them Literally Sparkle under Our Eyes

By. . . .
OUR HOME DECORATOR

SPRING'S in the air, so she's off on her spring-cleaning spree with bucket, broom, apron, and general air of entering into the spirit of things.



OUR HOMES which now appear so drab and shabby will soon reward our energy and enterprise with refreshing brightness . . . . and the sun will seem to shine more brightly, too, as we slip off to enjoy ourselves—our spring-cleaning job well done!

"MOST of us, unfortunately, have the collecting instinct; we don't like to throw away. When cleaning, get rid of the useless things that are pushed into drawers and cupboards—the things kept to come in for the day which never comes."

EVEN though spring-cleaning as it was known in the old days has gone quite out of style, what home maker can resist the urge to brighten up her home when she opens her windows to the first spring-time breezes? What one of us does not want to freshen up things a little when the brightness of spring sunshine looks in upon our winter furnishings?

BUT before any work or re-decoration is commenced, a plan of action should be drawn up. There is no need to make the whole house uncomfortable, so go about the work methodically, and don't try to do everything at once.

Spring cleaning should not be regarded as a mere matter of cleaning or re-decorating. It should be a kind of stocktaking as well. All unnecessary rubbish should be ruthlessly destroyed, and linen, glass, and china examined.

Broken china and glass should be replaced, also the worn-out linen as soon as opportunity offers. By the by, in last week's issue I gave you directions for making attractive rugs for bathroom, bedroom, or nursery from discarded sheets and the like. So keep this in mind, and tie up worn-out linen into a bundle until the big job of refurbishing is over, and then set to work on your rugs.

Any outside painting and repairs, or internal painting, distempering, wall-papering, and odd jobs should be done before you commence wielding mops, brooms, dusters, and furniture polish.

As a matter of fact, when rooms are being turned out, and the house refurbished, it is time to become resolute about those many little things that have long clamored for attention.

Loose castors, for instance. They are a great nuisance on chairs and tables. Yet, to put them right, probably all that is needed is a little tightening with screwdriver and hammer, and the application of some oil.

Mention of oil recalls, too, the door hinge that creaks (shades of my own living-room door), and the lock that binds. How often they go untended year after year.

The drawer that sticks can be remedied very easily by rubbing some wax polish on its sides and runners, and, while you are at it, get rid of the useless things that are pushed into drawers and cupboards—the things kept to "come in" for the day which never comes. Most of us unfortunately have the collective instinct. We don't like to throw away. But that is the best policy with things that are never used.

Remember, the more thoroughly the house and its contents are overhauled the easier it will be to run the house perfectly, and the more leisure we will have for other things.

But, let me say again, take it easy. Since we are on this spring-cleaning spree together let us take one or two rooms at a time—after the outside painting and repairs are finalised, of course. Don't turn the whole house upside down.

Look to Your Equipment!

KEEP in mind, too, that good equipment means easier and better work, so before you actually begin to clean have plenty of dusters, mops, clean brushes, soap and furniture polish ready.

Some few weeks ago in this section under the heading of "Time, Labor, and Money-Savers," we pictured a new bucket and mop designed to obviate stooping and bending. This bucket is fitted with a corrugated cone which, when the mop is pressed into the bucket and turned, acts as a splendid wringer.

There are in this age hundreds of "short cuts," so make use of every modern idea that saves your time and energy.

Fortunate are the possessors of a vacuum cleaner. They are one of those once-upon-a-time luxuries that have become necessities.

Take your rugs: We all know that dirt ground into a rug cuts the pile and wears it threadbare. What can take the place of an electric cleaner in this instance alone? And here's a hint: If you use a vacuum cleaner on your rugs, use a long, smooth motion, always in the direction of the nap. Never jerk, as that has a tendency to break the nap.

Those, however, who are not the fortunate possessors of a vacuum cleaner are well advised to take their carpets and rugs out into the open for their "clean sweep," place face downwards on the grass and beat gently. Do not use a stick or wire, as it may cut the fibre.

Never, never shake or hang an Oriental rug on the line, as it breaks down the cord. Since the Oriental is a hand-made rug, it is not so strong in fibre construction as some of the machine-made rugs, and so careless beating is particularly damaging.

MATERIALS, spotted and striped, are showing in all the shop windows, and you'll find they will give a gay touch to your kitchen and sun parlor when made up for curtains and coverings.

Some time ago I gave you some hints on the general care and cleaning of carpets and rugs, so I will not go over the same ground again. Only I would say, after their spring clean, don't forget to change their position—and do this occasionally to distribute the wear.

New Life to Upholstered Pieces

UPHOLSTERED furniture after the winter will respond magically to a general clean-up.

Prepare a heavy soap jelly of soap flakes and water—one cup of flakes to half a gallon of water. Start with cold water and heat until the flakes are dissolved.

Now, after the upholstered pieces are thoroughly dusted, mix a small amount of this solution with an equal amount of cold water, and whip up into a heavy lather. Apply the suds with a brush, scrubbing a small section at a time, and working with a circular motion.

Use the suds generously. Scrape off lightly with a dull-surfaced knife and rinse the cleaned portions with a sponge, squeezed out in a solution of salt and water.

When cleaning fabrics with a pile, wipe in the direction of the pile.

AND NOW for a coating of floor varnish to put the final touch on your spring-cleaning efforts. Smoothly applied, it will give a bright gleam to your freshly-cleaned room.

Some General Hints

FOR their spring clean, washable slip covers are dipped up and down in soapsuds, thoroughly rinsed in cool water, and dried rapidly to prevent the colors from running.

The secret of their colorful freshness, which is not a secret at all, lies in not allowing the covers to become too soiled before washing.

Let your mattress, after it has been thoroughly cleaned and before it perhaps blossoms out in one of those gay slip covers have a thorough sunbath.

As part of the spring-cleaning urge clean and store away the winter hangings, and put up the gay, lighter curtains and draperies, which can be tubbed as often as necessary throughout the dusty days of summer.

There are some wonderful furniture polishes, floor stains, lacquers, etc., on the market to-day which will help transform your home and banish that shabby look which the bright spring sunshine seems to show up to such disadvantage.

Before I leave you I would like to say that just in case you propose having a room or two decorated with wallpaper this spring, I am giving next week simple directions in the art of hanging paper. It's the easiest possible thing to do—if you know how.—E.E.G.

Preparing Vegetables for Cooking

CAULIFLOWERS, greens of all kinds, salads and Brussels sprouts, should be soaked in water to which a little vinegar or a pinch of salt has been added. The outer leaves should be removed. A cabbage should be halved or quartered, and salads separated leaf from leaf. Spinach needs stripping from the stalks and thick veins in the leaves, and it should be washed several times in cold water to rid it of grit. Peas when shelled, and beans when sliced, improve if they are put in cold water for half an hour before being cooked. Parsley and mint keep better if they are put in a glass of water. So does celery.

FREE!

A GLORIOUS SUMMER CRUISE FOR TWO

For the best sentence about British Chief Dress Fabric, not exceeding 12 words, a holiday sea trip for two persons will be awarded. Each entry must be accompanied by a docket showing the purchase of either British Chief or Murraita Dress Material. The closing date is November 24th, 1934. Results will appear in leading city papers on December 15th, 1934.

2nd PRIZE—£3.
20 Consolation Prizes—£1 each.

British Chief is cool and smart . . . a serviceable, all-British summer fabric for sports and house frocks, school uniforms, children's clothing, etc., sold everywhere at 1/11 per yard, 36 ins. wide. Guaranteed fadeless in full range of latest colors.

Post all entries to D. & W. Murray Ltd., Box 520B, G.P.O., Sydney

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The all-purpose summer fabric

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FILM production in Australia is firmly established. More pictures are being made each year . . . pictures that are becoming increasingly popular. New films being planned will create many openings for Australians thoroughly trained in screen technique.

Here is your opportunity. We can give you that training. Let us test you now . . . free.

Nearly thirty Cinema Academy students have been selected to play parts in the new Cinesound Production, "Strike Me Lucky." With personality and a good speaking voice, you have an equal chance.

THE CINEMA ACADEMY
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THE LECTRO NO-SCRU

Which makes Rimless Glasses almost as practical and serviceable as those fitted with frames. No trouble with loose screws and lenses; as with this new process the lenses always remain rigid.
All spectacle wearers can now really enjoy the beauty and comfort of Rimless Glasses without fear of constant breakages.

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BLUE

The Dominant Colour for Spring

22/6

There is real economy in the versatility of this OPERA court, in fine blue kid. Morning, noon or night, it is smartly correct. Price 22/6, Post Free.

Also in Black Kid, 21/-; Brown Kid, 22/6.

Know the feeling of real foot comfort!

KATHLEEN HANLY

Foot Specialist in attendance

Ever popular, the season has opened with the vogue for black and white greater than ever. Here is a smart design with the snap and sparkle that is youth and spring. Black patent and white Buckskin. Price 21/-, Post Free.

Also in Brown Kid, 22/6; Black Kid, 25/-.

21/-

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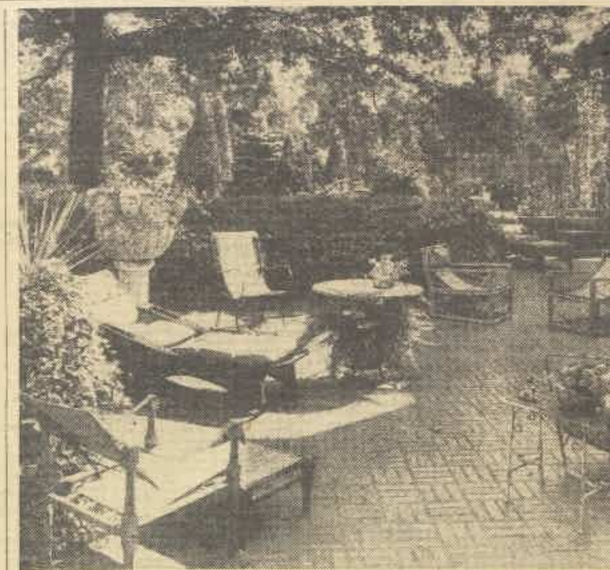

IMAGINE WALKING out of your back door on to this! No matter how slender your purse, how small the backyard area, how drab the outlook, energy and enterprise can transform all this into an enchanting spot in which to loaf. Here is the idea—the rest is up to you!

BRING a GARDEN into YOUR HOME

With Window-box, Flower-pot, and Clever Camouflage ...... Says the OLD GARDENER.

SURROUNDINGS play an enormously important part in our lives—and flowers and gardens not the least. Take a walk through a garden, a park, breathe in the scented freshness of the air, feel the blood coursing through your veins with renewed vigor. Such a walk braces you to face the world with shoulders back. But although you have no backyard, no room for a garden, do not despair. You, too, may have the bright joy of a garden as easily as your neighbor with spacious grounds and outdoor plots. Let the Old Gardener tell you how.

GOOD morning, Miss, such a beautiful morning it is too. What a spring we are having!

Coming along this morning one could hear the noise of the lawn mower, the click of the hedge shears, and in many gardens women were among the flowers, snipping here and there and giving their gardens a general clean up.

It does one's heart good to take a peep over the fences and see the beauty and success of that diligent labor, the wealth of color and sweet fragrance so good to look upon. The long months of dreary, drab, and uninteresting winter are passing, and in their place are coming spring days, bringing beauty, color, and perfume, repaying for the attention and labor given to the gardens during the winter.

This is what I see in many homes, Miss.

And yet so many people do not possess these beauties. Living in cramped surroundings, perhaps in a converted flat, where there is not much room and no garden they have no idea of brightening their homes with a garden. And yet how much more pleasant they may make their homes and their lives with pot-plants, window-boxes, or by actually converting spare corners with clever camouflage into a pretty garden scene.

Such schemes would especially bring happiness and joy into the lives of those people who cannot leave their homes. Let us cheer the lives of the invalid and the aged by bringing a garden to them in their homes. Let us try to interest all people in house and window gardening.

One excellent and inexpensive method is window-boxes and pot-plants. I remember calling on a friend who was very ill—a keen lover of flowers. Her chief joy was her pot-plants. She spoke of nothing else. She showed them to me with pride. Each day in her room was placed a different flowering plant. The beauty of the flowers helped her to forget her sufferings and to get well quickly.

What you can do!

FOR indoor growing we can have zinnias in pots, snaps, petunias, nasturtiums, chrysanthemums, roses, dahlias in kerosene tins—yes, and hundreds of other small plants that give color and brightness. They can even be grown in jam tins! So there is no need for anyone, no matter where she lives, to be without flowers of some kind in the home.

And those little paved back yards we see in some flats and houses in the city may be made beautiful with flowers. Roof and balcony gardens are very easily made and become delightfully interesting.

In London, where there is very little room, people have unusual backyards and balcony gardens. They paint ugly walls to represent a pretty garden scene, while they have real flowers growing in pots! By such means a sense of beauty and peace is achieved.

Take the balcony garden—the floor may be covered with grass matting, quickly-climbing creepers to hide the front iron railing—the surprisingly realistic effect being finished off with potted shrubs and plants. Here the flat dweller may read and sew, the invalid may take her rest in charming and natural surroundings.

And how to do it!

AND now we will have a word on the care of such gardens. Whether plants are grown inside or outside, the secret of their cultivation may be summed up in one word—"protection." Wind affects plants in many ways. Select a situation sheltered and suitable for the desired plant. Never allow the pots or tins to become drought-stricken. During the hot summer months keep up the supply of water.

The surface soil should be always free and open, so keep it broken up. This will allow air and light to pass through to the roots, while keeping the soil sweet and pure. All receptacles in which plants are cultivated must have provision for systematic drainage. They should have holes made in the bottom and have plenty of room given for drainage. A layer of material such as cinders, pieces of broken pots, or rubble, then a thin layer of grass or straw placed over this material to stop the soil from mixing with the crocks, etc., is advisable and ensures proper drainage from all pots, tins, window-boxes, etc.

'Ware bad drainage!

WHEN a plant looks sickly, and does not respond to good treatment, you can rest assured that bad drainage is the trouble. A good mixture for all potting work, for roof gardens and indoor culture, is sand, leaf mould, and loam. These three mixed thoroughly together with a little blood and bone and sulphate of potash stirred through make an ideal compost.

So let us get together this summer and make our backyards and homes colorful, cheerful, and beautiful. Let us cheer up the sick and the infirm, and, above all, let us not forget the hospitals!

If people would only send all their spare flowers along, what joy and comfort they would bring to those who are suffering!

NOT ILL—BUT NEVER REALLY WELL

Why not have done with that "not very well" feeling? You can't be well if a sluggish liver is making you irritable and depressed, if food-waste is clogging the system, if constipation is forcing poisons into your blood and nerves. You will be surprised at the spirits-brightening and pain-relieving effect of a simple course of Bile Beans, the 35 years proved remedy.

Bile Beans send your food healthfly through your system, remove the waste, cleanse the choked-up intestines, and purify and enrich the blood. They are not a mere purgative, but contain vegetable extracts which are known to soothe and help other organs besides the bowels. Bile Beans get the whole system back to regular healthy habits.

Free from irritant drugs. Bile Beans can be taken at any time when you are not feeling A1. 1/3 and 3/- box at any chemist. Start getting well to-day!

Every Night Take

BILE BEANS

"FOR BETTER HEALTH"

HERE'S GOOD NEWS

The wonderful **Ironised-Phosphorised** and **Peptonised Irradiated Yeast Tablets** known as **Fe-P-Y** are now available to your chemist. These are the tablets which have created such a sensation in America and overseas. **Ironised Yeast** is the most wonderful pep and energy producer yet discovered, and we go one better in **Fe-P-Y Tablets**, for the tonic Phosphorised Iron and the digestive Pepsin have been added, making what medical men and chemists alike describe as the ideal tonic digestive tablet. Wonderful in their effects for old and young alike. 25 tablets 1/6, 60 tablets 2/6, and 100 tablets 4/6 at any chemist. As these tablets are only just available, your chemist may not have them in stock, but he can get them through his wholesale house. Don't accept any substitute for Fe-P-Y tablets (pronounced Feepee), for they are the only phosphorised and peptonised tablets in Australia.

Manufactured and distributed through the **Cenovis Yeast Pty. Ltd., Fink's Building, Elizabeth St., Melbourne. Phone, C7599**

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PERMANENT WAVE SPECIALIST

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LADIES' HAIR TREATMENT MANICURE, PEDICURE, and FACIAL BEAUTY WORK

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DACRYDOL

has been prepared for her Special Personal use.

NON POISONOUS — NON CAUSTIC

Soothing and Safe.

Health is Your Greatest Asset

Never Use a Substitute.

Sold in 4oz. and 8oz. Bottles at 2/- & 3/6.

CONSULT YOUR CHEMIST

Broken Windows

How You Can Insert Fresh Panes of Glass Yourself

GLAZING, as it is called, is not as difficult as it sounds at first. The main thing is to get exact and correct measurements of the size of the glass, and its thickness.

Make a putty either of whiting and linseed oil, or of whiting and white lead, and when all the old putty has been scraped away from the frame put in a thin layer of new putty. Fit the pane of glass in this, then take little lumps of putty and press them into place, levelling the edge to about one-eighth of an inch up the glass.

The glass should fit in easily to allow for vibration, and the putty should not be too stiff when used.

Do not clean your window until the putty is set.

LIFE-SIZE DOLL

UNBREAKABLE. About 27 inches High

Only 2/6

Reproduction of a French Creation in fine, fast colours on cloth that won't tear. Intended to be stuffed. Grandma's Model Doll never fails to please. Will outlast a dozen expensive Dolls. Price only 2/6 posted, and for the next 30 days one Baby Doll given Free.

Anglo-American Publishing Coy., 82 Pitt St., Box 1163HH, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W.

IT IS WASHING DAY . . . SOMEWHERE TO-DAY

HISTORY, they say, repeats itself; but did Eve wash her fig-leaves on Monday? Throughout the ages women have looked askance at this day of the week; the day which they dislike most.

Early morning sees the blue smoke swirling from the washhouse chimney; hears the rubbing, wringing, and rinsing of soiled clothes; and watches with amusement the black looks given by the housewife to the equally black-looking sky, as she frenziedly rushes through her task, hoping to finish before it pelts down.

DURING the last year Sydney women had more wet washing days than those of any other capital city in Australia, with twenty-three out of a possible fifty-two—nearly half. Their Perth sisters came second with twenty-one days, followed by Melbourne and Hobart, each nineteen, Brisbane eighteen, and, lastly, Adelaide with seventeen days.

There is no stopping once the copper is boiling. Even if the rain has started, clothes must be hung on the line to make room in the bubblin suds for others. In the late afternoon, the washing is carried unceremoniously inside. If it is not yet dry, it must be aired in front of the winter fire. Every woman detests, and husbands dislike, the air of untidiness and the musky smell for which damp clothes are responsible.

In the slum areas of most big cities, where back gardens are only dreamt about, washing hanging in the street is not an unusual scene. The inhabitants of the older portion of the town of Genoa, Italy's chief seaport, take full advantage of the scanty light and air by drying the washing on clothes lines slung high above the cobbled streets, from upper windows of houses which face one another.

In many parts of the North Island of New Zealand, which is volcanic, the native Maori washerwoman's task is considerably lightened by the number of hot springs and geysers—giving a convenient laid-on hot water system.

In Iceland there are also many hot springs. At Reykjavik the whole of the washing of the town is done at a spring called the Laug. The water, besides being hot, is so pure and crystal clear that tea and coffee can be made with it.

Streams and rivulets, Nature's wash troughs, are put to good use by the peasant women in most European countries; while the blue waters of the ocean and coral lagoons are crowded with Polynesians and Pacific Island women on washing mornings.

On the banks of the River Moselle in France, is situated the small Roman village of Toul. Each woman inhabitant is the proud possessor of a glorified wheelbarrow and, after placing the clothes and utensils required in it, she wheels it down to the water's edge.

Public Laundries

IN Sweden's capital—Stockholm, on Lake Malar—a public laundry platform has been erected by the government.

On washing day a policeman is stationed at the platform to control the queue of women who, eagerly awaiting their turn, line up with bundles of soiled garments. The Swedish gentry have their clothing washed only once a month.

This is not casting an aspersion on their cleanly habits; but it illustrates the large amount of linen they possess. One attempts to envision the huge glory boxes that would be required by the present-day Swedish society girl.

Many of the European countries provide public washing accommodation, and in Sicily there are public stone tanks in every village.

The Samaritan act of the Swedish Government is not new. Centuries ago, in Italy, the Pope presented to the people many small streams for the purpose of washing clothes. They are aptly named "linum" streams. "Linum" is the Latin for a cloth, and is the source from which the English word "linen" is derived.

In the early days of Rome, prior to the invention of soap, clothing was cleansed by stamping fuller's earth into the garments with the feet, and subsequently removing it by scouring.

The Gauls were the first to invent soap, which was made with the ashes of the beech tree mingled with goats' fat.

The women of Siberia are particularly lucky in their wash tubs. No matter how large the bundle of soiled clothes appears to be, it all goes into the tub at once. The tubs are made to measure. The required size is marked on the ice covering a frozen stream. This is then hacked out and the washing begins.

IN THE STREETS of Genoa. Communal drying-ground of the Genoese laundrywomen after a busy washing day.

When you accumulate a number of these Caddies, you will find they make a most attractive and useful pantry fitting.

HERE IS THE IDEAL CADDY

To Keep Biscuits Crisp and Fresh!

THE wonderful success of ARNOTT'S Famous BISCUITS is built on quality and delicious crispness; but — biscuits will not remain crisp in paper bags or open packets, so, as a wise precaution, place them in an air-tight caddy immediately they are unpacked. Arnott's new caddy, "My Biscuit Caddy," is ideal for this purpose. It is neat and very pleasing to the eye, and designed to be effective in preserving the crispness and oven bloom of the biscuits.

Your grocer will supply these attractive Caddies filled with savoury biscuits in a most delicious assortment, which includes POPSO CRACKER, SAVOURY DAINTY, LAWN TENNIS SODA, SAVOURETTE, THIN CAPTAIN, CREAMY FLAKE PUFF, LARGE CHEESE, BUTTERMILK and GOLDO PUFF BISCUITS.

In addition to these delicious biscuits, each Caddy contains one of ARNOTT'S LATEST RECIPE BOOKS; Artistic, brightly illustrated and exceedingly useful to every housewife.

ALWAYS ASK FOR

ARNOTT'S FAMOUS BISCUITS

AND BE SURE YOU GET THEM!

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2GB HIGHLIGHTS

AMONG many fine features which 2GB presents during the next seven days, immediately preceding the Federal elections, none is more topical than the talks of 2GB's political commentator. Looking out from his watch tower above the war of political parties he surveys the campaign impartially and throws an illuminating spotlight on leaders and policies. The times of his final comments are announced as follow (p.m. in every instance): Saturday, 8.45; Sunday, 7.15; Monday, 10.35; Tuesday, 10.35; Wednesday, 10.30; Thursday, 10.35; Friday, 10.35.

"Here's a light, Darby, dear!" says Joan.

Rumors of Darby and Joan

STRANGE and unwarranted stories have been going the rounds that Darby and Joan have parted, and another (with wicked intent), that they don't exist; that Darby and Joan are radio fabrications, and not really flesh and blood people. Well, this picture will once and for all lay these rumors by the heel. Here is Joan lighting Darby's after-breakfast pipe. Darby and Joan are very live people, and it is these two you actually hear in the breakfast session on 2GB daily, and on Saturday evening at 7.45.

Love Story of an Empress

TAKE a person's love history and you have the clear story of character. So it is in the case of Catherine of Russia, a stormy woman in a stormy period. She took the helm of State out of the hands of her husband, who was a weakling, and piloted her country through some wild seas of international intrigue. Many lovers wooed her, and her private life was as full of intrigue as the political age in which she lived. Dorothy Jordan will discuss the stormy Catherine's love story in her women's session on Friday morning, September 14. Other love stories are to follow in Dorothy Jordan's Friday morning series, "Love Stories of Famous People."

Hollywood Comes to Sydney

THE glamour, the sparkle, the gaiety of Hollywood! You can't go to California for them, so 2GB brings them to you in the music of "The King's Men," a radio quartet. And they're different, too; not a bit like the ordinary run of "close harmony" groups. You'll hear them every Wednesday night at 8 o'clock.

S.O.S. Saves Family

AN S.O.S. signal was sent out from 2GB It saved a family in dire distress. Mrs. Stelzer sent the signal, and radioed it to the members of the 2GB Happiness Club in Rockdale. All the beds which the family needed were soon donated, in addition to a lot of clothing. The Mayor of Rockdale (Ald. Barton), in an official communication to Mrs. Stelzer, said that a position had been found for one of the girls, and one of the boys was likely to obtain employment shortly.

The Morning Roster

DOROTHY JORDAN, of 2GB, is now broadcasting her "Inside Story" at 11.15. The subjects which she treats are in rotation, "Old England," "Beauty Through the Ages," "Art," and "Love Stories of Famous People."

Guest speakers are heard from 2GB at 12.15, among these being Richard Want, B.A., on "Child Psychology," every Monday (in addition to 10 a.m., Tuesday and Thursday); and representatives of the National Council of Women every Tuesday.

Midway between these sessions—making a delicious sandwich—comes The Australian Women's Weekly quarter-hour, conducted by Dorothea Vautier.

Women's Weekly Feature Session

FRIDAY.—11.45 a.m., featured talk and music. 3.30 p.m., "From Far and Near," news items from abroad.
SATURDAY.—9.15-9.45, Celebrity recital conducted by "Disc-obolus."
SUNDAY.—9.15-9.45, "Billy Jones and Ernie Hare," world entertainers.
MONDAY.—11.45 a.m., "People in the Limelight," "From Far and Near."
TUESDAY.—11.45 a.m., So They Say topics. 3.30 p.m., musical personalities.
WEDNESDAY.—11.45 a.m., "What the World is Reading." 3.30 p.m., music and featured talk.
THURSDAY.—11.45 a.m., Highlights of The Australian Women's Weekly. 3.30 p.m., So They Say topics.

"Knows Her Bridge"

A BRIDGE party in itself is hardly an event these days, when every other person has become an expert in what to lead and when to bid, but the bridge party with Dorothy Jordan at the Carlton Hotel on Friday, September 7, at 8 p.m., is something else again.

Dorothy Jordan knows her bridge. The proceeds of Mrs. Jordan's party go to the Smith Family's home at Baulkham Hills. Reservations for the party at the Carlton may be made with Mrs. Jordan.

Pakeha and Maori

AT last we are to hear Maori songs as they should be sung. And for that music-lovers will be duly thankful, and tune-in to 2GB on Tuesday, September 11, at 9.37 p.m. Ernest McKinlay is a native of New Zealand, and he studied his Maori music in the native pah. That is why he sings Maori songs as the Maoris sing them, with all their wild rhythm.

The first of the four Maori songs McKinlay has chosen for his 2GB audience is a stirring farewell to the Arawa tribe, imploring them to remember the tribe's great and good name, and to fight valiantly for it. The second of the group is in English, with the well-known "Kamate" war-cry for its chorus. The third number was composed by a Maori Cabinet Minister (Mr. Ngata), a song of welcome on the return of the Arawas from war.

As a fitting finale, Mr. McKinlay has chosen a song of reunion between the Pakeha and the Maori after the war. His session will be a welcome respite from the Maori music so frequently afforded to long-suffering but unsuspecting Australian audiences.

They Like Curried Lobster

GEORGE EDWARDS and Nell Stirling were having lunch one day and something happened. They both discovered that they liked curried lobster. Well, that was the beginning of it, or rather, the end of it. Two people can't both like curried lobster, and not do something about it, so they became engaged and then married. Now they are playing harder than ever. You will hear them this week-end in numerous sessions, including "Ivan the Terrible," on Sunday night; "The Duke of Marlborough," on Tuesday night; and "The Accession of Queen Victoria" on Wednesday night.

"Macbeth" at The Criterion

SHAKESPEARE'S "Macbeth" was presented at matinee and evening performances at the Criterion Theatre by members of the Studio Theatre on Tuesday and Wednesday.

Miss Enid Lorimer headed the big cast and gave a convincing performance as Lady Macbeth. She was well supported by Kenneth Fowles as Macbeth, who was also responsible for the excellent lighting effects.

Interesting appearances were made by Nancy Stuart Gurr, May Baker, and Gladys Rodriguez as the three witches, and other prominent artists were Maxwell Osbiston (Banquo), Edward Druitt (Duncan), Hereward Russell (Macduff), and Enid Doherty (Lady Macduff).

The play was produced by Miss Enid Lorimer.

Dryness—a fault of your OUTER SKIN

But *Lines* and *Wrinkles* come from shrinking of your *Under Skin*

You need *Two* Different Creams to keep both skins perfect

TWO SKINS—so entirely different that no single cream can supply their needs.

Your Outer Skin is constantly having the moisture whipped out of it by exposure. It needs a special substance to restore this loss.

Your *Under Skin* is fed by oils that keep it full and firm and prevent lines from forming. When the natural oils fail, this skin needs certain deep penetrating oils to take their place.

An Oil Cream to Check Wrinkles—To help your Under Skin, you must use an oil cream that penetrates to its very depths. Pond's Cold Cream does this. It sinks far down, renews tired, sagging tissues. Since it does go so deep into your skin, this cream is a perfect cleanser. Your pores are freed of every speck of accumulated dirt and make-up. It's no wonder your skin feels vibrantly alive.

The Outer Skin is Different—When the natural moisture in this skin is extracted from it, you must supply a substance which restores this loss. Pond's Vanishing Cream is made for this very purpose. Roughnesses are smoothed away in a single application. And because this cream leaves your skin so smooth, pearly looking, it is an excellent powder base. It will hold your make-up beautifully.

Lady Brougham and Vaux

—lovely, blonde and blue-eyed, gives each of her skins the care it needs—Pond's Cold Cream for her Under Skin, Pond's Vanishing Cream for her Outer Skin.

Try this Famous Two-Skin Treatment
1. Every night cleanse and firm your Under Skin with Pond's Cold Cream. Wipe off. Repeat, patting vigorously.
2. Next, smooth your Outer Skin with Pond's Vanishing Cream. Leave it on all night.
3. Every morning, and during the day as needed, another Cold Cream cleansing. Follow with Pond's Vanishing Cream. Then make-up.

In just a little while you will see your own skin, too, becoming youthfully clear and fresh.

New Larger Jars 2/6 Tubes 1/-

THE APPLE TELLS THE STORY

SMOOTH—GLOSSY 1 At its peak, the inner and the outer skins of the apple are both firm and smooth—flawless!

SOFT—SPONGY 2 Just past its prime, the inner tissue has softened and shrunken away from the outer skin, which loosens.

WRINKLED—DISCOLORED 3 Later, the outer skin has wrinkled to fit the shrunken under skin. This causes wrinkles in human skin, too.

TRIAL OFFER: *Mail this coupon to-day with 4d. in penny stamps to cover postage, packing, etc., for free tubes of Pond's two creams, also a sample of Pond's Neio Face Powder. Check shade wanted: Brunette (Rachel)* ☐ *Light Cream* ☐ *Rose Cream (Natural)* ☐ *Naturelle (Light Natural)* ☐ *Rose Brunette* ☐

W. J. BUSH & CO. LTD., Dept. X13 Box 1131J, G.P.O., Melbourne, Vic.

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Address _____

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REXOL replaces old-fashioned toothpastes!

Scientific research is continually disclosing new facts about dental hygiene, and Rexol is based on these very latest principles. Toothpastes which have not kept pace with the times, naturally cannot give to you the same measure of protection as Rexol, which is entirely MODERN.

PREPARED BY REXONA PTY. LTD.

39 8.32

SET your own WAVES

IN 20 MINUTES

This amazing new clip enables you to set your waves at any time, quickly and easily. Simply damp the hair (or use setting lotion) and apply the clip. Remove when hair is dry. The secret is in the special new form of TEETH SETTING. Sold by Hairdressers and Stores. In difficulty, send direct to Rainsfords, 48 York St., SYDNEY.

BEWARE OF CHEAP IMITATIONS.

Clips with roughly made teeth may seriously damage your hair. Also the success of the Ladye Jayne is due to the special setting of the teeth, which is patented and cannot be copied

The Ladye Jayne WAVE-CLIP AND RE-SETTER

MISS DOROTHY ASHTON and Mrs. Pulleine-Spencer, two New Zealand artists resident in Australia. Mrs. Spencer has just exhibited in Adelaide, where several of her paintings have been bought by the Adelaide Art Gallery. At the New Zealand Club, Miss Ashton is giving an exhibition of paintings, which commenced on September 3, and will be open until this Friday from 11 a.m. to 5 p.m.

—Raymond Sawyer photos.

ENTER ... the New China for OVEN and TABLE!

It is Made to Resist Heat as well as to Add Lustre and Beauty to Your Dinner Table!

The casserole is perhaps the most convenient of modern cooking utensils, specially designed as it is for both oven and table. And casseroles made in the new Servex oven china are particularly attractive.

GONE are the days when one had a special oven dish, rather uninviting, and another dish for the table. This new Servex ware takes you all the way from stove to table in one unbroken journey—a delightful journey, for while each dish is guaranteed to withstand all rough weather—in the shape of excessive heat—it is also delightful to look upon, with its white gleaming brightness and rich serviceable brown.

After years of research, scientists have at last evolved this new china, which, while preserving the brilliant lustre and handsome finish of china, is yet impervious to all temperatures.

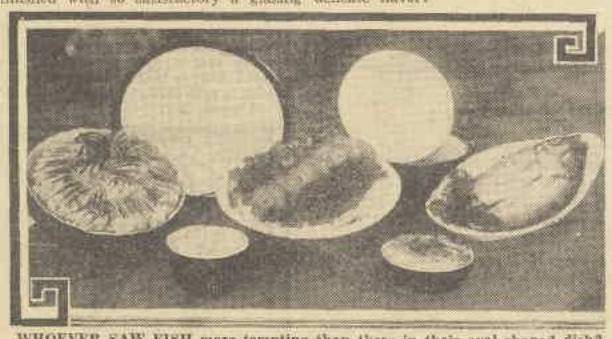
Made in white, and brown and white, finished with so satisfactory a glazing that nothing sticks, there are all sorts of sizes and shapes for all sorts of uses.

Excellent oven dishes are available in oval shapes, which are brown and lined with white; round pudding dishes, boat-shaped utility dishes, pie dishes—all are included in the wide range.

Useful little individual dishes, and ramakins complete the picture. These shallow baking dishes in brown, lined white, are made in a new and attractive shell shape, scalloped round the edges.

Of the two styles offering in this exquisite chinaware, the white china looks well with a white dinner service, or one with a floral design, while the brown (with white inside) tones in well with the new cream dinner china and the modern style service.

The surface of each article, extremely hard and smooth, prevents food from "caking"—a damp cloth run over it is sufficient to clean. Moreover, it will not tarnish, rust or stain, and therefore does not affect any cooked contents—except to impart an even more delicate flavor!



WHOEVER SAW FISH more tempting than these in their oval-shaped dish? This picture was taken at David Jones' special demonstration of Servex oven china—the china made to resist oven heat. Note the attractive shapes and the pleasing contrast of dark brown and gleaming white.

CLEVER IDEAS

IF LIQUID nail varnish (colorless) is brushed round the edge of work to be applied, the material will never fray while being worked.—**Tasma, Paddington, N.S.W.**

IF THE handles of table knives are stained, a good rubbing with a soft cloth sprinkled with peroxide of hydrogen will soon restore them to their original color. This is also very effective for cleaning lace and similar articles which require to be delicately whitened.—**C.G.C.C., 10 Vernon St., Strathfield, N.S.W.**

IF YOU use a gas-ring and wish to save gas and conserve heat, put a flat thick firebrick on top of the ring. A kettle will stand on top of the brick. Once heated, the brick will retain the heat for some time, and low gas will give the same result as a full flame.—**Mrs. A. C. Sutherland, Port Arlington, Vic.**

WHEN MAKING starch, mix it first with a little milk, then add the water as usual. This prevents the iron sticking, and a lovely gloss is given to the article, making it much more attractive with little labor.—**Miss Mollie Larkin, The Glen, Main Arm, Mullumbimby, N.S.W.**

AFTER OILING a sewing machine, sew through a piece of blotting-paper. This will prevent any surplus oil from soiling material.—**O.G., Kilkenny, S.A.**

COOK and SERVE in the same dish—

with

SERVEX

THE NEW

OVEN CHINA

Heatproof, Hygienic, Attractive, Easily Cleaned.

OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE

Or write to Box 558, F.F., G.P.O., Sydney.

When one door closes

Most men anticipate with dread the fateful day when advancing years will compel retirement — when the sun is westering in the sky, and when the periodical pay envelope is no longer pleasantly in evidence.

But need the eventide of life be other than a time of rest, recreation and the quiet enjoyment of the rich fruitage of the years?

Need there be care, anxiety and deprivation of accustomed comforts just because the routine of a lifetime has ceased?

The happy and all-sufficing answer is provided in Life Assurance in one of its many forms.

The Prudential, greatest Institution of its kind in the Empire, has evolved a number of policies whereby provident people can assure a Guaranteed Income on retirement. A small sum deducted from earnings in the heyday of life will provide against the inevitable day when earning-power will cease.

Literally, when one door closes another opens. The Prudential has shown the way to many thousands — let it do so for you.

NEW LIFE BUSINESS FOR 1933
£85,750,000

Another opens

F54

PRUDENTIAL
ASSURANCE COMPANY LTD.
HERALD BUILDING PITT ST.
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INCORPORATED IN ENGLAND

Most Economical!

There's more than twice the richness of ordinary milk in "Ideal" Milk—a wholesome, creamy richness which you can dilute to suit your purpose. Moreover, "Ideal" Milk keeps indefinitely while unopened ... there is no loss through souring. Easy to buy ... in 6-oz. and 12-oz. tins.

IDEAL
EVAPORATED UNSWEETENED
MILK
A NESTLÉ'S PRODUCT

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Don't wait until YOU are like this! Broken health—no interest in life—vitality gone.

See Mrs. J. Bennet, Masseuse at once

18 years same address (free interview).

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Where is Australia's CHAMPION BABY?

We want to find him—or her! Perhaps that gurgling bundle of bliss and the joy of YOUR household — His Majesty the Baby — is Australia's Champion Infant! Here is a grand opportunity for parents and guardians everywhere to enter Infants and Tiny Tots for the Baby Show of the year—and also win special Cash Prizes. Don't delay—fill in the Entry Form NOW!

• • • GRACE BROS.' BABY SHOW • • •

AND TINY TOTS' COMPETITION

IN AID OF

St. MARGARET'S HOSPITAL for Women

to be held in our INFANTS' WEAR DEPARTMENT

1st Floor, 7-Storey Building — Broadway

From Tuesday, Oct. 2nd, to Friday Oct. 5th, '34

SPECIAL CASH PRIZES

for the GRANOSE BISCUIT CHAMPION BABIES

From 12 months to 2 years.		Up to 12 months.	
1st Prize	£10/-/-	1st Prize	£3/-/-
2nd Prize	£3/3/-	2nd Prize	£2/-/-
3rd Prize	£2/2/-	3rd Prize	£1/-/-

Kindly donated by the Sanitarium Health Food Co.

£5 Cash Prize for the Champion Baby — Fed on Lactogen or Vi-Lactogen

£2/10/- Cash Prize .... for Champion Baby.

£2 Cash Prize for 1st Prize in each other class.

CLASSES:

JUDGED BY A FULLY QUALIFIED M.D., from 12 o'clock, on the following dates:

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 2nd

Class A: Girl or Boy up to 3 months.
Class B: Girl or Boy 3 months to 6 months.
Class C: Girl 6 months to 12 months.
Class D: Boy 6 months to 12 months.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 3rd

Class E: Girl 12 months to 2 years.
Class F: Boy 12 months to 2 years.
Class G: Girl 2 years to 4 years.
Class H: Boy 2 years to 4 years.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 4th

Class J: Best set of Twins, under 3 years.
Class K: Girl 4 years to 6 years.
Class L: Boy 4 years to 6 years.
Class M: Daintiest Little Girl, 2 years to 5 years.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 5th

Class N: Champion Baby Boy or Girl up to 12 months, fed on Granose Biscuits.
Class O: Best Developed Child under 12 months.
Class P: Best Developed Child, 12 months to 2 years.
Class R: Best Head of Hair of Boy or Girl.
Class S: Champion Baby Boy or Girl, 12 months to 3 years, fed on Granose Biscuits.
Class T: Champion Baby of the Show.
Class Q: Best Lactogen or Vi-Lactogen Baby up to 12 months old.
Kindly Donated by Nestle's. Special Prize of £5.

Conditions Governing GRACE BROS.' BABY SHOW

1—ENTRY FEE, 6d. for each CLASS ENTRY.
2—In all matters which may come up for discussion, the decision of Grace Bros. Ltd. is final.
3—Entries for all Classes to be made out on ONE FORM ONLY, stating clearly Class or Classes for which baby is entered. (Letter of Class only to be used.)
4—Age Limits of Classes. No entrant in any Class must exceed the age limit of that Class at midnight on the day preceding the day of judging.
5—Entries will be received in Grace Bros.' Infant and Baby Section, 1st Floor, 7-Storey Building, Broadway.
6—ENTRIES by Post MUST INCLUDE THE ENTRY FEE of 6d. for each Class; otherwise they will not be accepted.

Entries close 10 o'clock on the morning of the day on which the classes are judged. Forms are obtainable only at Grace Bros.' Ltd. First Floor, 7-Storey Building.

SEND YOUR ENTRY EARLY

CUT OUT FROM HERE

MESSRS. GRACE BROS. LTD.

Dear Sirs,
I wish to enter my baby in Classes .....

Name of Baby .....
Address (Parent or Guardian) .....

Amount of entry fee enclosed .....

GRACE BROS. LTD. BROADWAY SYDNEY PHONE M 6506

AROUND the HOME

Bright Suggestions and Sound Practical Advice to Help You in Every Corner of Your Home.

Burning Fat

RECENT tragedies make this warning necessary: Never try to put out burning fat or oil with water, as this causes the fire to spread. Oil floats on it, flaming. Extinguish with sand, salt, or flour.

To Clean Decanters

A PIECE of burning brown paper put into a decanter, and covered until the latter is full of smoke, will be found, after the decanter is rinsed, to have cleaned it beautifully.

Ink-stains

MOTHERS are constantly being faced with a serious problem—ink stains. First, soak the ink up immediately with blotting paper. Rub milk into the place, and then wash it in warm water. Red ink can be removed if sponged with lemon juice and water, or with methylated spirits. Old ink stains are very tenacious, but fresh mustard mixed to a paste may remove them. Leave the mustard on until it is dry enough to brush off.

Kid Shoes

IN order to restore colored kid shoes, which have become dark and discolored, try rubbing them with warm water and a little turpentine. Scrub them with a nail-brush, and then dry with a soft cloth. Polish afterwards in the usual way.

Grass Stains

WHEN the stain is fresh, warm soapy water will prove effective. If the article is white, just sponge with a solution of water and ammonia, but if it is colored, moisten the stain first with glycerine. Leave for an hour, and then rinse in warm water and wash in the way.

Bath Towels

IN order to make your bath towels last much longer, try binding the longer sides with tape, sewing neatly and firmly.

Papering a Kalsomined Wall

IF a wall, which has first been kalsomined, is to be papered, first scrub it until the old kalsomine is taken off. The wall must be quite dry before the work of hanging the paper is started, and a coat of hot size is advisable.

Keeping Paint Brushes Clean

ALWAYS be sure to keep paint brushes clean, both after use, and while still in use. When you have finished with them, clean them in turpentine, wash them in soap and water, and then dry. While still in use, stand the brush in a jar of water or turpentine, enough in the jar to cover the bristles.

THIS PICTURE shows you an attractive bed valance, that does not sag. Read how to make it.

BASE valances for beds are made up of the same materials as the bedspread or the window curtains. If this is not possible it is best to make them of a plain material, finished with a deep hem—selecting a color which matches the predominant color in the bedspread or window curtains.

To fix them, the best way is to make up a piece of calico, or canvas, of the length and width of the spring mattress, and sew on to this the base valance of such depth that it will just avoid the ground. When the canvas is laid on to the spring mattress with the overlay on top of it, the valance will be held firmly in position so that there is no chance of it sagging.

Another clever way and very attractive, too, if you possess an eiderdown the same width of the bed, is to attach this to a base valance of harmonising material. The sketch here illustrates this charming method, and will guide you in the making.

Cleaning Furs

BRAN moistened with water will clean dark furs. Apply the mixture to the fur, and rub in with a cloth. Then rub the fur with a cloth and some dry bran. Then shake and brush well to remove all traces of bran. White or other light-colored furs can be cleaned with fuller's earth. Work in well with a clean cloth, and shake out afterwards. Then brush the furs with a clean brush.

Saucepans and Kettles

ALUMINIUM WARE should be washed with soap extract, but soda turns it black. Give the outside of aluminium saucepans and kettles an occasional polish with some reliable metal polish. It will keep them looking shiny and new.

Table Care

USE white blotting paper to soak up spills on your tablecloth. Olive oil applied at once to marks on the table prevents them from becoming permanent.

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THE MIRROR OF SOCIETY

MY DEAR JULIET—

Our weather has got decidedly out of hand, but there's still a taxi war waging, so social occasions are well attended — usually at sixpence per mile.

☆ ☆ ☆

HAROUN AL RASCHID, or some such Eastern potentate with a colorful imagination and the unlimited resources of wealth and wizardry at his disposal, wielded a magic sceptre at the Glaciarium last Thursday eve. Forthwith, at his behest, this popular winter rendezvous transformed itself into an Eastern palace run by djinns, houris, rajahs, harem beauties, Arab scouts, and others of a joyous band. Their circle of friends and acquaintances must have been extended over the whole known and unknown world, and to these, who came very richly dight, the aforesaid possessors of the palace presented an "Arabian Nights" extravaganza, which by its colorful beauty and the rhythmic grace of the performers made surpassingly good entertainment.

☆ ☆ ☆

THE cast was composed solely of amateur skaters under the guidance of Mr. Albert Enders and Miss Sadie Cambridge, who are British professional pair skating champions. Mr. Enders produced the show.

Among an imposing array of Arabs were Dr. M. Herz and Messrs. J. McNaughton, J. Browne, N. Locke, R. Jeffries, C. Gates, N. Payne, N. Dunnett, J. McLachlan, and N. McMillan. Space forbids the mention of every individual in the excellent cast, but the pony ballet gave a delightful performance. June and Jill Wolfenden, Sheila and Shirley Moss, Patsy Pike, Robin Eskin, Joan Macauley, and Zane Gibson comprised this ballet. A harem ballet, Spanish ballet, harem girls, Salome, desert and Hungarian dancers were other splendid group numbers, and there were a number of artistic individual performances such as that of Mr. Croll, whose dance of the nomads was one of the hits of the evening, and the items by Miss Sadie Cambridge and Mr. Albert Enders, who are, of course, a pair of skating geniuses (or genii?).

Apart from the "Extravaganza" there was a good general programme of skating, and the throng of skaters in fancy dress who occupied the rink during these items made a delightful picture. The carnival is being repeated this Thursday.

☆ ☆ ☆

PLANS for the Cranbrook Gala Revue were discussed at a meeting held last Saturday at Wirrian, Bellevue Hill, the home of Mrs. O. E. Friend, and presided over by Lady Harvey. The revue is to be presented at the Winter-garden Theatre, Rose Bay, on Thursday, October 25, at 8 p.m. Lady Harvey is president of the committee, and the vice-presidents are Lady Hordern, Lady Gordon, Mrs. Warwick Fairfax, Mrs. O. E. Friend, and Mrs. James Ashton.

☆ ☆ ☆

THREE ten-minute plays by the Cranbrook boys and "old" boys, a Boy Scouts campfire scene, bright choruses and ballets, an ugly man's competition, and a picturesque pageant depicting the sports of all the ages are among the items on the diversified and very attractive programme. Mrs. J. W. Maund is the honorary organiser, and Beryl Bryant the producer of the show. Proceeds will be devoted to the preliminary expenses of the Cranbrook Fete, which is to be held in the school grounds on December 1.

☆ ☆ ☆

YOU and I, Juliet, and all her other countless crowd of admirers will, I am sure, rejoice to welcome our own Dorothy Brunton to the screen. She makes her debut in "Clara Gibbings," under the F. W. Thring management. I was one of the guests who enjoyed a pre-view during the week.

Dot's blonde beauty and essentially feminine charm film very effectively. Her voice reproduces perfectly. We all know her for a finished artist of the stage, and the film role of Clara fits her most satisfactorily, so we may feel confident a bright talkie career lies ahead of her. Her winsome personality took me captive with the others long ago. I feel a very real pleasure in her new success.

☆ ☆ ☆

AT the close of the pre-view, a fleet of cars conveyed guests to the Australia, where the event was cheerily celebrated by Mr. Thring's guests, who included Miss Gladys Moncrieff, Lady Kingsford Smith, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. McIntyre, Mr. and Mrs. Claude Flemming, Mr. George Wallace, and Miss Byrl Walkley, Miss Phyllis Baker, and many other well-known people.

ONE of the cheeriest gatherings of Music Week was that given by the Lady Mayoress, Mrs. A. L. Parker, at her rooms in the Town Hall. Many of the guests wore posies of spring flowers. Mrs. J. J. House and Mrs. Pickburn both chose posies of primroses. Lady Poynter's choice was Neapolitan violets. Mrs. Eva Wunderlich's choice was pink roses, and Mrs. Victor Conrick's a posy of wallflowers. Lady Mason Allard achieved a pretty contrast with her posy of white azaleas on her turquoise blue gown.

The enjoyable musical programme was contributed by Misses Violet Twigg, Ruth Scott, Muriel Esdall, and Messrs. Raymond Beatty, Vaughan Hartley, and M. Bowman.

☆ ☆ ☆

MR. and Mrs. Jack Armstrong, of Caldwell, Edgecliff, have decided to go to Melbourne for the Centenary celebrations. Though they now regard Sydney as their permanent home, both come from Victoria and have numerous friends in both States.

Last Sunday they gave a large and very cheery party in their home. Those talented people, Mrs. Rex Bennett, Betty Higgins, and Mrs. Swinford Lawrence delighted everybody with their playing and singing. The time passed so happily and swiftly that 8 o'clock arrived in no time at all!

Among the guests were Dr. and Mrs. F. W. Wheatley, Dr. and Mrs. Crawford Robertson, Dr. and Mrs. J. E. F. Deakin, Mrs. Aleck Joske, Mr. and Mrs. George Dale, Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. C. Ridley, Brigadier-General J. H. Cannan, Mrs. Charles Regan, and a score or so of others, including a number of airmen who practically swam in from Mascot.

During the week Mrs. Armstrong entertained at the Queen's Club in honor of Lady Williams.

☆ ☆ ☆

CYCLONES notwithstanding, the Independent Theatre's production of "The Rose Without a Thorn" attracted a packed house on Friday. The few unoccupied seats on Saturday were, I heard, booked by residents of Manly, who at the last moment decided against making the crossing on so wild a night. The show will be repeated every Saturday night in September. Doubtless Mr. Mares and his minions will have relented and rationed us to a finer night for the next performance.

☆ ☆ ☆

IT is no small matter for a "Little" theatre to undertake the production of a costume play, and the dressing of the cast deserves a special word of commendation. Anne Gordon looked very charming as Katheryn Howard, and cleverly presented the Clifford Bax version of that pretty, wayward, and ill-starred young woman who was the fifth of Henry VIII's sextet of wives.

Joyce Lambert's portrayal of Anne of Cleves would have been difficult to surpass. As the terror-stricken Dutch woman in the annulment scene she was a sheer delight. Considering Anne of Cleves' avowed passion for gewgaws, however, it seemed a pity that the costume wardrobe did not provide her with a change of frocking for the masque scene.

Poetess Mary Lang, from down Cooma way, made a competent Mary Morton, lady-in-waiting to Queen K.; Phyllis Roberts did well as the fanatical Mary Lasselis, and Mabel Gallichan as the faithful Katherine Tilney.

Neville Malley, in the difficult role of Henry VIII, suffered inevitably and unfairly from the fact that Charles Laughton's magnificent screen version of the monarch is still fresh in our minds. Nevertheless, he gave a good account of himself. John Wyndham (Thomas Culpeper), Don Hill (Francis Derham), William Rees (a very dignified and entirely credible Cranmer), and Clive Coppard (Sir Thomas Audley), were others in the cast.

Eva Kuraz designed the costumes, and Don Finley the scenery, which was painted by Gwen and Jean Ramsay and the Messrs. J. Barton, Frank Chamberlain, and N. K. Mason.

☆ ☆ ☆

AS well as the golf ball menu cards and dishes made with an eye upon the noble game of golf, the decorations at the dinner party given by members of the Royal Sydney Golf Club to the visiting interstate players were most intriguing. The club colors are red, green, and black, and red and green lacquered gum leaves were clustered along the tables. Black, being rather funereal, was omitted.

Another attractive item was a figure poised on one foot, with full scarlet cellophane skirt lit up from inside, placed in front of Miss Egan at the dinner-table, and in the bridge-room afterwards. About one hundred sat down to dinner —the largest number for very many years. Miss Kernot, Victoria's champion player, was unfortunately absent. It was announced during the evening that she had a poisoned hand, and her doctor had advised her return to Melbourne.

☆ ☆ ☆

BRIGADIER-GENERAL W. R. McNICOLL left by the Mataram for Rabaul and his new duties of Administrator of the Territory. He will occupy the large, roomy bungalow on the hill of Namenula in New Britain, which overlooks the township, and commands a wonderful panoramic view.

Mrs. McNicoll is remaining for the Centenary celebrations and will join her husband later. My New Guinea friends assure me that a warm welcome awaits her from the many European inhabitants of Rabaul.

ELAINE (left) and Hersey Brookes in the hula skirts they brought back from Honolulu, where they learned to dance the hula. The Misses Brookes are the daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Brookes, and sisters of the Lady Mayoress of Melbourne (Lady Gengoult Smith). Many Sydney people are sure to make their acquaintance at the Centenary celebrations. —Lafayette.

In The . . . Bachelors' Gallery

WALTER PYE, company director. Just returned from a holiday trip to England. Does not seem to let business cares stand in the way of his having a very good time. Reputedly moneyed and decidedly "social." Member of the Royal Sydney and Kensington Golf Clubs. Thirtyish. "Glass of fashion and the mould of form" touch. Comfortable figure. Not so tall. Good features.

MRS. J. PURVES has taken her son John, to Blackheath for the vacation. With them has gone John's friend, William Williams, commonly known as "Bill."

☆ ☆ ☆

INGENIOUS and artistic decorations were an outstanding feature of the Atlantic Union Co.'s seventh Staff Club Ball held at David Jones's in aid of the Royal Prince Alfred Cot Endowment Fund and the Sydney Hospital.

For their current fashion parades David Jones's have adorned the room with spring blossoms and multi-colored lanterns, and this lovely setting added to the charm of the scene.

A model aeroplane, a replica of the most modern four-engine high speed plane, circled over the dancers' heads. Bowsers and petrol tanks and models of tanks and waggons made suitable contributions to the decorations which were crowned by the striking tall chromium letters which wrote the company's name in front of the orchestra dais.

Individual hosts and hostesses brought their talents to bear in planning table decorations which chimed in with the spirit of the gathering. One of the most successful was that of Miss M. Higgins, which featured a miniature filling station complete in every detail.

Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Carlson entertained a party which included Mr. J. D Jacobs (managing director), and another large party was that of Mr. J. G. Lee (president of the staff club), and Mrs. Lee.

Jane Anne

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Get the Best Treatment at once

COLDS SHOULD BE QUICKLY CLEARED AWAY

Do not neglect a Cold at its commencement. It is too often then referred to as "just a simple cold." Remember that too many serious and fatal cases of Chest Affections had their commencement with "just a simple cold," and that correct treatment in the beginning obviates not merely expense later on, but grave anxiety and serious trouble which invariably follow the neglect of colds. Attack the first sign of a cold with Hearne's Bronchitis Cure and quick relief will follow.

Hearne's Bronchitis Cure expels from the lungs disease germs, corruption and phlegm, and it heals. Sufferers from distressing cough, difficulty of breathing, pain or soreness in the chest experience delightful and rapid relief. It is most comforting in allaying irritation in the throat and giving strength to the voice.

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Intimate Jottings

Did You Know That—

Marjorie Luscombe Newman and Gloria Terry were the guests of Mrs. J. S. Symington at a cocktail party the day they spent in Rabaul?

Mrs. Herbert Douglass is due back on the Monterey early in October?

Mrs. R. Walker intends looking in on Jersey quite soon, and later paying a call on Spain?

Nora Lamb was much farewelled before she went a-cruising to Fiji?

Among well-known people at the Garden Club are Mrs. Clement Newton, of Kew, Melbourne, her daughter, Betty, Mrs. Jack Sinclair and her daughter Lindsay from Pokataroo, and Mrs. James Robertson from Bathurst?

Two Happy Girls

WHEN Sadie Field and her friend, Gwen Bannerman, met in town last Thursday they were mutually thrilled. Each was wearing a brand new engagement ring. Sadie, who is the eldest daughter of the late Mr. Arthur Field, of Forbes, and of Mrs. Field, of Waverton, received hers from Arthur Woodcroft. Gwen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bannerman, of Strathfield, is engaged to Walter Stimm.

To Wed in West Australia

JOAN MOSS leaves soon for West Australia, where she is to marry Mr. William Shorter. Her uncle, Mr. H Moss, of Parramatta, is escorting her, and many farewell parties have been arranged for the popular bride-elect.

Last week, Mrs. T. Noble, of Strathfield, gathered many of Joan's friends together to wish her joy. Among the guests was Mrs. Reggie Fowler, who travelled from Newcastle to be present at the function.

Landmarks—Literary and Lawless

MRS. TOBY BROWNE is back at her station home, Savaun, near Binalong, for the children's holidays. There are many interesting landmarks in the immediate neighborhood. For some time, "Banjo" Paterson lived in a cottage, which belongs now to Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Grogan. The Grogans have built a new home quite close to the cottage, which is shown with pride to visitors.

The notorious Ben Hall is buried nearby, and so is another bushranger Gilbert, so the inhabitants feel the place has its full share of historic interest.

Luncheon and Bridge

LADY KING gave a delightful luncheon and bridge party last week. Cocktails were served in the ballroom before lunch, and afterwards guests returned to the ballroom for play.

Miss King helped entertain the guests, who included Mrs. Osborne Wilkinson, Mrs. Harry Maxwell, Mrs. Alex McLoughlin, Mrs. Leslie Williams, Mrs. Heath Green, Lady Sheldon, Mrs. Sep Levy, Mrs. R. Hughes, Mrs. Milner Stephen, and Mrs. Arthur Street. Hazel King, who is studying singing abroad, postponed her trip to Germany as things are so unsettled there.

Betty Bunting Engaged

AN engagement of very wide social interest is that of Betty, younger daughter of the Hon. Arthur Bunting and Mrs. Bunting, of Dunraven, Samarai, to Mr. Reg. Prevost, well-known architect, of Sydney.

Miss Bunting will arrive in Sydney next week by the Macdhui. On her last visit to Australia she was one of the bridesmaids at the Gengoult Smith—Brookes wedding in Melbourne.

Entrancing Views

ALTHOUGH there are many storeys, harbor views are to be had from every one of the windows of Arden, the new home of Mrs. Pickburn's Garden Club. Guests at a party given there last week by Lady MacCallum were also entranced with the modern lighting effects in the form of cylinders let into the walls.

Among those present were Mrs. Tom Rolin, Mrs. Halse Rogers, Mrs. Archie Bevan, Mrs. Claude Lightoller, Mrs. Geoffrey Heath Green, Mrs. Leibiusk, Mrs. Leslie Williams, Mrs. Arthur Street, and Lady Sheldon.

A Visit To Iceland

MRS. M. K. DEAN, whose home was formerly in Tasmania, has been travelling around the world; now she is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Norman Blain, at Gordon. Mrs. Dean felt that of all places in the world she wished to see, Iceland would come first, so, nothing daunted by leaving the beaten track for tourists, she went to Iceland and found that it was comparatively civilised. There are good roads all over the island, and stout ponies form the usual mode of transit.

The capital of the island, Reykjavik, seems very bleak and bare. The chief object of interest to the traveller is the great geyser, and this Mrs. Dean journeyed into the interior to see. But nothing could surpass the glory of the aurora borealis, and Mrs. Dean says it was the most sublime sight she has ever seen.

Happy Wedding Party

NEITHER the evergreen wedding remark that "A man doesn't know how to be happy until he is married—and then it is too late," nor the fact that the two bridesmaids wore green was able to throw a blight over the jollity of the wedding last week of John Cooper and Elizabeth Sevier.

The bridesmaids were sisters of bride and 'groom, respectively, and another sister of the 'groom present was Mrs. Pope, wife of Captain Pope. After a champagne and buffet supper, Mr. and Mrs. John Cooper left for the Moss Vale district, where they were the first guests at the new establishment there, managed by the former owners of Ranelagh. After a week's honeymoon, they have returned to their new home at Neutral Bay.

From South Africa

VISITORS from South Africa, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Leon, of Johannesburg, are staying at the Australia, and intend seeing the festivities for the Prince's visit here, and the Centenary celebrations in Melbourne. They are naturally very pleased because during his visit here the Prince is to use the British make of car, in which Mr. Leon's firm is interested.

A Princely Patient

MRS. HORACE SHELLER, and her son, Simon, are returning by the Wanganella. Mrs. Sheller is the daughter of Dr. Camac Wilkinson, who went some years ago to London, and became a Harley Street specialist. He has recently won further fame by curing Prince K. S. Duleepsinhji.

A Little Disappointment

MR. AND MRS. RUPERT SCAMMELL are enjoying their travels in Europe very much. They have had one disappointment. Through the riots in Germany they have had to cut out their visit to Bayreuth for the Wagner festival, and the Passion Play at Oberammergau.

They both felt that, in spite of a mutual love of music, it was a case of "safety first." The travellers are returning by the Monterey in time for Christmas.

Just Like London

ON Saturday carload after carload left the city, packed to the brim with parents and children off to the country for the holidays. Mrs. Warwick Armstrong, wife of the famous cricketer, has taken young Geoff, their only son, to the Carrington, Katoomba.

Geoff once used to be fond of cricket, but for the time being is quite "off" the game. Mrs. Armstrong, who has been staying at Petty's Hotel, said that she was very vividly reminded of the life and movement of a London hotel on Saturday, as no fewer than three wedding receptions were held there during the afternoon.

Alix Lamb's Day

ALIX LAMB, who has given up her studies at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art for a professional engagement in "Evensong," at Kew, writes that her day consists mostly of work at present. She works about 10 hours daily, and is too tired to do anything but sleep the rest of the time.

Her mother, however, has been seeing the Lucas Tooths and other friends, and was asked by Mrs. Ross-Gore to be hostess in her place at daughter Betty's wedding on September 4. Mrs. Lamb has also managed to find time to pay a visit to Ireland and greatly enjoyed the trip. She is expected back in Sydney at the end of October.

Entertaining Golfers

AS well as official parties, Sydney hostesses are taking the opportunity of entertaining the visiting interstate women golfers. Mrs. Halse Rogers gave a party at her home last week, and on Monday Mrs. A. Willis gave a large cocktail party in their honor, inviting not only the visitors, but all the Sydney golfers. Mrs. Willis has lived in Sydney for many years, but came from Melbourne.

Mrs. Clive Teece, who motored down from Leura, where she is staying for the holidays, for the party met among the guests her sister-in-law, Mrs. Russell Grimwade, president of the Royal Melbourne Club.

Have You Heard That—

Mrs. Chambers (senior) is leaving soon for Spain?

Lady Storey has travelled all over the world, but has never been on the Sydney underground railway?

Mrs. Lennox Bode is making her debut since her wedding as a charity worker on the Picnic Ball committee?

Mrs. F. Mitchell is spending the school holidays with her children at Sutton Farm?

Helen Dale is expected back from Europe early in November?

Mr. and Mrs. Reg. Fagan have a most gorgeous bathroom in their home, Bunnybridge, Mandurama?

In and Out of Society :: By WEP

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LOUISE MACK ADVISES

on matters of everyday concern to women.

Troubles Arise . . . when a Parent Displays Favoritism

It is not uncommon to find either a father or mother exhibiting favoritism towards one particular child.

It is a destroying habit, and equally bad for parent and child.

SOMETIMES there is a reason why mothers love one child more than another, and sometimes there is no reason at all, though the favoritism is obvious.

John P. writes that his wife persists in singling out her eldest daughter, favoring her above all their other five children, and often being quite unfair to the rest.

"My wife will make the boy give up the book he is reading to the girl if she wants it. She thinks everything this girl does is right, and the truth is, she is beginning to grow into a terrible nuisance. No matter what happens her mother always takes her part. She was our first child, and her mother nearly died when she was born. Perhaps that accounts for the mother's blind worship of this girl."

THAT might be the reason, because mothers are often known to have a special fondness for the eldest in the family.

But, however it is that it happens, it is manifestly most unfair, and it's more than a little cruel.

Just think of it, a brood of little happy children, all growing up together, from babies into toddlers, and from toddlers into small boys and girls, and out of that brood one is allowed a little more pudding, the same one gets a little less smacked, and gets the biggest orange, and gets taken to town by mother more often than the rest, and it's always the same one, always Rosie. All so close together as those children are, intertwined with themselves, what a queer little ache comes into their breasts when they begin to realise that Mum likes Rosie best.

IT hurts! It wounds their tiny vanities. It upsets them and perturbs them, poor little creatures, so helpless, so unable to know "why."

I don't think there is anything more touching than the look on a child's face when its mother is openly demonstrating her favoritism towards a little brother or sister.

At school, favoritism may have more logical reasons, as the child quickly perceives. Being good at arithmetic, answering questions nicely, saying your poetry readily, keeping quiet when teacher talks, being neat and clean, never missing school.

These are all reasons that a child can understand and appreciate for being liked and applauded.

But no child can understand why its mother or its father doesn't like it as much as the others.

The dumb, unreasoning heart of childhood knows that it isn't fair that any one child should have more or less love than its sisters and brothers.

POSITIVELY and distinctly for a parent to show favoritism is a sad error in judgment.

It takes away some of the joie de vivre that is childhood's special beauty.

It introduces misery into the heart of a child.

The effect is far-reaching in the life of the brother or sister who was conscious of being loved less.

Some of these poor, pale, spineless men and women, creeping about the world, owe their inadequacy to cope with difficulties to the early belief that they were wrong somehow, not bright enough, not pretty enough, to make mother care for them the way she cared for Rosie or Johnny.

An inferiority complex, we call it, in the language of to-day.

Just fancy any mother or father forcing that on any child!

There is no heritage more pernicious, and few that are more difficult to root out than that inferiority complex which has ruined so many good people when they have to come to grips with life.

Do You Know?

THAT a complete vanity set—the outfit of a flapper of about 3000 years ago—was recently uncovered by an expedition to Mesopotamia. The set was of ivory, elaborately engraved in the finest Phoenician style, and was found under the pavements laid by Nebuchadnezzar.

Success of Pan-Pacific Conference

THE Australian Pan-Pacific Women's Committee advises that a cable has just been received from Dr. Georgina Sweet, despatched after the closing meeting of the 3rd Pan-Pacific Women's Conference.

It will be remembered that Dr. Sweet recently travelled to Honolulu to take the chair at this conference, in her capacity of president of the Pan-Pacific Women's Association — this being the first gathering to be held under the auspices of this organisation. Dr. Sweet reports a splendid conference, no fewer than ten Pacific countries being represented.

That interest in the work of the Pan-Pacific Women's Movement has been splendidly maintained and stimulated is evidenced by the announcement that the next conference will be held in Canada or Japan in 1937, and that Mrs. Tsuno Gauntlett, of Japan, has accepted the presidency of the Pan-Pacific Women's Association for the next inter-conference period. Dr. Sweet automatically becomes first vice-president, and her return to Australia, and that of members of the Australian delegation, with first-hand news of the conference, is eagerly awaited.

HORT Holbrook says: My Worcestershire Sauce is tempting to the appetite. Ah! it is the world's appetiser.***

NEW *Ways* of RULING *the* WAVES

Continued from Page 3

NONE of us exactly enjoyed the preliminary pangs of preparation when the hair is many times parted, tied, wound, sacheted, encased in cups, and connected up to the machine to be baked into curling ways, but when, after the shampoo and the "set," we surveyed the result, how well we knew it was worth the discomfort endured!

So we've kept on going to be "permanently" waved, every six months or so, and doubtless will keep on for years and years. Hair-dressing fashions may vary, but the permanent wave has come to stay, and probably no individual change of fashion has created so much employment as this. Not only has it revolutionised hairdressing. It has also opened up new avenues of employment for many thousands of people.

EACH season brings its modification in the method of dressing the waved head. The coiffure adapts itself to every significant trend of frocking and hat fashions, and this season the changes are most interesting. Just as the windswept movement is the dominant note of dress fashions, so it is in the coiffure. However the disposition of the curls at the nape may vary, the hair must obey the backward gesture of the mode.

From this it follows that fewer waves are impressed into the hair from forehead to below the crown at the back. Sometimes the whole of this is kept straight. In other cases, two or three shallow waves appear, but the close "corrugated" wave is definitely outmoded by the new elegance of these wider-spaced waves.

Clusters of little curls are arranged at the nape and ears, and the disposition of these leaves much scope for the skill of the hairdresser. The aim of the true artist is always to dress the hair to suit the individual, while at the same time conforming to the mode. This abolishes the monotony which once seemed an inseparable part of the "perm," and many are the attractive and distinctive results achieved.

Generally speaking then, the dicta of the coiffure mode of to-day are: "Be waved and be windswept at all times. Avoid close corrugations. Then, in the daytime let your coiffure conform to your hat. In the evening be both modish and individual, so that people will look first at you, and at your coiffure later." In short, make the fashion an accessory after the important fact of you, and don't make yourself a mere appanage of fashion. Therein is the beginning and ending of all fashion wisdom.—A.J.

MISS SADIE CAMBRIDGE, champion professional ice-skater, who will give an exhibition of fancy skating at the Arabian Nights' Carnival, to be held at the Glaciarium this Thursday.

Rusty Curtain Rings

BRASS curtain rings, hooks, and pins which have become rusty can be quickly cleaned by putting them into strong cloudy ammonia and left there for an hour; remove and rub with duster.

THE END OF PIMPLES BLACKHEADS ROUGHNESS . . .

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Surely you do not willingly stay crippled with pain? Why not start to end those "untold agonies," that chronic weakness, crippling rheumatism, as thousands of others have done, by taking De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills for a few days?

"Years of suffering ended" . . . "Intense pain gone for good" . . . "After all else failed, this brought relief." These are statements of one-time sufferers, ever grateful to De Witt's Pills for the freedom from pain they have given.

You call it Backache, but do you know this is but one of many symptoms of kidney trouble? It also causes your Rheumatism.

There is no need to waste money on unknown preparations, heart-exciting drugs or purgatives, which cannot help weak kidneys to healthy action. Get the remedy specially compounded for kidney trouble—tried and proved successful the world over for 50 years.

The very young, the weakest and oldest can take De Witt's Pills with confidence. They contain no dangerous drugs, but are a health-giving tonic preparation that will do you good from the very first dose. De Witt's Pills have restored even bed-ridden people to health after years of suffering.

NO MATTER HOW LONG YOU HAVE SUFFERED HERE IS QUICK, SURE HELP!

Go to your chemist and ask him about De Witt's Pills—the remedy with the prescription on the box. He knows all the ingredients and can tell you they have been combined especially for the purpose of driving from the body pain-giving poisons, and to build up vigour and vitality. In 24 hours you will know how quick and certain is their action. Buy a box of "De Witt's" to-day. It will be the best investment you will ever make. Definitely refuse any substitute, for we can honestly assure you there is nothing "just as good" for kidney troubles.

Sold only in the blue, white and gold boxes, price 3/6, or larger, more economical size, 6/6. See the name of the manufacturers, E. C. De Witt & Co. (Aust.) Pty. Ltd., clearly printed on the box. Be sure you ask for

De Witt's Kidney & Bladder Pills

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"I WAS TERRIBLY DEPRESSED AND NERVOUS"

"... and the least noise made me feel like crying. My husband bought me a bottle of Clements Tonic and the effects were wonderful. I go about now and do my work with ease. It's worth its weight in gold!"—(Mrs.) L.R., Wanganui East, N.Z.

FOR more than thirty years men and women have turned with confidence to Clements Tonic when nervous disorders and general debility have sapped their health.

For Clements Tonic is more than a mere pick-me-up. It is a scientific remedy that works naturally without the use of harmful drugs or opiates. It actually feeds and fortifies the blood and nervous system, assists natural metabolism and induces sound, sweet sleep.

You feel calm, assured and confident when your health is good. Renewed vitality brings a new interest in life. Try this famous tonic. You, too, will "go about and do your work with ease."

(Original letter on file for inspection.)

Prices in all capital cities in the Commonwealth 3/- and 5/- a bottle at all chemists and stores.

CLEMENTS TONIC

"Gives you Nerves of Steel"

19.394

COAX BACK INTO *YOUR* SKIN THE ALLURE OF YOUTH

Climate and diet both affect the skin. Wrinkles may come before age does. There is one cream—*Facial Youth*—that really *WILL* enable you to defeat the enemies of your loveliness—that will assure for you a skin soft, pliable and girlish. Facial Youth prevents the skin becoming that sallow yellowish-brown no one likes—giving, instead, the tonal quality of a fresh, young, white flower. While it rejuvenates your skin, this remarkable cream ends freckling, "skin-shine," open pores, blackheads, blotches and other defects. Facial Youth holds powder marvellously. Devised to protect the natural and necessary acid coating of the skin, this cream also discourages the growth of superfluous hair. Begin using Facial Youth to-day. See how adorably, *how quickly* your skin clears and freshens; how much more attractive, young and lovely you become . .

Every chemist and store sells Facial Youth in handbag tubes at 1/3d., double-sized tubes at 2/-, and handsome jars at 2/6d. Special type for deep-pore cleansing, large jars, 2/6d.

facial youth

a skin cream that *REJUVENATES*

KATHARINE HEPBURN, FAMOUS R.K.O. RADIO PICTURES STAR

Pictures Worth Framing. *Reproductions on art paper of illustrations appearing on the front page of The Australian Women's Weekly may be had from this office for 2/-.*

For YOUNG WIVES & MOTHERS

Character Training

By... **Mary Truby King**

Daughter of Sir Truby King, the World-famous Authority on Baby Welfare.

Up to baby's eighteenth month, his training has been more physical than mental.

He has been trained in the regular habits pertaining to the body, which are so essential for the foundations of good health.

He has learned to expect his bath, meal-times, "mothering" time, and sleep-times to come round like clockwork. His necessary bodily actions are now more or less automatic.

BUT with the eighteenth and succeeding months the mother finds need of additional training—training of mind and the formation of character.

Up till now baby's character has been sunk in that of his mother; he has depended upon her for everything. But the time has come for the dividing of the ways—baby must set out just a little bit more on his own in the preparation for life.

When baby shows signs of wishing to do things for himself that you have previously done for him, do not discourage him, for by so doing you will merely prolong his babyhood for your own delight and at his expense. Baby needs to reach out for new experiences.

You will notice baby imitates you or his Daddy. For a few brief years you are both gods to him, and can do no wrong. As you walk, so will he try to walk. As you eat, so will he try to eat. As you speak, so will he try to speak.

Therefore it behoves you to walk erect with a sure tread, behave at meals as you wish baby to behave, and speak to baby as you would have him speak to you.

Gradually he will learn; and remember that he learns mostly by imitation. It is a mistake to encourage him to talk "baby talk" because you think it is "cute."

Many children grow up to six or eight years with "baby words" in their vocabulary, and no one, not even the mother, thinks it is cute at that age! Therefore speak to baby as you would have him speak to you.

IF baby seems slow to talk, encourage him to ask for the things he wants. If he simply sits still and points to the wanted object, making grunty noises, do not give it to him till he makes some effort at naming it.

Speak slowly and very clearly to baby, and do not raise your voice. Being shouted at is bad for baby's nerves.

At first when baby tries to feed himself, he will spill most of his food. This is all in the game. Do not become cross with him, for he cannot learn this new and difficult art all at once. Gradually less and less will land on the floor, and more reach the place for which it was intended. Encourage him in the right use of spoon and cup.

When he can manage these successfully he will feel a natural pride in his achievements, and will henceforth make an effort to keep his bib clean. Don't expect him not to have a crumby and sticky face—these expansions of the art will come later.

The home life should be peaceful and happy if baby's character is to develop normally. Squabbling, loud or angry voices, rudeness and lack of respect among his elders are just as damaging to baby as is the effect of the wireless set turned on fully.

The keynote of the home should be quiet contentment. If husband and wife feel they must wage war against each other, let them do it as far away from the toddler as possible.

If one gives way to one's temper before a toddler, one cannot expect the toddler's attitude to remain as calm as it should. Out of sheer imitation, if not from a deeper cause, baby will most probably give way to tantrums the very next time he is lawfully denied something he wants. A baby with such a bad example constantly present is more than likely to grow into a very unlovable personage, whose predominant traits are crossness and sulking. It is very important never to let baby think he can get his own way by making a hullabaloo.

Once you start the habit of giving him what he wants when he makes a fuss, he will take it for granted that unless he makes a fuss his wishes will be denied.

IF the particular thing baby is making a fuss for is bad for him, no amount of fuss should make the mother give it to him. If, on the other hand, the particular object or comfort is what baby is entitled to, it should be given to him when he asks for it in a normal, proper way.

Next week's article will deal with the proper way in which to punish the toddler on the rare occasions when punishment seems to be necessary.

Children Cannot Be Standardised

THOUGH there are certain rules that have a general application, mothers should not lose sight of the fact that all children are different.

In babyhood the training in simple elementary behaviour applies to one and all. All children must be taught obedience, and accustomed to regular habits.

But as they grow older, children exhibit differences, and those differences should be respected.

Individuality is a much overworked word. No child should be spoiled and petted with the idea of developing individuality.

But just as no two children are exactly alike in appearance, no two are exactly alike in their habits and dispositions.

Mothers and fathers, too, should study these differences, and give their children sympathetic understanding if they wish them to develop along the best possible lines.

The individual traits of very young children are related to their personality in adulthood.

A child that is cowed and made fearful in its infancy, either grows up a bully or a very spineless individual.

A child's behaviour may also result from a physical cause, and it is because of these things that parents cannot be hard and fast in their treatment of the young.

Our Weekly Crossword

CLUES ACROSS

1. Supernatural event.
6. Part of a theatre.
11. Verbally.
12. Warship.
13. Utters.
15. Come in.
16. Animal.
17. Nimble.
18. Ancient king of Judea.
19. Showy.
21. Royal Army Reserve.
23. To quote.
25. Site of Battle of Hastings.
27. Geometrical abbreviation for "part of a circle."
29. Passes from place to place.
32. Vase.
34. Conscious.
35. Pinch sharply.
36. Part of human body.
38. Thick.
40. Archaic form of poses.
41. Apportion.
42. Containing many reeds.
43. Lasted.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLE

Across: Lepidoptera, agile, oasis, noels, swamp, skits, God, S.O.S., red, raid, semi, arm, Pam, pus, arson, Baris, tumor, stude, Omega, regenerates.

Down: Landgrabber, ego, pie, ills, desks, posts, tawa, ma, rim, aspidistras, lotas, oar, dim, rep, emu, preen, motor, aide, Numa, Ate, rug, met, oge.

CLUES DOWN.

1. Shifted.
2. An island.
3. As distinct from the flies.
4. High part of scale.
5. Imperial power.
6. To show contempt.
7. Metal.
8. Fragrant oil of roses.
9. Proceeds.
10. Irregular in movements.
14. Speak.
20. Dwelling.
22. Historical record.
24. Having sharp corners.
25. Actress.
26. Light, open vehicle.
27. Long-billed birds.
28. Containing gas.
29. Nourished.
30. Internal.
31. Rate of progression.
33. Very thick cord.
37. Move head in assent.
39. A bird.

POMPEIA

100% Parisian Manufacture

FACE POWDERS AND FACE CREAMS de Luxe

Ladies, insist on PIVER'S

Small boxes ... 2/6

Large boxes ... 3/3

Obtainable Everywhere

SPECIAL SAMPLE OFFER—Send 6d. in stamps to G.P.O. Box 1929, Sydney, for sample of Face Powder, tube of Face Cream (name colour) and Sachet. Mention this paper.

L.T. PIVER PARIS

Beauty Sleep—EVERY NIGHT

The surest way to retain the set and beauty of your waves is to wear a "Ladye Jayne" every night—thereby economising in visits to the Hairdresser. The "Ladye Jayne" is faultlessly cut to a registered design. It fits perfectly and keeps the waves gently but firmly in position. IT MUST BE A "LADYE JAYNE."

Many charming designs in:—

NET	LACE	ART. SILK
1/6	2/6	3/6

from your Hairdresser or good class Stores. In difficulty, write direct to the Manufacturers—Rainsfords Limited, 48 York St., Sydney.

WEAR A **Ladye Jayne** SLUMBER HELMET

for

- FLU
- NERVE PAINS
- NEURALGIA

SITRUC SOOTHES IN SEVENTY SECONDS. At the first sign of any of these unpleasant symptoms take a Sitruc Powder; you will be astonished at its speedy curative properties. As Sitruc remains in the system only three hours, it has no cumulative effects, and is guaranteed not to harm the heart.

Buy a Carton to-day, and keep it on your dressing-table. 1/9 per Carton of 8.

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SOOTHE IN 70 SECONDS

At all Chemists and Good stores everywhere

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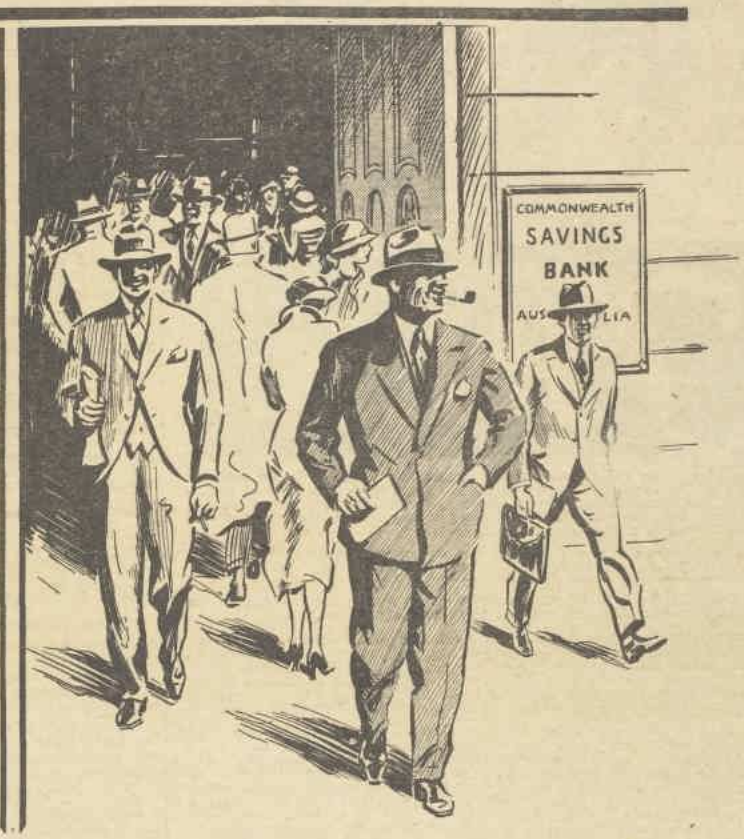
APRIL 1931 -- DECEMBER 1931



POLITICAL CONTROL

The disastrous results of political interference with banking were tragically illustrated when Labor politicians, shouting repudiation and default, destroyed the people's confidence in the Government Savings Bank of New South Wales, which was forced to suspend payment in April, 1931.

INDEPENDENT CONTROL

In December, 1931, confidence was again restored when the Bank was taken over by the Commonwealth Bank, which, under a free and independent board, had fully retained the confidence of its depositors and the Australian public.

Why does Labor seek to remove the present directors—eight men of proved ability and representative of all sections of the community?

Because these eight men stand between Labor and political control of the Commonwealth Bank with its power to issue notes.

Political Promises
Plus Political Control of the Commonwealth Bank—
That Means Inflation

TO PREVENT POLITICAL CONTROL

Vote for LYONS GOVERNMENT Supporters

Authorised by A. de R. Barclay, Sane Democracy League, 12 Spring St., Sydney.
The basic aim of the Sane Democracy League is to combat fallacious and revolutionary doctrines. —— It needs members and funds to help it do its job.

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Write your name and address on the coupon below, post it to me, and I'll send you, free of charge, a copy of my big book, "The New Way of Dresscutting and Dressmaking." Send to-day and read how any girl or woman can learn Dresscutting and Dressmaking through my wonderfully simple New Way—all in a little spare time at home.

THE EASY NEW WAY

Every woman ought to be able to make smart, stylish clothes that are as good as those she buys and cost her less than half as much.

My wonderful New Way Lessons will teach you Dresscutting and Dressmaking quite easily. From my skill and years of experience as a designer, cutter, maker and a teacher, I have evolved this New Way to help every wise woman to make her own clothes. The success of my students is bringing me increasing enrolments, and all I ask is that you give me an opportunity to place the full particulars of my wonderful New Way before you.

New Way Lessons are simple and straight-forward. All instruction is given through the post. In this convenient, modern way you learn, at home, in a few hours, how to cut accurately, fit perfectly and make any kind of garment for yourself, your friends or your children.

In my new book, I reveal the secret of my Master Patterns through which all the difficulties of drafting are eliminated. Any size and any style of garment can be perfectly and accurately fitted. You will experience a thrill of delight in making smart frocks, underclothes, coats and other garments on this new plan. You will learn, too, how to design special styles, how to adopt any style to suit your own requirements, how to re-make yesterday's dresses in to-day's modes, how to choose materials, styles and colours, and how to buy to advantage. You can make one pound do the work of two or three by being your own dressmaker. If you wish to do so, you can qualify for a well-paid position or establish your own business.

GRAND FREE OFFER

WOULD YOU LIKE A NEW WAY SCHOLARSHIP? This is a wonderful concession for ambitious women—an encouragement to those of limited means.

Write your name and address on the coupon and post it AT ONCE—and I will send you, free of charge and without obligation, full particulars of the NEW WAY SCHOLARSHIP OFFER and a copy of my big book, "THE NEW WAY OF DRESSCUTTING AND DRESSMAKING."

There is only a limited edition of this book, so make your application immediately and see how easy it is for any girl or woman to learn Dresscutting and Dressmaking at home.

Miss Florence Fox,
252-6 Castlereagh St.,
SYDNEY.

Dear Madam: Please send me by return post full particulars of the NEW WAY SCHOLARSHIP OFFER, and a copy of your FREE book, "The New Way of Dresscutting and Dressmaking." This places me under no obligation. I enclose 4d. in stamps for postage.

Name .....

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162.

FOR BABY'S TENDER SKIN

USE only Wright's Coal Tar Soap for baby's daily bath. Its creamy emollient lather and antiseptic constituents will truly cleanse, will soothe and comfort, will afford constant protection from infection.

10½d. a cake at all chemists and stores

W6.4D3

WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP

"Goodness I call the habit, and goodness of nature the inclination. This, of all the virtues and dignities of the mind, is the greatest, being the character of the Deity; and without it man is a busy, mischievous, wretched thing."—Bacon.

And if I laugh at any mortal thing,
'Tis that I may not weep.
—Byron.

Marriage has many pains, but celibacy has no pleasure.—Dr. Johnson.

A PRIZE-WINNING CREATION

... *for you to Knit!*

There is charm combined with up-to-the-minute smartness in this pretty Lightweight Jumper

THE recent knitting competition organised by The Australian Women's Weekly was the most comprehensive and successful ever held south of the Equator. Hundreds of entries poured in from every State, representing a colossal task for the judges... and now, in response to readers' requests, we have secured from the several prize-winners for a special fee the knitting directions for these coveted garments.

MISS JOCELYN HOWARTH, the beautiful and talented young Australian star of "Ten Minute Alibi," is photographed here (by courtesy of J. C. Williamson) in the jumper which won the second prize (Section 1) in the recent Australian Women's Weekly £250 knitting contest. You will find the knitting directions explicit and remarkably easy to follow. —Women's Weekly photo.

WE present the first of the series, the jumper which scored second prize in Section 1.

Knitted in lightweight 2-ply wool, could anything be more attractive? Just note the collar and cuffs with their corded rows and the cute way in which the striped, pointed ties are attached to collar and cuffs.

You can have all the comfort and all the beauty of a prize-winning garment just for the knitting—for here are the directions!

MATERIALS.

Half oz. each of green, brown and tango, and 5 ozs. fawn 2-ply wool. Pair No. 15 steel needles, pair No. 12 bone needles, 4 yards of piping cord about the thickness of a pencil. Made to fit a 32-inch bust.

THE PATTERN.

Row 1: * k. 4, p. 4, repeat from * to end of row.

Row 2: P. 3, * k. 4, p. 4, repeat from * to last st., k. 1.

Row 3: P. 2, * k. 4, p. 4, repeat from * to last 2 sts., k. 2.

Row 4: P. 1, * k. 4, p. 4, repeat from * to last 3 sts., k. 3.

Row 5: * p. 4, k. 4, repeat from * to end of row.

Row 6: P. 1, * k. 4, p. 4, repeat from * to last 3 sts., k. 3.

Row 7: P. 2, * k. 4, p. 4, repeat from * to last 2 sts., k. 2.

Row 8: P. 3, * k. 4, p. 4, repeat from * to last st., k. 1.

THE BACK.

With No. 15 needles and fawn wool cast on 144 sts. and rib k. 1, p. 1 for 3 inches; change to No. 12 needles, increase sts. up to 152, and work pattern for 8 inches. Still keeping to pattern shape armhole by casting off 8 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows, then decrease 1 st. at each end of every k. row until 118 sts. remain. When armholes measure 6 inches shape shoulders by casting off 8 sts. at the beginning of every row until 40 sts. have been cast off each end. Cast off remaining sts. loosely.

THE FRONT.

Cast on 160 sts. and rib as before. Change to bone needles; increase sts. to 168, and work pattern for 8 inches. Still keeping to pattern shape armholes by casting off 10 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows, then decrease 1 st. each end of the next 4 rows, then 1 st. each end of every k. row 6 times, then 1 st. each end of every 2nd k. row 6 times.

At the same time, when 2½ inches of armhole is worked make centre opening; work to centre, join on a second ball of wool and work both sides together.

When armholes measure 4½ inches, shape neck. Cast off 12 sts. each side at neck edge, then k. 2 tog. every k. row at same edge until 40 sts. remain at each side of neck.

Shape shoulders to correspond with back.

THE SLEEVES.

With fawn wool and No. 15 needles cast on 82 sts. Rib k. 1, p. 1 for 1½ inches. Change to bone needles and increase to 84 sts. Work pattern for 3½ inches, then increase 1 st. each end of needle every 8 rows until sleeve measures 17 inches. Shape by casting off 6 sts. at beginning of next 2 rows, then k. 2 tog. each end of every other row for 3 rows, then k. 2 tog. every row until 34 sts. remain. Cast off.

Make another sleeve the same.

SCARF.

This is worked in the 4 colors; with bone needles cast on 11 sts. in each color, fawn, green, tango, and brown. Work in moss stitch for 21 inches. Cast off.

FOR THE SLEEVE TIES.

Work the same as the scarf, only having 7 sts. in each color instead of 11, and make each tie 7½ inches long.

COLLAR AND CUFFS.

Cast on 7 sts. in fawn wool and k. in moss st. for 2½ yards for the collar, and 1¼ yards for each cuff.

TO MAKE-UP.

Press work carefully. Join underarm, shoulders and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves. Cut the piping cord into lengths to fit the strips for the collar and cuffs, and cover neatly, hand-sewing down. Arrange the cording around neck and cuffs and stitch in place. Catch-stitch back the corners of the scarf and ties and press. Attach to neck and wrists.

HOST Holbrook says: A dainty delicacy is the Holbrook Stuffed Olive. The stones have been replaced with red pimentoes. ★★★

That's all it costs to refinish them with

QUICK GENERAL PURPOSE ENAMEL

A quarter-pint tin is the size to buy—and in return you get not only two new chairs, but the thrill and satisfaction of doing a perfect job yourself. "QUICK" enamel flows out evenly without brush marks; dries in a few hours and gives a lasting glossy surface. *Made in 20 fascinating shades—all intermixable.*

SOLD EVERYWHERE

Also "QUICK" Stain, "QUICK" Clear and "QUICK" Silver

Pictures Worth Framing. *Reproductions on art paper of illustrations appearing on the front page of The Australian Women's Weekly may be had from this office for 2/-.*

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Our FASHION *Service* & FREE *Pattern*

RAGLAN SLEEVES.

WW701. — Three - quarter length coat in swagger style. Sleeves are cut raglan, and the neck finished with a knotted scarf. Material for 36-inch bust, 3¾ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

PRINTED SILK.

WW702.—Summer frock of printed silk with a novel neck-line which is both new and dressy. Skirt has a narrow side panel, continuing up to the waist. Material for 36-inch bust, 3¾ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

FOR SPORTS GIRL.

WW703.—Something new for the sports girl. The drop shoulder blouse has the neck encircled with a contrast scarf. Skirt features an inverted pleat back and front. Material for 36-inch bust, 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast, ½ yard, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

TUNIC STYLE.

WW704.—A striking model for early summer. Check taffeta is used for the tunic with a contrast skirt to tone. Material for 36-inch bust, tunic, 3 yards, 36 inches wide; skirt, 2½ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

MATRON'S MODEL.

WW705.—A suitable design for a matron. The contrast vest provides the side fastening. Cowl sleeves fit tightly round the wrists. Material for 36-inch bust, 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast, ½ yard, 30 inches wide. Other sizes, 34 to 48 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

DAINTY FOR EVENING.

WW706.—Summer evening frock with loose raglan sleeves. Skirt, which is cut on the cross, has a wide flared godet inserted back and front. Material for 36-inch bust, 6 yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

DEMURE LITTLE FROCK.

WW708.—A demure little frock with bloomers to match. Side material is cut separately and fashioned on to the yoke effect. Short puff sleeves are gathered into the armholes. Pattern for 2-4 years. Material required, 1¾ yards, 36 inches wide. Collar, ¼ yard, 30 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 9d.**

FOR SCHOOL GIRL.

WW709.—An easy-to-make frock which the school girl can make for herself. The short raglan sleeves are bordered with contrast cuffs matching the collar. Skirt is fashioned with pleated insets. Pattern for 10-12 years. Material required, 2¾ yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast, ¼ yard, 30 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 9d.**

FOR THE GOLFER.

WW707.—Specially designed for golf wear is the jumper with loose sleeves. Fastening is provided down the front where the collar is completed with a tie. Material for 36-inch bust, 2¼ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 9d.**

Our Free Pattern

THE free pattern, this week, features a delightful frock for early summer. This frock has a contrast cape. Paris has designed many short capes and coats as an added charm to the newest frocks.

Our free pattern is cut to fit a 36-inch bust.

Material Required: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast, 1 yard, 36 inches wide. Turnings must be allowed for when cutting out.

All these patterns may be obtained on personal application, or by post, at the prices indicated, from The Australian Women's Weekly—

ADELAIDE: Shell House, North Terrace.
BRISBANE: Shell House, Ann St.
MELBOURNE: The Age Chambers, 239 Collins Street.
NEWCASTLE: Carrington Chambers, Watt Street.
SYDNEY: Macdonell House, 321 Pitt Street.

FREE PATTERN COUPON

This coupon is available one month from the date of issue. To obtain a free pattern of the garment illustrated, fill in the coupon and bring it to the offices of The Australian Women's Weekly at any of the following addresses:

ADELAIDE: Shell House, North Terrace.
BRISBANE: Shell House, Ann St.
MELBOURNE: The Age Chambers, 239 Collins St.
NEWCASTLE: Carrington Ch., Watt St.
SYDNEY: Macdonell House, 321 Pitt St.

If you would like a free pattern posted to you, fill in the coupon and forward it, with 1d. stamp, to cover cost of postage, to:

Pattern Dept., The Australian Women's Weekly, at any of the above addresses.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS

Name .....

Address .....

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State .....

Pattern Coupon, 8/9/34.

SCHUMANN'S SALTS

Just a simple precaution against the deadly ills of Rheumatism, Neuritis, Lumbago, Backache, Sciatica and Constipation.

A half teaspoonful of Schumann's Salts in a long tumbler of warm water each morning and you are fit to face what the day has to offer.

Now is the Time!

Try a dose to-day and feel better to-morrow, and remember there can never be a substitute for Schumann's, as these Salts are made from the active ingredients of the famous Mineral Springs or Spas of Europe.

At All Chemists and Stores

Schumann's
SALTS
Sold Everywhere
Price 1/6 Family Size 2/9
PURIFIES BUT DOES NOT PURGE

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NOW CLEAN TEETH WHITER THIS EASY WAY

USE TOOTHPASTE THAT ACTUALLY REMOVES DINGY FILM AND TARNISH ... RESULTS WILL AMAZE YOU

Start brushing your teeth with Kolynos. In a few days they will look whiter—shades whiter. They will feel much cleaner. Here is the reason: Kolynos does what ordinary toothpaste cannot do. As it cleans away ugly stain and tarnish—it foams into every tiny crevice and kills millions of germs that are the known cause of most tooth and gum troubles. Thus Kolynos gives RESULTS YOU CAN SEE. Cleaner whiter teeth. Healthier looking gums. Give up incompetent ways of brushing and start using Kolynos to-day. It is the better, quicker way to cleaner, whiter teeth.

KOLYNOS REGD.

The Antiseptic Dental Cream

Change of HEART

Continued from Page 5

THEY were all silent again, looking down from the high railroad trestle at the thickening streets; the great blocks of apartment houses strewn about on the rough earthy hills north of the city, the gradual closing in of cement and steel and brick and iron. The train thundered on after the stop at One Hundred and Twenty-fifth St.; they were passing brick and brownstone apartment houses now, in crowded, impoverished neighborhoods. Windows in the shabby front rooms were open, showing glimpses of flat iron bedsteads, and twisted, disordered supper tables; men and women rested elbows on the window sills and looked out into the clamor and confusion of the streets. Fanny saw a fat, bald-headed man fanning himself with a palm-leaf fan, the first she had ever seen. She saw flat baskets, many of them, on the sills of open windows, and nude babies sprawled in them, held only from the street far below by a maternal hand.

There were five minutes of this, and then the train dived and plunged into the blackness of the underground tunnel and perceptibly began to slacken speed.

"Oh, Fanny," Madge faltered, "does it frighten you a little?"

"No. You could live in one of those places we just saw, if your husband loved you and your baby was healthy," Fanny said slowly but staunchly. "It might even be interesting to see what was going on."

"Interesting!" Madge echoed, with an elaborate shiver.

"New York; Grand Central Station next stop!" the porter shouted.

"Oh, it does thrill you," Fanny whispered.

"We have four minutes," Chris said. But sheer excitement forbade their sitting still any longer. Stiff, flushed, feeling stupid and hungry and dirty, they filed out to the long platform and saw the red caps busy over the line of bags. The air was heavy and humid, three levels, four levels below the hot streets, and smelled of pipes and earth and sweating cement.

"Taxi—huh, ladies?"

"Taxi through New York!" sang Fanny. "Oh, and let's not unpack right away; let's get out and walk everywhere—to Roxy's and the Empire State and the Waldorf-Astoria and the Ghetto. We don't have to do a thing we don't want to, we can stay out as long as we like in New York—New York—New York!"

"We want a taxi," Chris said briefly, after this burst, to the attentive redcap.

"Yasseh, dis way, boss!"

"'Boss!' Don't you love the 'boss,'" murmured Fanny, her eyes dancing, her head moving about with the quick motion of a bird's head, as she followed.

They were in a deep arcade through which taxis swept in long curves, grated against the kerbs, swept on again. Muffled horns honked; an officious starter took charge of them, bundled them in, held the taxi door impatiently ready for a slam.

"Where to, madam?"

"Oh——?" Madge was fluttered again. "Oh—the letter—it was in my—oh, dear! You have it, haven't you, Fanny?" she ended in sudden relief.

Fanny was wedged into the innermost seat of the car, with one little seat up, and Mack, with his overcoat, camera, small handbag and portable radio packed solidly into the other small seat. Madge was between Chris and Fanny in the back seat; the girls' coats and several pieces of lesser luggage occupied the remaining space.

"Oh, mother-of-pearl!" Fanny could be heard to ejaculate under her breath.

"I gave it back to you," Madge said positively. "Remember? It was where Miss Randall stayed last year when she came on," she said to the boys nervously as Fanny searched her handbag under their stern eyes. "She told Mother it was nice and clean and cheap—Fanny, where did you put it?"

"It's in my big bag——" Fanny murmured, not looking at anyone.

"I've got to get out of here," the taxi driver said agitatedly. He was but too evidently being urged onward by his superior, the starter.

"Start up there, taxi!" this authority now shouted, in an absolute frenzy at the delay.

"Is time so extremely precious?" Fanny challenged him. But fortunately he did not hear. The taxi moved on its way; they were out in a brightly lighted street. New York at last! But at the moment they had but a distracted attention to give it.

"Drive—drive to some place where you can park," Chris told the driver, "and we'll open up the big black bag and get the address."

Fanny gave a dramatic shriek.

"Oh, look out—look up that way—look down here, Mack! It's Fifth Avenue; it says on that light 'Forty-third and Fifth Avenue'!"

"I thought we were in trouble," contributed the driver, moving on after a distracted moment. He drew up on the wide avenue, almost deserted at half-past nine o'clock, and came about to open the door.

"Then that's a Fifth Avenue bus, with the people on top!" Fanny exulted. "Oh, look—what fun, on a hot night like this—to ride up and down——"

"Can you park here for a minute?" Chris asked.

"Sure, park as long as you like." The driver wiped his wet forehead. Chris, Mack, Madge, Fanny all scrambled out and stood in a little knot on the sidewalk.

"I feel terribly sorry about this," Fanny said in an apologetic undertone to Chris, who seemed a trifle grim.

"This is the deuce of a break!" Mack commented. "Gosh, I'm tired and dirty! Fifth Avenue, hey? Well, I don't think so much of it. Take the Alameda, for instance, down at San Jose——"

"This is awful!" Fanny said, with a suggestion of hysteria in her laugh. She was kneeling quite frankly, in the hot, open, deserted street, plunging madly through a suitcase that could never have been especially well packed, and that now presented every appearance of a ragbag or rubbish heap.

"Well, I blame only myself," Chris said, looking down at her with an expression of pain, looking away again. "We should have had all this written down——"

The meter of the taxi ticked, ticked. More omnibuses went by, with wilted silent folk packed in their upper seats. North and south ran the great canyon of the street, framed in the rising tiers, and tiers, and tiers of steel and brick and stone that were human habitations by day, and that stood stark and unpeopled under the soft blue sky of night.

"That's Radio City, you've heard of it up there," volunteered the driver. "That's the Rockefeller Building; it ain't finished yet. And down there—that way—is the Empire State. Some big building!"

"Oh, Fanny, do find it!" Madge besought her, after a perfunctory look at the glories of the Avenue.

"My dear, it isn't here!" Fanny searched her purse for the tenth time.

"It must be!" Madge fairly wrung her hands.

"Well, let's go to a hotel!" Mack suggested.

"Oh, Mack, we can't; Fanny and I can't. And we have to stay together!" Madge protested.

"I guess we were all crazy to come here," Chris muttered, half to himself.

"We could look up boarding-houses in the telephone book; we know it's Smith, and East Fifty-something," Madge suggested.

"Or was it West Fifty-something, Madge?"

"Well, would there be so many?"

"Smiths!" Chris commented, on a reluctant laugh. "But this is ridiculous, we can't stay here in the middle of Fifth Avenue," he said.

"Drive us to a drug store, will you?" Mack said authoritatively. "Somewhere you can stand at the kerb for a few minutes."

"Well, anyway, we're seeing New York!" exulted Fanny. None of her companions saw fit to make any encouraging comment upon this; it was too dark, in her corner of the taxi, for her to see their faces.

They stopped at a glittering corner.

"Broadway!" Fanny ejaculated, as they got out. And for a few moments they all forgot fatigue and hunger and strain, to stand enthralled on the shore of the brightest river in all the world—a flashing, glowing, resplendent stream of lights. Blue, green, gold, white, silver, they rose and fell, flashed and darkened, blazed and sparkled, and beneath them the little black people crowded and laughed, walked and loitered, surged in and out of the theatre entrances.

In the drug store ices and cold drinks were clinking and splashing at a long counter, and great fans whirled the cooled air overhead. More lights were in here; it was like a corner broken from the glittering street. Chris found the tumbled telephone book chained to a wooden counter in an obscure corner, and they all jumbled about him eagerly.

Please turn to Page 30

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THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

By EVELYN

We All Started with a Clear Complexion

So let us bring back that pearly lustre—it only needs careful, consistent beauty care . . . .

A BEAUTIFUL building needs upkeep—both inside and out. And the beauty of woman—because it is, alas! a perishable fabric — needs constant attention and renovation. So, if you want to keep your good looks, to develop them, then you must give your time, energy, and, above all, your intelligence to the care of your looks and your health.

I HAVE received an interesting article from the pen of Miss May Murray, famous American dancer and theatrical star, whose smiling face greets you from the top corner of this page.

The advice she gives is worth while noting, so I'll let her continue in her own way:

I have heard a great deal about beauty being only skin deep—well, why try to penetrate any further? The majority of the world does not see any deeper than our surface skin, so the more beautiful it is the better.

You know as well as I that a soft, clear, lustrous skin will lift the most homely girl from the crowd. That's why the very plainest baby girl with her soft, kissable face is so attractive. Her skin has not yet suffered from the ravages of weather and time to coarsen it.

We all started like that with soft, clear skin, and it is mostly our own fault that this asset has deteriorated.

Fortunately, however, modern beauty treatment can do much to restore this wonderful asset, and every complexion can be improved by the right treatment.

First of all, you must study your skin and decide whether it is too lined or dry, perhaps with a few blackheads. It may be too greasy with a lot of coarse open pores and many blackheads. Possibly it is only just tired-looking, sallow, and lacks tone.

Study the effects that sudden changes of temperature have upon the skin. Avoid washing in very hot or very cold water. In choosing your soap, avoid cheap and possibly irritating varieties. You can be your own masseuse in the privacy of your boudoir, and keep yourself looking gloriously young.

I personally find that a very good way to overcome that "too tired to bother" feeling is to perform one's beauty massage after one has actually climbed into bed. Take your pot of mercolised wax with you, place it on a bedside table with your clean tissues, and hand mirror, and do the job in comfort. A great many are still in doubt with regard to the actual massage movements needed to stimulate tired and sagging muscles, so—

The Massage

1. Now first start on the forehead. Here you must massage in little circular movements, using the first and second fingers of each hand and working outwards from the centre of the brow towards the temples. When you reach the temples, press hard and wait a few seconds, then begin again.

2. The eye movement comes next. Here you use the second finger of each hand, starting just below the eyebrows, near the nose, and working in a circular movement under the eye and inward towards the nose again. Repeat this five or six times very lightly.

3. To correct those dreaded nose-to-mouth lines, which are so terribly ageing. Here, you start with the second and third fingers of each hand, at the corners of the mouth, working upward to the corners of the nose, and then straight outwards to the ears; repeat this several times.

4. To prevent a sagging neck. To tone and tighten these up, you have to massage very vigorously over the ear muscles which are to be found about an inch in front of your ear lobes. Clench your teeth and these muscles will protrude. Well, this is where sagging neck muscles begin. This is where the massage is needed. Clench your teeth, smear a good dab of your mercolised wax on each side of the face, and massage towards the ears with the base of each thumb; keep it up for a minute.

Then next slap the under-chin with the backs of your hands until the flesh really tingles. This greatly braces up tired tissues and prevents that scraggy neck which gives one such a haggard appearance. Never be too tired to do this bit of slapping night and morning. The neck itself should be massaged with crossed hands—that is to say, the right hand is used for the left side of the neck, and vice-versa, the hands being used alternately. However lovely, your skin needs guarding like any other treasure.

All kinds of remarks are made about our great-grandmothers never using any face creams to preserve their skin, but history records their use of simples and lotions, and the men, too, in those days, also used them.

Women of to-day are more beautiful than ever, and the only reason is that they take particular care of their skin.

Take women who have reached the age of 35. In many cases they look somewhere in the region of 25 or thereabouts.

How many daughters go out with their mothers and are mistaken for sisters. Again, the main reason is skin care. Skin care is most essential to preserve youth, and nothing really worth while is easy to get, so if you are beginning to get drawn lines, you must start treatment now.

ISN'T SHE—well, luxuriously lovely? You all recognise the great Dietrich, of Paramount, and this is her very latest portrait. What skin—soft, clear, radiant!

Those Lips!

AND now just a few words about lips. Did you know that loose, flabby lips are improved by exercise? A very simple one is to practise blowing out a candle. Drawing the lips together in this manner will help to firm and mould them. Another thing is to lightly massage your lips with the thumb and finger from the outer corners to the centre. This will also help to bring fresh blood to them and give a good, healthy color.

Do not bite your lips, as they will soon become coarse and rough.

Correct lip coloring is an important matter, and for the modern type of indelible lip-sticks the lip should be moistened with the tongue before applying.

Apply the lip-stick from the centre outwards to the desired shape and smooth in with the finger tip. Then apply another light coating of lip-stick, and moisten lips with the tongue. Remove any surplus and the color will not then come off or spread further.

There is a shade for every type. I would suggest Bril-blond for the platinum blonde, Mandarin for the golden blonde, Tango and Vermil for the "in-betweens" and Bruna for the brunette.

In making up the lips, the cupid's bow is of course th ideal to work for. A straight line gives a tight-lipped, hard effect.

If you have prominent teeth, lip-stick must be used very sparingly, as it will give the teeth more prominence.

THIS is May Murray, famous theatrical star and dancer, charming under her spring straw. And how she guards her skin—just read this article!

—Lopton Studios.

...WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

•• BY A DOCTOR ••

PATIENT: If you had a feeble-minded girl in your family, what would you do? Is it better to care for her at home and protect her as well as one could, or should she be put in an institution and given some sort of training?

ALL persons who discover, come into contact with, or suspect mental disease, owe it to the community to take proper steps to have the patient examined and the case supervised.

The insane are nowadays recognised fairly promptly and are placed in hospitals where they will not injure others or themselves, and where they can receive proper treatment looking towards improvement or recovery.

But as regards the feeble-minded, there is still a prevalent notion that they are perfectly harmless. Often, too, teachers and sometimes even physicians, although fully aware that something ought to be done in a particular case of mental defectiveness, refrain from insisting on it because of fear of offending the parents.

The parents, likewise, feel ashamed—which, of course, they should not do—that a member of the family is defective. Sometimes, indeed, they deliberately hide the unfortunate patient so that the fact may not be discovered.

* * *

EVERY single case of feeble-mindedness should be recognised, treated and, better yet, the sufferer placed in an institution. One can never tell what a person with defective brain cells, and consequently defective reasoning powers, may do.

Often, indeed, these defective individuals are very suggestible and readily drift into immoral ways or become the tools of more enlightened criminals.

Education of the feeble-minded in special classes in public and private schools is, indeed, a worthy aim, yet one must not lose sight of the fact that a feeble-minded person, whether he be educated sufficiently to be self-supporting or not, remains always a potentially dangerous member in any community unless he or she is very closely supervised.

When segregated with other feeble-minded boys and girls, such defectives feel "at home." Then they are among others of their kind and they don't notice any difference.

Free from being teased and bullied, safeguarded from danger and temptation, understood by sympathetic teachers and guardians, the unfortunate leads as happy and useful an existence as is possible with his handicaps.

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THINGS - that - Happen

It Cured Them

MY cousin had a large tribe of natives under him on a plantation in the Islands and when he left them to go to the homestead at any time no work would be done. He had a glass eye, and when he took this out and placed it on a stump so that it could be seen, they would work very hard during his absence. The niggers evidently thought that the piece of glass saw all they did. —**C.B.B.**

❖ ❖ ❖

An Expensive Method

THE westerly wind whisked a £1 note from my neighbor's hand and away into a thickly grassed paddock.

I responded to her S.O.S., and we had been searching fruitlessly for nearly half an hour when Mr. Knowall, her brother, came along the road.

"Looking for something?" he inquired.

My neighbor poured out her tale of woe.

"Huh!" he said, contemptuously. "You'll never find it like that. You've no idea where it is."

He took a £1 note from his pocket.

"I'll let this go, you follow it, and then you'll be able to judge just how far the other went. Watch it!"

He let it go, but he had over-estimated our watching and following abilities, for the wind whirled it, too, into the billowing grass, and out of sight.

"Just how far" both notes went, we haven't yet found out.—**"Jean."**

❖ ❖ ❖

A Diligent Sentry

MY sister-in-law has a dairy in Queensland, and she is a very hard-working person, who always wears overalls. She has a savage cattle dog that is devoted to her, but it had never been in the yard when she has been dressed for town.

While I was there we went to town one day. The dog was out with the cattle when we went out. When we came home in the evening the dog was in the yard, and would not let us in until my sister-in-law went to her next-door neighbor and borrowed a pair of overalls and put them on.—**M.L.**

❖ ❖ ❖

Very Much Alive

A MAN of my acquaintance was standing by a very high paling fence, talking with a friend. It was just dusk. He was running his fingers absently up and down the top of the fence, when suddenly something descended with terrific force again and again on his fingers. With a shout of pain he hastily removed his hand and ran around to the other side of the fence to see what it was all about.

There was his little son standing, stick in hand, absolutely terrified. "I fought it was somefin alive!" he sobbed. Apparently he had seen fingers bobbing up and down, and naturally thought it was something coming to bite him, so he decided to hit first, then run, but had not expected to hear yells from the "thing." However, he must have put some force into the job, as two of his father's fingers were broken.—**P.F.**

Change of HEART

Continued from Page 28

"THERE are eighteen columns of Smiths!" he looked up to say briefly.

"But not in the East and West Fifties!" Fanny said helpfully.

"Oh, Lord—this is no use!" Chris muttered in despair. "We'll never find her this way."

"Wait!" Fanny exclaimed, seizing a thinner red book, almost jerking it off the chain she did not see, and being brought up with some confusion against an unknown person immediately behind her. "I beg your pardon!" she interrupted herself to say confusedly. "This is the classified book," she told the others. "We'll find her right away here!"

"That'll be the same thing; there'll be five hundred of 'em!" Mack said.

Fanny looked up from the pages of the red book wide-eyed.

"There isn't one!"

"Oh, come!" Chris exclaimed, at her elbow.

"Not—one—Smith in the boarding-house business," Fanny reiterated. "There's an Iwai, but he's probably a Jap., and that's way down on Nineteenth, anyway—oh, and look, Chris, there's a Wild August—imagine having such a delicious name and keeping a boarding-house, Wild August—it sounds like a play!"

"Hotels," Chris muttered, whirling pages. "No Smith Hotel, either," he said.

"Oh!" Fanny exclaimed suddenly, at this point, in a tone that arrested the attention of the other three. "I know where it is," she murmured, in a stricken tone. "Oh, dear! I put it—the letter, I remember now! I was going to give it to Madge, and Madge was asleep, so I put it—no, it's not in my purse, Madge; it's in my coat pocket—I thought I'd have it—come on, we'll go back to the taxi—I thought I'd have it handy."

They followed her in silence to the street; Fanny was the next to speak.

"I know it seems awful," she said, groping in the coat she had pulled out of the taxi. "I see that meter, Chris; I see one dollar and eighty-five. But I guess it was the excitement of really getting here. Don't be mad, any of you. Just remember that this time to-morrow—to-morrow, right after breakfast, we can head our letters 'New York'! It's four-three-three West Fifty-fourth," she went on hastily, to the driver, bundling herself into the car with a great air of saving time and trouble. "Four - thirty - three West Fifty-fourth; do you know where that is, Mullins?"

The driver, taken unawares, started, and Madge, with her weary head sunk against Fanny's shoulder, laughed sleepily.

"His name is on the license there," explained Fanny, as the car moved with a jerk. "There it is—Frank Mullins. Another New York custom. I thought he might like to know we'd identified him. Chris, 'fagnant' isn't a word, is it?"

"What isn't?" Chris asked patiently, twisting about on the jump seat. He had the air of a person who had borne much and is prepared to bear more.

"Fagnant. I've heard of stagnant—" Fanny murmured, "and regnant. And I suppose if there's an indignant there's a dignant—I never saw it. But in this list of boarding houses it said, 'Gee, Harry!" which I do think is a cute name, and it said 'Fagnant Joseph.' You can't help wondering——"

"Fanny, shut up before you get into trouble!" Madge said, half asleep on her shoulder. "Where on earth are we going? I don't think we're ever going to get there, or anywhere. I think we'll all four live right here in this taxi for the rest of our lives. What is it?"

"Is this the place?" Frank Mullins asked, as one expecting the unusual.

"Great heavens, no!" Chris exploded. Once again, wearily, they all climbed out, and looked at a dark stretch of street whose northern side was shut off by a low, stout fencing. The sidewalk was completely torn up, and beyond and below the fencing for the entire square of the block lay the tremendous excavation that would some day be the basement floors of a new skyscraper!

It was so unexpected, and they were so tired, they laughed as if they never would stop, leaning on the parapet, clinging to each other, helpless with fatigue and hunger and youth and the strangeness of it all.

"Maybe—maybe we'd better try 'Gee, Harry!'" Fanny gasped in the first break, and they were all off again.

"Or Joseph—Joseph—Joseph——" Mack began, and was helpless.

"Joseph Fagnant!" Fanny was in a gale, and conscious at the same time of the wild happiness of being steadied by Chris's arm.

"It's about time," Chris said, sobering first of them all, "it's about time that I took this idiotic expedition in charge!"

"Maybe—maybe—" faltered Fanny, still tremulous with laughter, "we shouldn't have come at all to New York. Why—why—why didn't we think of that?"

"Seriously," Chris said almost sternly to the driver, "do you know of a good hotel here, where my cousins and I could spend the night?"

"No, sir," said the driver simply. "I live in Brooklyn. You wouldn't want to go that far to-night? My mother has two rooms she might rent you."

Madge, with her back to Mullins and her agonised eyes on Chris, now made a desperate grimace indicating extreme unwillingness to become the paying guests of Mrs. Mullins, but Fanny said lightheartedly, as she wiped her eyes from her last burst of mirth, "Oh, I think that would be fun! How far is Brooklyn?"

"It would take you about forty minutes," said Mullins.

"No," Chris said decidedly, "there are lots of hotels about here; any one will do for to-night, and to-morrow we can see what's best to be done."

"'The Carpathian,'" Mack added, reading a sign several blocks away, as it punctually flared up and down.

"Take us there!" Chris commanded without more ado, and once again they were all bundled inside the taxi. Suddenly, from Fanny's subdued giggle, they were all helpless with laughter again.

CHAPTER IV.

FIVE minutes later Chris paid Mullins two dollars and twenty cents, with an extra thirty cents for tip, and composing itself to sobriety the quartet entered the dark yet ornate foyer of the Carpathian. There was what Fanny afterwards giddily described as a "nicotiney, foot-weary" odor to the hotel, but it was after ten o'clock now, and it seemed to the men no time to be critical. At the somewhat uninviting desk that was flanked with a cigarette stand and a display of sensationally-covered magazines, they were registered, and presently two dubious-looking boys assisted them to the elevator with their bags.

"I wish I had managed to get over to Brooklyn to my dear old friend Ma Mullins!" said the irrepressible Fanny, as they followed their guides down a narrow upper hall, and were ushered on the eleventh floor, into adjoining rooms, starkly numbered in smoked copper figures.

"Where's the bath?"

"Down the hall there; it's marked," said one of the boys.

Chris lowered his voice, looked at Madge, who was visibly exhausted.

"Can we stay here?"

"One night we can," Fanny answered in a low tone. "We don't know any other place." She wavered. "What do you think?"

"Oh, stay here!" Madge begged. "I'm dying. We can find Mrs. Smith or someone else to-morrow. To-night it'd only be another hotel, and we might be just as badly off."

"Yes, stay here," Mack added. They turned to the boys, claiming bags, bestowing tips. Then they were alone and examining the two adjoining rooms no more imaginative in shape than two match boxes; small rooms, each one provided with two flat beds, two narrow chairs, a washstand with two red-striped towels, a bureau, a little table, nicked and inky.

The girls chose their room, and all four had a last moment of consultation.

"How much are the rooms, Chris?"

"Four—three-fifty single, but four double."

"Great heavens!" ejaculated Fanny. "Then what do you suppose people pay at the Waldorf?"

"You mean to say that we're paying eight dollars for these horrible rooms for one night?" Madge demanded.

"Well, there are four of us, you know. And this is New York."

"By hanging out to your knees," Fanny stated, coming back from a brief trip to the window, "you can see Broadway. I guess we're all too tired to go out to-night? I had a vision of a hot bath with lots of soap. Never mind, we'll do the best we can at these basins, and have baths to-morrow."

Please turn to Page 32

HOST Holbrook says: My Anchovy Paste makes neat, tasty sandwiches. Tasty morsels for the Bridge Party.***

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Crying *for the* MOON

Continued from Page 14

SHE swallowed a mouthful of champagne rather hastily. Of course she was happy. Jake was such a splendid lover, and they were going to have, as he said, wonderful times together. He was going to take her to see all the things she had wanted to see. Paris . . . It was odd how Paris all at once seemed very far away. Odder that Barford should seem farther away still.

Harry would be having his supper now. She had left it ready for him on the table, and the cocoa in the saucepan ready to heat later. He hated having his supper alone, and she always had to hurry back from wherever she was to have it with him. It seemed funny not to be hurrying back now. . . .

She shivered, and her companion looked at her anxiously. He called to the waiter and signed to him to close the window beside their table.

"You've not caught cold?" he asked her.

"Oh, no, I don't think so. It's quite warm in here, really."

"It will be cold on the boat. These autumn evenings are always chilly on the water. But I've bought you a fur coat. It's in the car."

"That was nice of you."

It was good to be taken care of like that. Jake was always thoughtful for her comfort. Not like Harry. It was she who had to look after him, seeing that he changed his boots when he came in wet and put on his thicker underclothing in time. He caught cold so easily.

She had been going to get out his flannels this week and air them, but she had forgotten. There had been so much to make her forget. . . . She must remember to tell him where they were when she wrote, and he had better start wearing them at once to be on the safe side. . . .

Jake was talking of their life together now. Painting for her in that vivid way of his the places they had planned to visit together. They were going to spend the first week or two after Paris in an hotel overlooking one of the Italian lakes. He had stayed there several times himself, and he wanted her to love it as he loved it.

It occurred to her that the people at the hotel would know him, and be surprised when he turned up there with his "wife." For they would have to pretend to be married, of course. Those were the details that were going to make the six months or so of waiting for the divorce rather awkward and embarrassing. She hated deception.

"Jake, will it—shall we have to do anything about it ourselves?" she stammered suddenly. "Or will Harry arrange it all for us?"

"Arrange what?" He looked at her questionably over his cigarette.

"The divorce." She brought it out steadily, but she couldn't help flushing. He was still gazing at her, but she had lowered her own eyes so that she didn't see the expression in his. There was a short pause before he answered.

"You think, then, that your husband will divorce you?" he asked.

"But of course! He must! I mean, we can't very well get married unless he does, can we?"

She had looked up now, in surprise. She saw that he was looking rather odd. There was something in his expression that puzzled and faintly disturbed her.

This time the pause was even longer before he said slowly:

"I thought you didn't believe in marriage—that you wanted to be free to live your own life——"

"That's what I'm going to do! I shouldn't be here if I weren't!" Her eyes were very wide, and her cheeks as red as the carnations on the table. "But we must get married——"

"Suppose I tell you that I can't marry you?"

He brought it out deliberately, and he saw the color fade from her cheeks, heard the quick little catch of her breath.

"You mean—that you're already married?" she gasped.

He shook his head.

"I'm not married—and I don't intend to be," he said. "Look here, we'd better talk this over frankly. Face the truth—the truth as I thought you understood it. I thought you agreed with me that marriage was a sort of prison—a cage that shut you in and took the deuce of a lot of getting out of! I thought you valued your freedom as I do——"

"Can't people be free, even when they are married?" She was carnation-red again, her breath coming quickly. "People who think the same about things. Who—who love each other?"

He smiled, a slow, amused smile, that all at once she hated.

"They don't go on loving each other, my dear, not when they are shut up together like that—caged! I've seen so much of marriage—too much! It spoils everything. Love should be free—free as the birds and the winds. Imagine being tied to a woman after you had ceased to love her! It would be like being compelled to listen always to a tune of which you were deadly weary. Variety is the spice of life——"

"Then—then you think the time will come when you will cease to love me?" she broke in.

It was his turn to flush.

"Doesn't everything come to an end some time? All the best things. . . . But why worry about the future when the present is so very attractive? We'll have a wonderful year or two to remember. You'll feel quite different about it all when we get away, get to Paris——"

"I'm not going to Paris with you," she said suddenly. "I'm not going anywhere. . . ."

They argued about it all through the coffee, which she did not drink, and in the car while he drove her to the station, and in the empty compartment that he secured for her in the last train to Barford. At least he argued, and she just listened. He was persuasive and angry and persuasive again by turns, and she said hardly anything, because there was really nothing to say.

She couldn't tell him how she hated herself. How small and mean and humiliated she felt. She might have hated him, too, but a sense of justice prevented her from quite doing that. She had brought it all on herself, she knew. She had been a little fool, and if she had to pay the price of her folly she had only herself to blame.

As the guard blew his whistle he looked at her with a faint, regretful smile.

"I'm sorry, Leonie," he said. "I didn't mean to hurt you. I thought you understood."

She returned his look clearly and steadily.

"I do understand," she said. "That's why I'm going back home . . ."

IT was raining as she went up the garden path, and a cold wind was blowing.

Autumn had set in in earnest. Rather a cosy time, she reflected, when you drew the curtains and spent long, comfortable evenings by the fire reading or sewing. Harry liked to watch her sew. He would sit happily in the other armchair, smoking his old pipe and reading her bits out of the evening paper until it was time to make the cocoa.

The little house looked friendly. It was not a particularly attractive house, but it was solidly built and had weathered the storms of some fifty years. There was something oddly restful in the thought. Rains might beat on it and strong winds buffet it, but it stood there just the same, unchanging and familiar.

She hadn't realised the charm there was in the word "familiar." Things you knew and were used to. Good things, and even bad things, and little, annoying, irritating things. But they made up part of your daily life, and if you lost them they left a sort of blank. She understood how Harry had felt when she had thrown away a disreputable but cherished pair of bedroom slippers of his and left a new pair in their place.

She wondered if it was raining in Italy. Autumn there was a lovely season, Jake had told her. A time of golden lights and glowing skies and flaming chestnut trees. Once she had thrilled at the picture he had drawn for her of that land of poetry and romance, but she didn't thrill any longer.

Romance seemed all at once a cold, cheerless thing, like being asked to look at a splendid view when you were hungry and tired and only wanted food and sleep.

She was hungry now, she discovered. She had been too excited to think of lunch, and too disturbed and uneasy to do justice to the carefully chosen dinner. Harry was in the kitchen, fruitlessly trying to heat the saucepan of cocoa by burning newspapers in the cold grate. The fire had gone out hours ago.

She went upstairs and changed her frock, and in a few minutes had the fire crackling brightly. She frowned at some muddy spots on the floor.

"You didn't change your wet shoes," she reminded him. "And you know how bad that is for you."

He grinned apologetically.

"I couldn't find my slippers."

"They're in the sitting-room."

"I forgot. I always do forget things when you aren't here . . ."

He didn't ask her where she had been and it didn't occur to her to wonder if it was because he didn't care. It was evident that he had missed her. The remains of his supper were still on the table, a plate that had held cold meat and a glass half-full of water. He hadn't found the pudding she had left in the oven, or made any coffee for himself.

"I'm going to make a Welsh rabbit," she said. "I know it's indigestible last thing at night, and all that, but we'll risk it for once."

SHE washed up afterwards while he smoked his pipe. Washing up was one of the things she had had against marriage. No man ought to expect his wife to slave for him, Jake had pointed out. But somebody had to do the washing up, and make the beds, and things like that. Probably Harry didn't much like turning out on bitter winter mornings to go to the office.

"I've got some bad news for you," he said when she returned to the kitchen. "Joey's gone. Somebody must have left his cage unfastened."

"I'm glad he's gone." She was rather flushed. "It's cruel to keep birds in cages."

"It's cruel to put them there," he agreed. "But once they're there they get sort of used to it. I don't know what Joey will do with himself now."

"He'll be free, and that's something, what he wanted . . ." There was suddenly an aggressive note in her voice, as if she challenged herself.

"I don't know about that," he said thoughtfully. "You see, he's lived in that cage since he was a little fellow, and he's got used to it, as I said. He won't know how to find food for himself, or shelter, and the other birds will give him a pretty tough time. He'll find freedom isn't all he expected."

"Perhaps he'll come back," she said, wondering why her heart all at once felt so heavy.

She went into the sitting-room. The window was still wide open, and the rain blowing in in gusts. Then she heard a feeble, pathetic "cheep." Joey was crouched on the window-sill, a damp, miserable little heap of draggled feathers. She picked him up and warmed him and fed him, and placed him gently back in his cage.

He was beginning to sing again with recovered happiness as her husband came into the room.

"Why, he's back after all," he remarked. "Poor little fellow. I wonder how he enjoyed his freedom?"

"I don't think he enjoyed it at all," she said. "If he had, he wouldn't have come back, would he?"

"It's rather rough luck on him, all the same," he insisted. "How do you think we'd feel if we were shut up in a cage like that and couldn't get out? I expect we'd long to be free just as Joey did."

She moved closer to him, and he put an arm around her in an awkward caress.

"Perhaps we would," she said. "And then, at the end of the day, we'd know, like Joey, that it wasn't what we wanted after all. And we'd come back home."

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CHANGE *of* HEART

"YOU girls are awfully good sports," Chris said, his kindly glance enclosing them both.

"We're on a fire escape, aren't we? That's all I care about," Madge said. "What is this—the eleventh floor? Well, we'll get into something nicer to-morrow."

"Gentlemen, we bid you good-night," Fanny said, tearing off her hat with a vigor that made her hair stand straight up in the air. "Oh, Marjorie," she went on, when Chris and Mack had gone, "this is horrid."

"Do you suppose the whole city's like this?"

"It can't be. Joan Bennett and Marlene Dietrich and everyone else simply adore New York, you know."

"But this is what I was thinking, Fan. If we have to pay four dollars for this——"

"I know. But this is probably popular with drummers or something——"

"Oh, don't!" Madge whispered, closing her eyes, leaning back against the head of the bed.

"You're dead, aren't you?"

"I'm too tired to undress. Oh, Fanny, was this a crazy thing for us to do?"

"The beds really seem nice and clean," Fanny observed, turning them down. "You'll only want a sheet over you to-night, won't you? It's suffocating. Was what a crazy thing for us to do? You mean our coming to New York?"

"With the boys. It seemed—when we were down at the desk there, registering, it suddenly seemed so cheap! Did the way they looked at you make you feel cheap?"

"I don't like the desk clerk, if that's what you mean. But otherwise—why, here we are only two blocks from Broadway, our first night! And as for our coming on, it was a mere coincidence," Fanny said cheerfully, "that two friends of our college days should be coming on, too. I'm sure I feel much safer," she ended, in an almost inaudible voice, and with a jerk of her head towards the next room, "I feel much safer with the gents right there, I tell you that frankly! If the Smith place hadn't been torn down, we'd be in a nice white room now, with old maids and bank clerks murmuring all about us——"

"I wish we were!" Madge put in fervently.

Continued from Page 30

"We will be, to-morrow. We'll go to the Travellers' Aid or something. The Salvation Army's got a place near here; I remember seeing it while we were cruising about in the cab."

"Oh," moaned Madge, freed of her clothes, flinging out her arms, "what a day—what a day—what a day!"

"There's good hot water here," Fanny announced, vigorously soaping. "And to-morrow we're to be called at seven-thirty; we'll pack everything and take it down to the desk the first thing, and then we'll all wander out and find some nice little white place for breakfast; Childs, maybe. And by noon we'll be settled somewhere, and we'll have had baths, and we'll all feel better!"

"Do you suppose," Madge asked, when they were both in bed, "do you suppose those lights out there will shine in all night?"

"I don't know; I was thinking of that. It's only ten-thirty now," Fanny mumbled, from the luxury of flatness and softness and ease. "These beds aren't so bad. If the lights do shine in, Madge, they're the lights of New York! Broadway—Broadway is fanning us to sleep!"

CHAPTER V.

WHEN their luggage was stacked by the desk that looked dingier and darker than ever in the dull morning gloom of the foyer, they walked forth in search of breakfast the next morning just as Broadway's jewellery-store clocks were agreeing upon the hour of nine. Chris and Mack looked very serious, Madge was white and had been crying, and even Fanny was rather pale.

"We did lock our door," said Fanny, for the twentieth time. "But we couldn't shut our windows on a night like that. Did you—" she turned to Chris, "—did you close your windows?"

"No, we didn't. They came up the fire escape, I suppose. It's—it's just too bad," Chris said, frowning. "It's too bad."

"But we'll get it back? We'll have to," Madge stammered, looking sick.

"He thinks they may. The cop seemed to think they might get them."

"They'll have to!" Madge said angrily, her cheeks red.

"Here's Childs," Fanny suggested. "Coffee—toast, bacon, strawberries!"

"I feel," the other girl said, "I feel as if we oughtn't eat, until we get our money back!"

"Oh, listen," Fanny protested. "I have twelve dollars and ten cents. It was only the two hundred, ten lovely twenties, that they got."

"Where were they, Fan?" This was Chris; when he called her "Fan," her heart rose, singing with the singing June morning.

"In a long envelope in the flap of my suit-case, just where he's been trained to look for them."

"The whole thing makes me sick," Mack said darkly. "It makes me sick. Nice saps we've turned out to be! And what a hell of a city!"

"We ought to have thought that we came in late and tired, and that anyone seeing us would have seen how green we were," Chris said. "We ought to have thought of the windows and taken every cent we had down to the clerk."

"Another time we'll go to Mullins's mama," Fanny said. "She might have had bread rising in the bathroom, but she wouldn't have stolen our money!"

"You'll wire your mother, Madge?"

"I can't, Mack. She'd simply wire, 'Come back instantly.'"

To be continued

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Read what Mrs. COLLINS OF LEETON, says—

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3 For silks and woollens make a solution of Persil, as above, and add to warm water. Full directions on every packet.

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When you say goodbye to rubbing and scrubbing and try Persil, you will feel like writing a letter of thanks, as so many women have already done. Persil makes washing-day easier than you've ever dreamed it could be—and wait till you see what extra wear you get from your clothes—silks and woollens, as well as linens, when they are washed the Persil way!

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The Testing of DILYS

Continued from Page 11

"WELL, what does she know?" the old man asked.

Peter grew pale under his tan. "It's awful," he said in a hushed voice. He was sitting with his hands spread out upon his knees. "She knows good and kindness, and what's pretty—and that's all. She's never come up against anything else all her life—she doesn't know there's anything else in the world."

Well, there it was, and Thomas Loveday's wrinkled old forehead became more creased and lined.

"You'll have to find a place for her to live in and a woman to look after her," he said.

"Who?"

"There must be plenty. A young girl like that needs an older woman." Peter McEvoy stood up. "I'll bring her to you, you must see her, and then think what would be best to be done."

The next day a queer little crowd invaded the minister's sitting room. Peter McEvoy, Dilys, holding by each hand a goat on a leash, and the little old dwarf, Dorrit.

The minister took off his spectacles, polished them with a bony hand, and placed them on his nose again upside down.

He gazed at Peter and at Dilys, at the goats and old Dorrit.

"This is the minister, Dilys. He was wanting to know you."

Thomas Loveday put out his hand.

"What makes your hair white?" Dilys asked, still clutching the goats, "and what are those things on your nose?"

"I'm old," said the minister, "and old folks have white hair." She laughed and tossed her head.

"I'm old, too. I'm eighteen. And Peter's old. And Dorrit's old. But our hair isn't that color."

Suddenly she twisted round and ran across to the door, the goats after her.

"I don't like this room," she cried, "and that ugly old man. I want to go back across the mountain."

Before ten minutes had elapsed Thomas Loveday's misty old mind had understood why Peter McEvoy had foreseen how hard it would be to find any woman to look after a girl like Dilys. And he had realised, too, old man though he was, how Peter McEvoy found each day more difficult to live in that little house on the mountain side.

"You see how it is?" said Peter, in a low voice, when Dilys had been persuaded to sit quite still on the floor by the window, with the goats beside her. "Now, you see how it is?"

"Yes," said the minister, nodding "I see how it is with her, and with you." Peter's head fell into his hands.

"You don't know what it's been there in that house with her alone, as you might say, all these months and months."

"You're a good man, Peter!" the minister told him.

"Good! I'm only a sea-rover, and I've been like other men. But that girl. I don't know what to do."

Please turn to Page 34

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ATTRACTIVE, *Nourishing* MEALS for ... the BACHELOR WOMAN

With a Suggested Menu for the Week

NOT ONLY is it as well to check up on meals occasionally to see if they are including the most important foods for your well-being, but for your own sake they should be served in an attractive way. No need even if you are a bachelor to eat them standing!

By MARGARET SHEPHERD, who is Instructor to Leading Hospitals.

PLANNING meals that are both attractive and possible from a practical standpoint is one of the bachelor woman's most exacting tasks.

It is impossible to be efficient in her work and keep a balanced outlook on life if good health is not maintained with three meals daily of good wholesome food.

It is as well to check up on meals occasionally to see if they are including the most important foods, which supply energy, replace waste tissue, and build up the body.

IT IS an excellent plan at the week-end to "play around" in the kitchen, and supplement the week's menu with all sorts of nourishing odds and ends

THE menu should include:—

Milk: 1 pint daily.
Eggs: 1 daily or at least three weekly.
Cereals: These include wholemeal bread, and the daily breakfast food.
Vegetables: 1 potato, 1 leafy vegetable.
Fruits: Two servings daily (one of which is fresh).
Meat, Fish, or Cheese: One serving daily.

A definite plan of action should be outlined, according to the time for shopping, meals to be taken at home, and the size of income.

Plan the meals a week ahead, and select foods with reference to their cost and the possibility of using the remainder another day, either as a made-over or freshly cooked dish. It is advisable to buy good, wholesome food and avoid waste in preparation and serving.

Joints can feature in the menu sometimes, as one can purchase small ribs of beef or a small loin of mutton consisting of 2 or 3 chops. If these are wrapped in well-greased paper or cooked in a covered casserole, there is very little waste of flavor or substance in cooking. Steak, chops, sausages, lamb's fry, brains, and kidneys all lend themselves to cooking small and attractive dinners in a short space of time.

Individual dishes are more satisfactory as the exact amount can be readily measured, and left-over dishes are more attractive in them.

A liberal supply of fruits and vegetables—especially citrus fruits—will do much to restore a lagging appetite. It is a wise plan to have a simple, uncooked salad of fruits or vegetables as a third course every night.

Lunch can consist of a cup or thermos flask of hot soup made from one of the many excellent varieties of soup on the market to-day, with wholemeal bread and fruit.

If the market order is delivered on Saturday, it is an excellent plan to get as many of the vegetables as possible ready for cooking; sufficient salad dressing can be made for the week.

Carrots and parsnips can be prepared, and sufficient can be cooked to last two or three days, if allowed to stand in the water in which they are cooked. The liquid can then be used as a base for soup or gravy, supplying minerals and flavor.

Sunday dinner can be rather an elegant little meal without any extra work if one goes about it the right way. When the apple charlotte is cooking an apple can be baked for Monday's dinner; also the raisin and date pie for Tuesday's dessert can be baked while the oven is hot. A few small cakes or biscuits will supplement the dessert through the week.

MENU

SUNDAY
Tomato Cocktail
Casserole Steak and Potatoes
Apple Charlotte Coffee
Lettuce Hearts & Cream Cheese

MONDAY
Cutlet & Mashed Potato Beans
Stuffed Baked Apple & Custard
Grapefruit Salad

TUESDAY
Grilled Fish Steak
Butter Sauce Mashed Potato
Raisin, Date, and Nut Pie
Orange and Banana Salad

WEDNESDAY
Grilled Chop Jacket Potato
Buttered Spinach
Apricot Cream
Sliced Orange Salad

THURSDAY
Creamed Oysters, Egg and Mushrooms
Coffee Junket and Prunes
Apricot Salad

FRIDAY
Curried Brains and Rice
Spinach Soufflé
Apple and Celery Salad

SATURDAY
Braised Beef Loaf With Bananas
Carrot Savory
Prune Salad

CARROT SAVORY

One carrot, 1 slice onion, 2 peppercorns, blade mace, ½ teaspoon salt, piece butter, lemon rind, lemon juice.

Scrape carrot and cut into rings; cover with boiling, salted water, 1 teaspoon sugar, and cook until tender. Lift out carrot and stand in a warm spot. Add the onion, a piece of lemon rind, peppercorns and mace to liquid. Return to fire and simmer gently 5 minutes. Strain. Make up to ¾ cup. Melt butter in a saucepan, add flour sufficient to thicken; then add liquid a little at a time, stirring constantly until it boils. Simmer 4 minutes. Return carrots to the sauce. Cook gently. Add 1 teaspoon lemon juice and 1 teaspoon finely-chopped parsley sprinkled on top.

RAISIN, DATE, AND NUT PIE

One cup seeded raisins, stoned dates, a small piece lemon peel, 1 dessertspoon brown sugar, ground cinnamon, grated lemon rind, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, pinch salt, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 cup water, 1 tablespoon chopped nuts.

Put the dates, raisins, cinnamon, water, and butter into a saucepan. Cook gently for 5 minutes, add lemon rind; thicken with 1 teaspoon blended arrowroot. Cook gently another 4 minutes, add lemon juice. Stand aside to cool. Line a small tart dish with a good shortcrust. Fill with the mixture to which the nuts have been added when cold. Cover with remainder of pie crust. Bake in a hot oven 25 minutes.

CASSEROLE STEAK

Three-quarters pound round steak, 1 tablespoon breadcrumbs, 1 dessertspoon chopped onion, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, 1 tablespoon dripping or butter, 1 tablespoon chopped celery, 1 medium-size potato, ½ small tin tomatoes or tinned tomato juice.

Mix together breadcrumbs, celery, salt, pepper, melted butter, and parsley. Get your butcher to cut out a thick piece of round steak. Cut a pocket in the side of it, and fill with the above mixture. Sew together or fasten it. Arrange in a baking dish and pour the tomato juice around it. Cover and bake in a moderate oven 1½ to 2 hours. Half an hour before serving, add the potatoes which have been cooked 20 minutes in salted water, then drained.

SALAD DRESSING

One dessertspoon butter, 2 dessertspoons sugar, ¼ teaspoon mustard, or to taste, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 egg, ½ cup milk, 4 dessertspoons vinegar.

Melt the butter in a double saucepan, add sugar, mustard, salt, lightly-beaten egg, milk. Stir on the fire until it thickens, add vinegar, stirring slowly all the time. Cook gently until it coats the spoon. Pour into a glass jar. This recipe will keep a week or more.

APRICOT SALAD

One olive, ½oz. cream cheese, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 dessertspoon cream, lettuce leaves.

Cream the cheese, add lemon juice and milk to make into a soft cream, salt to taste, add the finely-chopped olive. Form into balls. Arrange lettuce leaves on a plate, with three apricots, round side down, on a plate. Fill centre of each with a ball of cream cheese.

All these recipes have been tested by Miss Shepherd in her own kitchen.

BEST RECIPES

Have you a recipe that you have tried in your own kitchen and found tasty—one that has particularly pleased you? If you have, send it in to us, and let fellow readers share in your knowledge.

One pound for the best recipe, and consolation prizes, are given each week.

HERE are the prize-winners for this week:—

BANANA AND PASSIONFRUIT DELIGHT

Six medium bananas, 6 or 8 full passionfruit, ½ breakfast cup of sugar, pastry.

Line a fair-sized enamel plate with some good pastry, into this thinly slice the bananas, and spread the passionfruit evenly over. Spread the sugar over the fruit, cover the whole with a thin layer of pastry, making sure the edges are well pressed together. Lightly sprinkle the top with sugar, and bake 20 to 25 minutes in a moderate oven until well browned. Delicious hot or cold, served with whipped cream.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. McKibbin, Forest Gate, Woolcott St., Canterbury, N.S.W.

JUGGED PORK AND SPAGHETTI

One pound spaghetti (broken into small pieces), ¼lb. old cheese (grated), 1lb. fresh pork (cut in cubes), 1 large onion (sliced), 2 cups stewed tomatoes (canned will do).

Boil spaghetti in salted water for 20 minutes; fry cubed pork and afterwards the onion, using same pan. Drain spaghetti and put into large earthenware dish, adding other ingredients; mix well, and add seasoning. Bake 1 hour in moderate oven. This dish is better if made the day before and warmed up when required.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. W. H. Cooter, 38 Shipster St., Torrensville, Adelaide.

HONEY SPONGE

One tablespoon butter, 1 small cup sugar, 1 egg, 3 tablespoons honey, 2 teaspoons mixed spice, 2 teaspoons ginger, 1 small cup milk.

Beat all ingredients well together, then add 1 teaspoon of soda dissolved in ½ cup of boiling water. Add 2 cups of self-raising flour and a pinch of salt. Put into two well-greased sandwich tins and bake for 35 minutes in a moderate oven. Fill with cream or any desired filling, and ice with a chocolate icing.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. Muir, 55 Nolan St., Frankston, Vic.

OYSTER KROMESKIES

One cup milk, 3oz. flour, 2 egg whites, 1 dozen oysters, 1 tablespoon butter, frying fat.

Mix the milk and flour, add the stiffly-whisked egg whites; drop 6 oysters into this batter, lift each out separately, drop them into a deep pan of very hot fat. Cook carefully till a golden brown color, and drain on kitchen paper. Use a skewer for lifting. Wrap each of the other 6 oysters in a thin rasher of bacon, skewer carefully, dip in the batter, lift out and fry; drain also on kitchen paper. Have ready some boiled potatoes, well mashed and whipped till creamy with a little milk and butter, place them in a mound in centre of a hot dish. Put the kromeskies round the edge, alternately plain and bacon, and serve all hot. This is a nice light luncheon dish.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. G. Law on, Box 182, Stanthorpe, Qld.

STRAWBERRY PIE NOVELTY

Line a pie plate with this pastry: 2 cups self-raising flour, 2 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons lard, pinch salt, and milk to mix. Sprinkle with little sugar and flour, and add this filling:—Mix 2 tablespoons cornflour, 1 cup sugar, and ¼ teaspoon salt. Add 1¼ cups hot water and cook till mixture thickens, stirring constantly. Add 2 cups clean, stalked strawberries, 1 cup seeded raisins, and 1 tablespoon butter. Over top decorate with half-inch pastry strips, criss-crossing them. Fasten ends to the sides of pastry lining by moistening with water. Build up outside rim with extra strip of pastry. Decorate with fork. Bake in moderate oven 25-30 minutes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. J. Allardice, Welwyn Crescent, Coorparoo, Qld.

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The TESTING *of* DILYS

Continued from Page 32

A LONG silence followed, broken now and again by Dilys talking to her goats or chirping up her lips with a little sound as a robin hopped upon the sill.

Then, "haven't you ever thought of marrying her? Upon my word, Peter, I can't think of anything else but that."

"Marry her." He mopped his forehead again, and gave a groan.

"Might just as well think of marrying a baby. But, well, we'll leave it at that," and, gripping the minister's hand, he repeated, "we'll leave it at that."

A week later the strangest marriage ceremony was performed by Thomas Loveday. Dilys appeared with the goats and Dorrit, and Peter had to make her leave them in one of the back pews, much to her annoyance. She wore clothes that were much too large, and a hat that was much too small.

The minister made the service as brief as possible, but she pouted at the first question, and drew away. Peter gripped her, and looked into her face. He had made up his mind to go through with it.

"You've got to say those words, Dilys," he told her. "If you don't say them you can't get married to me, and if you don't get married to me I'll have to go away from you."

A few weeks afterwards Peter McEvoy shipped again as skipper to a sister ship of the Paul Macumber, and two years afterwards he returned with his wife. He bought a house away beyond the town, and Thomas Loveday walked over one spring day to see them.

There was no more of the old bewilderment about Peter McEvoy. It was plain to see that he had been in command of other men, been the master of life and death, as a man is who rules those little kingdoms that ride the sea.

As the minister took Dilys' hand a little quiver passed over her face.

"My baby died," she said.

They spoke about the baby. He had been a weak little thing, and had died when but three weeks old.

"Oh, the sea," said Dilys, drawing close to Peter. "It is so cruel."

"But you love the sea, Dilys," soothed Peter, putting his arm round her.

She shuddered. "I am afraid of it. It is too cruel."

The time came for Peter to take his ship again, but there was an anxious tone in his voice when he sought out the minister.

"I don't like to leave her," he said, "she's so thin, and there's a queer look of dread on her face. She's pining for the baby."

The old man put a hand on the younger man's shoulder.

"She'll get over it," he declared hopefully. "She's very young still."

"I've got to go," went on Peter. "I've got to work. Shipping's the only thing I know how to do."

So it ended in his doing just that, though the parting from Dilys was mighty difficult for him.

"Though it isn't like what it was before!" he told the minister just before he left. "I couldn't have left her before, but she's different now, and I can. You think so, don't you?"

He was not the first sailor man to leave a young wife behind, but he went away with the knowledge that the home-coming would be all the sweeter.

Dilys had learnt many things in these two years on the water. She had seen strange ports, and people, and other sailor-men. As the days grew warmer she grew to look happier, and made friends with the younger women of the town who had not known Morfydd.

One day a young painter appeared in the town, and a fortnight later the minister came upon the two of them, Dilys and the painter, sitting on the breakwater after supper, watching the moon rise. After that he saw them again on the beach, she standing in her wet-looking green dress on a rock with her back to the sea. Her hair fell in cascades all round her face, and the young man, whose name was Symons, was painting her.

The minister told himself there wasn't any reason why Symons shouldn't call on her, or why he shouldn't paint her, but every fine night he walked in the direction of her house after supper, and each time he met Symons coming away.

It was not long before people began to talk. Nothing can ever be concealed in a small sea-town, and women began to hark back to memories of Morfydd, and ugly stories crept about.

The young painter stayed and stayed, and Dilys bloomed as the sunny days went by.

In the autumn he still remained and each night he sat with Dilys in her little parlor that looked out upon the sea.

Then Peter came home four months before he was expected. He hurried up the wharf and through the town, stopping to speak to no one on the way.

"I'll give her a little surprise," he thought, and ran as a happy man will run, with his bundle, and his heart abrim with love.

At the closed front door he paused. "I'll steal in quietly!" he said to himself, and entered. He opened the parlor door slowly. On the table were candles and some flowers. Symons sat with his back to the door, facing Dilys.

When she saw Peter she rose to her feet.

"Peter," she breathed. Her face flamed for a moment, and then grew white to the lips.

Often afterwards they walked about the place together, Peter on one side of Dilys, and Symons the other. People understood, of course. It was Peter McEvoy's way of trying to save the situation, trying to save Dilys as he had saved her all along. He took a job at the fish wharf; he, a man who had been a skipper, and still in his prime. He said to the minister: "I must stay around. She must be free, free to choose whom she wants." Symons showed no sign of being perturbed at all. He went on with his painting as usual, and was often away from his lodgings after supper, too.

And Dilys grew to look like a woman who is thinking and struggling with something within herself. The bright color went out of her face, and a very strange excitement grew to show behind her eyes.

Then, the sea. They call it cruel, but there is more than one kind of cruelty. There is cruelty that kills, and cruelty that eats in and poisons. But there is the kind of cruelty that heals, too. And the kind that reveals. It takes a very great thing sometimes to show a man or a woman the face of God in their own hearts.

There came a night when all the houses in St. Anne's shook and rattled with a gale from the north-west. It was long past midnight when the signal went up of a ship in distress. The world was black, with rain lashing right across it, and a 60-mile gale, and through the rain and the murk rockets flared out beyond the point.

It was Peter who took command. He went out with seven men in a whale boat—out right into that awful tempest to save what souls the sea had not yet taken.

It was very cold. Dilys stole out and mingled with the people waiting and watching through the dark.

She stood like a person unconscious, but her eyes were wide open, looking out there through the howling storm to where Peter's boat was fighting for the lives of men.

Her cape was blown off her, and Symons picked it up and put it round her again.

She turned and looked at him. "Aren't you going?" she asked.

"My dear," he said, with a little laugh, "those men there, they're used to this sort of thing. What could I do?"

HER eyes rested upon him for a few moments, and then, as if she had not spoken, she moved a little away and watched again the men battling with the furious waves in trying to bring ashore their human salvage.

"The ship's on the rocks," someone cried. "She's gone." Others: "She's broken in half," and stretched out their arms in voiceless supplication to God.

Dilys stood, motionless, a creature so still, she seemed turned to stone. But her eyes looked out, watching only for one man in all that hell of awful sea. And he was not to be seen. The rockets had flared out. Only the noisome darkness and the wet spray.

Someone moaned, "The rocks have found the whaleboat . . . lost . . . lost." The cape had fallen again from Dilys' shoulders, but there was something in her face that kept even Symons from touching her.

The minutes seemed like hours. Then, one by one, three of the eight men who had gone out on the whaleboat passed by with their wives beside them—talking, gesturing.

It was then that the sea gave the soul of a woman to Dilys.

Peter was the last to come up. When she saw him, she walked towards him, and he took her hand. Together they went by and Peter, as he passed, stretched out his hand for the cape Symons held out. The painter was looking at Dilys, but she did not seem to know that he was there at all. Her lips were parted, smiling, and her eyes were smiling, too, the sort of smile a woman gives to a child, or to a man she loves with that woman love that broods and cherishes.

Her untaught soul had judged.

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TO-NIGHT *Belongs* to ME!

Continued from Page 8

"OH!" The Law surveyed the apple-green pyjamas. And liked them.

He smiled, then remembered that he was the backbone of England and frowned.

"Is this true, miss?"

"No," she said surprisingly. "I've never seen him before in my life. He's been following me about all evening. I'm this young man's aunt." She indicated Nicky, who was somewhat staggered.

"Is that so, sir?"

Nicky had recovered. He nodded vigorously.

The policeman examined Penelope's lovely young face.

"She looks very young to be your aunt, sir."

"Not at all," Nicky lied. "She's had her face lifted. It makes them look fearfully young. Aunts, I mean."

Percival emitted a fearful scream.

"It's a lie!"

The Law didn't like him.

"Speak when you're spoken to, me lad. I believe this young woman—er—old woman, whatever she is."

"You would!" Percival raged. "Just because she's pretty you'd believe her if she said she was a conger eel!"

The Law drew itself up to its full height.

"Are you saying that I'd be biased in hexecution of my duty? That's a criminal offence. You're accusing the Force——"

"I don't care! You're an idiot if you believe her, a blithering idiot!"

The policeman was angry. He raised an arm to restrain Percival, but that young man was past restraining. He knocked the arm away, bent his head and butted the astonished policeman in the stomach.

With a muffled oath the policeman hit the pavement. His helmet rolled in the road, followed by Percival's pince-nez. The respectable young geologist stared aghast at the result of his passion.

The Law scrambled to its feet, replaced its helmet and more or less recovered its dignity.

"You come along with me."

"Oh!" Penelope gasped. "You're not going to arrest him?"

"Don't you worry, miss; I won't. A night inside will sober him up."

Percival's face was a delicate shade of puce.

"Do you think I'm drunk?"

"Well," the policeman retorted calmly, "if you ain't drunk you're balmy."

"My car," he protested. "I can't leave it here."

"Get in it and drive me to the station, and no funny business."

"WELL," Nicky's soft drawl broke into the silence—"what do we do now?"

Penelope's eyes followed the car rapidly disappearing down the road.

"To-night belongs to me," she said. "It seems a pity to waste it. I can bail Percival out in the morning in time for the wedding. If I got him out now I'm sure he'd be nasty."

"I don't doubt it." Nicky scrutinised her. "So to-night belongs to you, does it? What are you going to do with it?"

"I thought of going to a party. The Crayles.'"

"Edna's nice, isn't she?"

Please turn to Page 37

Bachelor's Philosophy

The only woman who knows how to manage a man is a spinster... And that is why she so often remains one.

MARY'S *Young* MAN

Continued from Page 7

MARY took charge of affairs quickly, coolly, smartly. "Uncle Charles, please ring up Dr. Walker at once. Not olive oil, Aunt Susan, dear. Picric acid. Look! in that bottle there. Judy, you'll find some bandages in the bathroom cupboard. All right, Len, just yell your head off if you think it's going to make you feel better. Get his bed ready, somebody, and a couple of hotwater bottles in it. Aunt Susan, don't panic! It's a blessed mercy that he has fainted. Now we can get on with the job."

Mary got on with the job so well that Dr. Walker only said "Humph!" once. And it was Mary who tiptoed in a dozen times during the night to see if the morphia tablets were giving Len ease and sleep.

It was only Mary who had the nerve to dress Len's burns in the days that followed. It was only Mary who could tempt him to eat, or who had the patience to listen to him when he wanted to explain everything.

"Thought I was going to revolutionise the world," he muttered, "and—and look where it's landed me."

"Perhaps the world isn't ready yet," Mary said calmly, her little dark head bent over a button on one of Len's shirts.

He looked at her, and his eyes softened. "You know, it's awfully decent of you to spend your evenings with me," he said. "I mean, I feel I'm keeping you from your—your young man."

Mary sat upright and drew a deep breath. "I have no young man," she said slowly.

He stared at her. "But—but——"

"I'm going to confess." Her cheeks were crimson. "You will think me so silly, Len, but I just couldn't bear to see the other girls go out night after night with their boys. So I had to invent a date of my own."

"Mary!"

"It's absurd, isn't it? I thought I would do it just one night as a kind of joke. So I bought myself flowers and chocolates and acted in a mysterious manner. But the girls bit it so beautifully that I had to go on."

"I thought—Peter Greig——"

"He had to share my table one night when the Bijou was crowded out. That's all."

Len wrinkled his forehead although it hurt him to do so. "But, Mary, the girls were saying that—that you were really keen on somebody, and that you owned up to it."

"Yes." She nodded. "I am. Desperately keen. Only, you see, he isn't the kind of young man who wants to waste his evenings at the pictures. He—he has a better use for his time, bless him!" A little smile puckered her mouth.

Len might not have been Einstein or Newton or Faraday, but he was gazing at Mary as though he had just made a Big Discovery.

CYNTHIA dashed into the dining-room as the family was sitting down to dinner. Breathless. Excited.

"People," she gasped, "I've just discovered who Mary's young man is!"

"Oh! rubbish!" said Judy calmly. "I don't believe she's got one at all."

"Neither do I," said Patricia. "She's just been fooling us. I've rumbled it at last."

"You're wrong," cried Cynthia. "She has got a young man. I caught them kissing just now. It's—our brother, Len!"

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Which Policy makes for Stability, on which the permanence of the home depends?

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Summing it all up, it seems that every prudent woman must inevitably...

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ROBERTSON—(1) and (2) for FLEMING and MARSHALL (in your own order of choice).

Absentee votes can be cast at any polling booth, but special arrangements for Country Party voters will be provided at the booth at the Sydney Town Hall.

(Authorised by E. J. Munro, 25 O'Connell St., Sydney.)

The Senate Vote

There's nothing confusing about the Country Party Senate Vote. You simply number "From Top to Bottom" thus:

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3 Dein

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TERRY and TEDDY — TERRIBLE TWINS

By HARRY EYRE JR.

FRED IN THE LAND OF MAGIC

By C. Marshall

"MY word, Bobby, you are a wonderful skipper," said Fred admiringly, "did it take you long to learn to skip like that?"

"No," answered Bobby, "I've always been able to skip fairly well, and you know I don't get such a lot of practice, for here, in Mushroom Grove, the sun doesn't very often shine through the rain, you know."

SKIPPING BOBBY

"Doesn't it," said Fred, a little amazed, "but why has that anything to do with your skipping?"

"Everything," said Bobby decisively, "if there isn't a rainbow, where will I get my skipping rope from?"

Fred then took a quick look at the skipping rope and, for the first time, discovered that it wasn't an ordinary skipping rope at all—it was a rainbow!

"Yes, it is a rainbow," said Fred, scarcely able to believe his eyes, "do you always skip with a rainbow?"

"Oh, yes," answered Bobby, "why, with ordinary ropes you have no end of turning, and with a rainbow rope you haven't got to turn at all. It just goes round on its own." And, in so saying, Bobby commenced skipping once more.

* * *

JUST then the Fairy Milkman passed, hopped out of his little cart, and raced into a wee cottage, singing:

"Good milk, sweet folk, come drink who will!
Come out of each dale and from under the hill.
I'll fill your buttercups right to the top
And will be most careful to spill not a drop.
But hurry, kind folk, for time's drawing on—
I've dozens to serve and half the day's gone."

He then came out of the cottage, looked at his watch, went into another little home, and sang the same song all over again.

Fred and Bobby listened to him sing; in fact, it was well known that the only time the boys and girls of Mushroom Grove were ever silent was when the Fairy Milkman was singing.

One of the children who was listening was also blowing up a big red balloon, and suddenly the balloon went bang! This bang terrified the Fairy Milkman's little horse, and he started off with a gallop down the street.

Fred and Bobby instantly went in pursuit, and as Bobby had his wonderful skipping rope, he was able to travel much faster than Fred, and soon brought the frightened little animal to a standstill.

Of course, no one was angry with the little horse, for it was only natural for him to have been frightened. And the Fairy Milkman was so delighted with Fred and Bobby that he told them they could bring the biggest buttercups they could find and he'd fill them up with beautiful milk every day.

Connie's Letter

MY DEAR PALS,—

A very interesting letter came this week from Jim Donohue (13), Stuart St., Tweed Heads, N.S.W., and Jim wins the prize of 5/- for the best letter. Here is an extract from it.

Above is Helen Miles, of Bellevue Hill. —Page.

"I live in the small township of Tweed Heads, at the mouth of the Tweed River. This small town nestles at the foot of Razor Back, a mountain so called because of a steep, narrow strip of rock which leads to the top. Tweed Heads is a splendid summer resort, with its surf and river to swim in, its moonlight excursions to Fingal, its numerous fishing grounds, and splendid weather."

I hope you all liked that delightful extract from Jim's letter, which was not only well expressed, but neatly written and well punctuated.

Now, Pals, pick up your pens this very minute, and write me a nice long letter.

Good-bye until next week.

Cheerio,

From Your Pal,

CONNIE.

NIGHT-TIME

By NURI MASS

THE night is clear and lovely,
But I, without pretension,
Am studying my grammar,
To save me from detention.
For night's beauty I athirst,
'Tis a thirst I cannot quench,
For when I've learned my English
Then there comes that blessed French.
My work complete, I hastes
To revel in night's mystery,
When, sickening to remember,
I haven't learned my history.
And now it's ten; I'm tired,
So to bed I gladly go,
I'll sure enjoy night's beauty
When I'm crammed from head to toe.

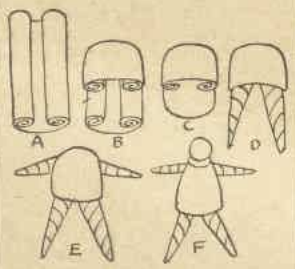
Prize of 5/- to Nuri Mass (15), Kelvin Grove, The Avenue, Ashfield, N.S.W., for this original verse.

A Little Doll

FOLLOW these directions carefully and you will have a dear little handkerchief doll. Take a handkerchief and spread it out flat. Then, tightly roll up one of the long sides until the middle is reached, and follow by rolling up the other side, until the two rolls lie side by side (see A).

Now, take the farther end of the two rolls and double them over, so that they almost touch the nearer end (see B). Bend the nearer end under the end just folded (see C). This finished, press on the handkerchief with one hand and, with the other, search for two corners, which will be found one in each roll, and pull downwards (see D).

Now, find the two other ends of the handkerchief, and pull them outwards, and sideways (see E). Tie these two latter ends around the mass of handkerchief, an inch from the end (see F), and you have a dear little doll.



BRIAN PORTER, of Pymble. —Pelk.

RESULT OF PAINTING COMPETITION

FOR the best coloring of the picture entitled, "A Sad Fairy Tale," Roma Hassett, 11 Penang Av., Colonel Light Gardens, Adelaide, S.A., wins first prize of 5/-.

For the next best, Prize Cards are awarded to Mary Haynes, 3 Cobar St., Dulwich Hill, N.S.W., Lindsay Walter, Eagle Terrace, Sandgate, Brisbane, Q'land, Clarice Dooley (10), 109 Woronora Rd., Hurstville, N.S.W., and Joe Johnston, 69 Russell Rd., New Lambton, N.S.W.

QUEER NOTICES

Lost—A dog by a man with two black legs.

Found—A small box by a woman full of brass buttons.

Found—A suitcase by a boy made of brown leather.

Wanted—A house by a lady with side verandahs.

Three men, an Englishman, an Irishman, and a Scotsman, were standing under an umbrella. Now which of them got wet?—None of them, because it wasn't raining.

Prize Card to Sheila Pickering, Emu St., Longreach, Q'land.

Jim: When is a cabbage very kind?

Bob: When it has a big heart.

Prize Card to Reg McGowege, 23 Moncella St., Five Dock, N.S.W.

FOR FUN & FANCY

LITTLE JEAN: Mummy, do you say, "It is no" or "It is I?"

Mummy: Always remember the rhyme, "It is I said the spider to the fly."

Jean: But couldn't you say, "It is me said the spider to the flea"?

Prize Card to Betty Finlayson, Grange Mount, Fourth St., Speers Pt., Boolaroo, N.S.W.

"Twas on Monday morning, and the teacher was giving spelling for the first lesson.

Teacher (pouncing on Tommy who was half asleep): Tommy, you spell—frog.

Tummy (rising slowly in amazement): F—R——. A small boy behind pressed a pin in him which made him quickly say, O-G.

Prize Card to D. Payne, 101 Noble St., Harstville.

Master: Aren't you ashamed of yourself, beating a boy smaller than yourself? What do you intend to be when you grow up?

Boy: A schoolmaster, sir.

Prize Card to Charlie Osborne, 25 Cochrane St., Paddington, Brisbane, Q'land.

Why is The Australian Women's Weekly like a Rolls Royce?—Because it is the best you can get.

Why did the butterfly flutter-by?—Because the dragon-fly drank the flagon dry.

Where did the Prince of Wales smoke his first cigar?—At the end of it.

Prize Card to Joyce Homan, 143 Grand Pde., Kogarah, N.S.W.

Proud Auntie: So this is the new baby! I used to look like her at that age. Now what's she crying about.

Little Nephew: Oh, Aunt Clarabel, she heard what you said.

Prize Card to Harry Moody, 126 Church St., St. Peters, N.S.W.

"Yes," said the second mate of the tramp steamer on his return home, "When I was in the Mediterranean I sailed through shoals of sardines."

"Nonsense!" said his maiden aunt, "How could they possibly swim in those small tins?"

Prize Card to Edna Tibbetts, 41 Wilga St., Carrimal, N.S.W.

AT THE PARTY. STAN BROOMHAM, 52 Robert St., Willoughby, N.S.W. wins a prize of 5/-.

For this clever sketch in black and white

My half is three, my half is nought; therefore nothing is three and three must be nought.

Now, reader, unriddle and explain:

For riddle it is, what this object can be,
How three can be nothing and nothing be three.
But if you will not, it's nothing to me.

Answer:—The figure 8 divided horizontally gives us two noughts, and divided perpendicularly down the middle the right half is three.

Prize Card to Noel Dries, P.O., Bingaway, N.S.W.

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TO-NIGHT *Belongs* to ME!

"YOU know them? Splendid! Come with me."

"I haven't been invited."

"They won't mind. Oh, you'd better tell me your name. I'm Penelope Trewmann."

"I'm Nicky Fenton."

She stared, wide-eyed.

"Not the Nicky Fenton? The one who wrote 'Love is a Caress,' and 'The Cat Has Claws,' and all those marvellous plays?"

He blushed and laughed.

"On the strength of that, come in and have a drink before we do the party."

She hesitated.

His eyes were kind.

"You needn't worry. I have a very nice housekeeper. Name of Mrs. Huggs. Used to be my nurse."

Mrs. Huggs was small and round and very scrubbed.

"This is Miss Trewmann, Huggy. Her young man has just been marched off to gaol. I found her outside standing on her head."

"And small wonder!" Mrs. Huggs was indignant. "It's enough to make any poor thing stand on her head—and turn it, too."

Nicky pushed her gently towards the kitchen, for she was a loquacious lady.

"Cut us some nice sandwiches quickly, Huggy. We're going to a big party, so we shan't get a thing to eat."

He pressed a button in the wall and a cocktail bar swung into view.

"Just like one of his plays," Penelope thought, and said airily: "I'll have a dry Martini, please."

He frowned. "You won't. You're much too young. You'll have tomato-juice."

She liked him for that.

There was a photograph of a striking brunette on the mantelpiece.

"Who's that?"

"Barbara Raye. We're getting married to-morrow."

"How funny! I mean, you and me, both doing it to-morrow."

He didn't answer. She wandered about. There was an electric gramophone.

They danced. They danced so beautifully together that they stopped very quickly and went out on to the roof-garden. Penelope sat in the hammock and ate all the sandwiches and Nicky smoked and looked at her.

"I'm going to Stonehenge for my honeymoon," she announced. "Where are you going?"

"Capri. Why Stonehenge?"

"Percival wants to. There are a lot of very old stones or something. I should think it's very grey. Capri's very blue, isn't it? Why are you laughing?"

"You're so absurdly young **and** you say the funniest things."

They were silent. Nicky was thinking of Capri and Barbara Raye. Penelope was thinking of Stonehenge and Percival.

She shivered.

"It's cold. Shall we go to the Crayles' now?"

Mrs. Huggs had a large check coat which didn't suit her, so it was loaned out to visitors who forgot theirs, or fell in the river, or for some reason required it.

Penelope looked very small inside it. She looked smaller than ever in Nicky's enormous car. He opened all the windows and the night air rushed in and played maddening tricks with her hair.

THE Crayles welcomed them with whoops of delight. Edna raised an inquiring eyebrow, and was silenced by Penelope's frantic

Continued from Page 35

signalling. It was a very good party. Dozens of people. It was practically impossible to move. Nicky was very popular, but he never left Penelope's side.

They stayed until one.

"What do we do now, redhead?"

"Can I do anything I want to?"

"To-night belongs to you."

"Then, please, I'd like to go to Windsor and look at the river." They slipped quietly away. His car ate up the miles. They talked and talked, about everything, about nothing. They had each thought, quite casually at first: "I wish we'd met before"—and now that wish had increased to enormous proportions, had become such an urgent, yearning desire that they descended to platitudes and talked about everything but themselves and to-morrow. That hung over them like a black cloud.

They stared in an awed way at Windsor Castle. They found a punt and stole it. They paddled upstream until they found a particularly weeping willow and tied up there.

"Now we'll sing," Penelope ordered. "You always sing in a punt."

They sang. Sea-songs and old music-hall ditties and grand opera duets. Penelope fell asleep.

"Hi, young woman, it's half-past three! You've been snoring for ages. We'd better wend our way."

"Just one more request," she pleaded. "I want to stand on Westminster Bridge and listen to Big Ben. Then I'll collect my car and go home."

It was very still on Westminster Bridge. London was asleep. The river was asleep. They gazed into its depths.

"I love London. All of it!" She stretched her arms in a funny little gesture. "I'm going to live in the country when I'm married. I'll miss this. I'm pure cockney."

"Barbara wanted to live in the country, too, but I put my foot down."

"I wish," Penelope said, wistfully. "I were a man. I'd enjoy putting my foot down."

"Barbara Raye," Nicky muttered savagely, "is one of the nicest women in the world. I've known her all my life. We're exactly the same age—thirty-two. It was mother, more or less, who made me propose to her. She adored her, and when mother died last year I was damnably lonely, and Barbara was awfully decent, and—oh, it's time I settled down!"

"I'm sure Miss Raye's a very good woman," Penelope said politely, "and—oh, look and listen!"

Something was happening over the Thames. Dawn. A dawn of reds and golds and purples. The grey buildings were a dream city. Big Ben boomed out, a friendly sound, bringing them back to reality.

"I'll go home now," she whispered, "and thank you very much."

But before they went home Nicky took her in his arms and kissed her.

THEY drove to Chelsea in silence. Penelope shivered frequently and her teeth were chattering.

"You've caught a cold." Nicky was angry. "A fine sight you'll look at the altar, sniffing and sneezing."

"I haven't." But she was frightened. She was feeling very odd, and just as she was climbing into her car something went snap inside her. She wept and cried and clung hysterically to Nicky. "I c-cant go home. I shouldn't have come out to-night, and I wish I were dead. I don't want to marry him at all, but you have to get married some day, don't you? I don't know what to do. There's mother and father, off their heads, perhaps, worrying, and there's poor Percival picking oakum in gaol, and oh, what a mess!"

Nicky was kind but firm. He was more upset than he cared to admit. "Rubbish! This is just nerves. There's a tiny bedroom leading through Huggy's room. You're going to be put to bed with a hot-water bottle and you're to sleep until nine. Then you'll go home and find they're very pleased to see you, and that you want to marry Percival very much. Everything will look different in the morning, you see."

"I—hope s-so."

Please turn to Page 38

Our Weekly DIET HINT!

MOST persons display what is known as "idiosyncrasy" for certain special foods. Strawberries are a case in point, and in some the eating of only a few produces a body rash. Melons may produce a similar poisonous effect, also radishes, tomatoes, cucumbers, shellfish, and even ordinary fish. Such foods, of course, should be avoided by those so affected. In case of a rash a saline cathartic is indicated.

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TO-NIGHT *Belongs* to ME!

Continued from Page 37

OBEDIENT, she allowed Mrs. Huggs, already up and dressed, to fuss over her and pour hot lemon down her throat. She was tucked into bed and was fast asleep in a second.

Nicky had a cold bath and changed into his grey wedding attire. He stared at Barbara's photograph. At 10 o'clock they would meet at the registrar's. It seemed incredible. He refused his breakfast.

Viewed in the cold light of day, the night's adventure ceased to be an adventure and became a hell of a mess. There was nothing wrong in it, of course, but what about Penelope's parents and Percival and Barbara? They might think it all very odd. It was a million to one that they would think it all very odd. He wished he'd never set eyes on Penelope. No, he didn't. He wished——

"Good-morning."

Penelope stood before him. She was as fresh and calm as a summer's day. Nicky had been right. Things looked different in the morning. For the first time in her 19 years she was quite certain what she really wanted to do. The future held no fears for her. It was a lovely feeling.

"You're rather—aloof this morning, aren't you?"

"No." He turned his back and stared moodily out of the window. "It's only that—well, last night was rather idiotic, wasn't it?"

"I enjoyed it very much. I'm sorry you were bored."

"Bored!" He swung round and seized her hands and dropped them quickly. "Last night was—was Heaven. But you must realise——"

The telephone rang out. Penelope cried, "Percival!" and rushed joyfully to the phone.

"Hullo. What? Oh, Nicky, it's Miss Raye."

"You idiot!"

He was very red when he replaced the receiver.

"That's torn it," he groaned. "I tried to say you were Mrs. Huggs, but she wouldn't believe me. She's coming round now."

"Well"—Penelope was annoyingly calm—"all we have to do is speak the truth."

Nicky wasn't listening. He had rushed to the telephone again.

"That Edna Crayle? Listen, this is Nicky. Penelope and I didn't leave your flat till five. Have you got that? Thanks, I'll explain later. What? Oh, Heavens." He banged the receiver down.

"Is anything wrong?"

"Everything. Your people phoned Edna. They thought you'd spent the night there. She told them you hadn't, but fortunately she didn't say when we left. Now, listen. We met outside the flat; we went to the Crayles'; we stayed until five; you were very upset about Percival, so I brought you here and you slept in the little room leading through Huggy's, which you did. We didn't go to Windsor at all."

"But we did," Penelope protested. "It was the nicest bit of all."

He shook her until her teeth rattled.

"You're just being stubborn. You know as well as I do what they're going to think."

"Barbara. You're thinking of her, aren't you?"

"I'm thinking of all of us," he shouted, "you, and that geologist chap. You've been rotten to him."

"I know, and I'm very sorry."

"Well, then, you don't want the wedding ruined, do you?"

There was a loud knocking at the door. They held hands and prayed fervently.

"I'll tell Mrs. Huggs. She's rather deaf."

"No, I will." Penelope rushed to the kitchen.

THE knocking continued, and neither Mrs. Huggs nor Penelope appeared. Nicky straightened his tie and swaggered with great nonchalance to the door.

"Good-morning," he began politely.

He was ignored. He was pushed against the wall, and what appeared to be hundreds of people, all waving umbrellas, rushed past him. The hundreds dissolved into Mr. and Mrs. Trewmann and Barbara Raye, and there was only one umbrella, owned by a very outraged mother.

"Where," she demanded, "is my child?"

Nicky shouted her down.

"My name is Nicholas Fenton. This is my fiancee, Miss Raye. I believe you've already met on the doorstep."

"Your fiancee?" Mrs. Trewmann was a little mollified. "Were you here last night?"

"No," Barbara muttered grimly, "I wasn't."

"I knew it! Young man, kindly explain what my daughter and you have been doing since last night? You needn't lie. I know her fiancee wasn't at the party. Mrs. Crayle told me so."

Penelope sailed into the room. She kissed her parents, smiled at Miss Raye, sat down and folded her hands meekly in her lap.

"Daughter, where is Percival?"

"In prison. He was arrested last night. He butted a policeman in his tummy."

"What!" Mrs. Trewmann appeared about to have a fit. "William, do you hear? William!"

Professor Trewmann, engrossed in a book, nodded vigorously.

"I'll explain, mother."

Penelope explained. It was all very convincing, especially the Mrs. Huggs part of it.

"So," she ended, "I think you should thank Mr. Fenton for looking so nicely after me. He tried to persuade me to go home, but I was too much upset."

They thanked him. They thanked him profusely. Barbara kissed him and said she knew there was nothing wrong all the time. Everything in the garden was lovely, and then Percival arrived. He had been to the Trewmanns' and had learnt that they had come here.

Percival was a most unhappy man. He had spent the night on a hard bed, and various parts of his anatomy ached abominably. He had had very little to eat, had a splitting headache and was expecting a great deal of sympathy from the Trewmanns. He was greeted with a torrent of abuse from Mrs. Trewmann, who called him a wicked law-breaker and waved her umbrella within two inches of his nose.

"It's all very well to go on like this," he sulked. "You seem to have forgotten that my future wife and this cad——"

"That has been explained to my satisfaction."

"I'd better say it all again," Penelope said wearily. She did.

"That's all very well," Percival mumbled, "but where is this Mrs. Huggs? She may be a myth."

"She's in the kitchen and I'll fetch her," Mrs. Trewmann retorted.

She was gone. A pleasant peace descended on the room.

Percival looked at Barbara. A fine figure of a woman, he thought, and obviously sensible. Life with Penelope, he was beginning to think, would be rather trying.

Barbara looked at Percival. She thought he was very distinguished-looking with his pince-nez.

"Oh!"

Mrs. Trewmann staggered into the doorway.

"There isn't any Mrs. Huggs!" she gasped breathlessly. "I've looked in all the rooms. There isn't any such person."

"There is," Nicky insisted. "She must have gone out shopping."

They turned to look at Penelope, and gasped. Her head was bent, she was crimson and ashamed. The answer was obvious.

"Penelope!"

Nicky was speechless. He looked as if someone had hit him very hard with a hammer.

Percival rose to the occasion.

"I'll—er—still marry you."

She shook her head sadly.

"Too late!" she moaned. "Too late!"

Barbara rose with dignity.

"Farewell, Nicky."

"I'll drive you home," Percival cried eagerly.

He placed a protecting arm round her and they made a dramatic exit. They did not know, then, that they would marry, that they would live very happily amongst rocks and fossils and rear innumerable children with colossal brains and inadequate chest measurements.

Mrs. Trewmann was almost pathetic.

"Don't worry, dear," she stammered. "I'll manage the wedding-guests. I'll send the presents back. It's—it's all right, darling. I'll take you abroad—you'll soon forget it all."

"Penelope isn't going abroad."

Nicky cried suddenly, "she's going to marry me—at least, I hope so."

"Yes, please," she breathed.

Mrs. Trewmann opened her mouth to protest.

"I earn six thousand a year with my plays alone," Nicky said rapidly, "apart from odd novels and things."

Mrs. Trewmann closed her mouth and decided that Nicky wasn't a cad. No man with six thousand a year could possibly be a cad. Why, the finest fossils in the world and the most brilliant essays on them wouldn't be worth half that. She signalled her husband. They crawled awkwardly out of the room and sat down in the hall to wait.

Penelope was kissed. Thoroughly kissed. She seemed to like it.

"This is heaven," Nicky exulted. "Wasn't it marvellous of Mrs. Huggs to decide to go out at the most awkward moment?"

"Very marvellous. Which reminds me—I must let her out."

"Let her out?" Nicky was mystified.

Penelope grinned.

"You see, darling, I had the great presence of mind to lock her in the linen cupboard."

(Copyright).

CHARLES FARRELL and Ginger Rogers as Chris and Madge in the Fox Film version of our serial, "Change of Heart."

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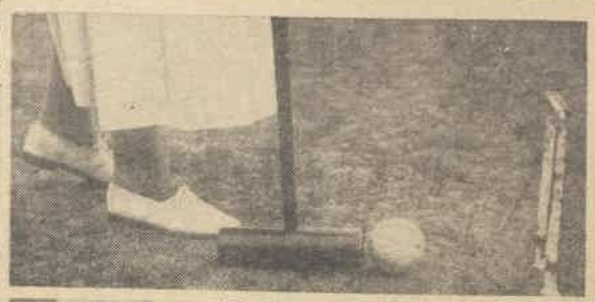
IMPROVE *Your* GAME

No. 6: CROQUET



At Left: The correct stand for an approach shot. Hands must be as near together as possible and an upright stance adopted.

Centre: For the roll the right hand is placed low down on the mallet. This is the only time a player should stoop to play a stroke.

Above: The drive. The mallet is brought well back to give the extra force in the follow through of the mallet.

Top Right: Addressing the ball to make a hoop stroke.

Bottom Right: The mallet drawn back in preparation to make the shot through the hoop. Note the position of the feet.

THIS series of instructive pictures of women's sports has been arranged for The Australian Women's Weekly by Ruth Preddey. Hockey, basketball, rowing, baseball, and bowls have already been dealt with.

WOMEN *Baseballers* ADOPT *Overarm* PITCHING

Coach Offers Suggestions

In view of the coming baseball season, a well-known Melbourne coach has put forward some suggestions for the improvement of women's baseball.

Overarm pitching has been recognised as the proper method of delivering the ball, but this coach also suggests that the women should adopt the men's rules, have umpires, and form score-keeping classes, all of which he asserts will materially help the women in their games.

By "Coach"

AS the baseball season is just about to commence... I offer the following suggestions to to women baseball players in Victoria, and think the game would be much improved if they were put into practice.

1. **That** the official Rules of the Game (men's) be adopted with any necessary exceptions such as smaller diamond, etc.

Reasons for "1": The conduct of the game in conformity with the men's rules will enable beginners, players, umpires, etc. to avail themselves of the quite considerable literature published on the game, to obtain rulings with the necessary assistance and advice from experienced members of the V.B.A. until such time as there be sufficient experienced women coaches, etc., and to enable the association to appoint efficient women umpires.

2. **That** arrangements be made for a supply of efficient men umpires for all matches. These umpires to be in sole charge of the game. If desired, the onus could be placed on each club competing to supply the name of a suitable umpire with the provision that such umpire shall not adjudicate on any game in which the nominating club is taking part, but the system of association appointments is the better, particularly in the lower grade, as there was a pronounced laxity in the commencement and control of games. The allotted time was ignored.

In addition to a knowledge of the rules and the ability to expound same on request, a large number of decisions, during baseball games, rest on what is termed "the umpires' opinion." From such a decision there is no appeal.

As these decisions are often very close and contentious from a player's point of view, it is very necessary to have umpires officiating who will give these decisions without hesitation and adhere to them, once given, with firmness.

With the entry into the sport of new clubs, formed from business girls, often with no previous experience in field games or organised sport, to introduce them to games such as baseball under lax or inefficient methods would probably cause them to rapidly lose interest, as, though they may not realise why, the game will lose its appeal.

Overarm Pitching

3. **The** introduction of free-arm pitching, even to those experienced in the game, will entail a certain amount of danger unless provided for. This is in regard to batters.

Under past rules, when the pitcher stepped into the pitcher's box and pitched, it was underarm, whereas under the new rules she will be standing in the box and throwing. The pitched ball will have a greater velocity, and will therefore be travelling "flat" as against the underarm ball coming in "on the rise."

With the fielding team in position, the pitcher is entitled to pitch the moment the batter takes her position in the batting box. Keen pitchers will avail themselves of this right, and it will therefore be necessary for batters to be trained not to step into the box unless they are ready to bat and with their attention entirely on the pitcher.

4. **A number** of clubs are availing themselves of the assistance of men baseballers to assist their baseball education. Provided these coaches are of the right type and experience this move is wise and necessary until the game is thoroughly established and sufficient women coaches are available, but it would be wise to provide (and the umpiring system suggested would cover this) that during the course of a match all male coaches, etc., be treated as spectators and be debarred from coaching during the course of the game—by this is meant coaching from the coaching lines.

5. **Scores.**—Efficient scoring plays a big part in baseball. The scoring is more intricate than in any other sport, inasmuch as it provides an accurate record of every ball batted or fielded, records the efficiency of the individual members of the team in every department of the game, and in addition it provides for the exact batting order and of the number of batters out in any stage.

The umpire's duty is to record the number of strikes and balls against the batter, but it is the scorer's duty to record the number of players out.

A scoring class should be formed as soon as possible, each club nominating two. This would enable scorers to master the theoretical side before the commencement of the season.

6. **Home Plate.**—With the change in the pitching the orthodox wooden pitcher's plate will be necessary. It is advisable, also, to use the regulation home plate, a flat wooden board painted white, 17in. in width, and shaped to fit in the corner of the diamond. This will avoid any repetition of last year's incidents when throws or fielded balls hit the canvas base used as a home plate, rendering it impossible for the catcher to field the ball with accuracy.

7. **Substitutes.**—It was generally believed last season that substitutes were not permitted. This is against the interests of the game, as it pertains in most field games, and is a sporting gesture on the part of one side to offer the opposing side whose numbers are unavoidably depleted the services of one or two fielders (who are not allowed to bat). The general rule is that seven players constitute a team, two substitutes being allowed.

Smart Shorts!

AT her final official game for the season the other night, Flossie Newman, a diminutive and very young badminton player, wore perhaps the most attractive shorts Adelaide has had the opportunity of seeing.

They were made of silk, fairly tight-fitting, and closely pleated, strongly resembling a skirt, but having all the freedom of shorts. They would be excellent for the tennis courts, too.

S.A. CRICKETERS For Third Test

NOW that the English team is on the eve of its departure for Australia, special interest is centred on who will be included in the Australian Test team.

Mrs. Miller, secretary of the S.A. Women's Cricket Association, considers that some of their players stand a good chance of being included in the third Test match, and with that object in view they are sending a team to compete in the interstate contest to be held in Melbourne in January.

Last year they played their first interstate match against Melbourne, but have never competed in an interstate carnival.

The association is anxious to hear from the council the dates of the Centenary Carnival, and also if the West Australian Association will entertain the visiting English Test team in Perth before the team arrives in Adelaide. It is expected that the English team will arrive at Adelaide on November 24, but if Perth entertains them it will be later than that.

Mrs. Miller is waiting to hear definitely, so that she can inform the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, who will probably tender the English girls a civic reception.

New Pitches

ADELAIDE women cricketers who are to play in their first interstate carnival during the coming season are eagerly awaiting the arrival of September 15, when the Adelaide City Council will open the Parklands cricket pitches. In the meantime the most enthusiastic of them are practising just anywhere they can find an open space.

TO REGAIN THE TASMAN CUP

New South Wales and Victoria are well represented in the Australian golf team, which will sail next week for New Zealand to play for the Tasman Cup.

THE team to play New Zealand for the Tasman Cup has been selected, and the selectors must be congratulated on the sound judgment they have used in picking such a formidable team.

Miss Leo Wray will be captain. Her knowledge and experience of golf will fit her admirably to fill this role. Her advice is always worth taking, and she is always known to give credit where credit is due. Her selection as captain is undoubtedly a popular one.

Miss Rene Austin, the secretary of the Australian Ladies' Golf Union, has been chosen as a non-playing manager, a position which she can ably fulfil.

Miss Joan Hammond (N.S.W.) and Miss Shirley Tolhurst (Vic.), by virtue of the fact that they are the champions of their respective State, automatically selected themselves.

Miss Mona McLeod (Vic.) first won the Australian championships in 1921. Two years later she made her first trip abroad and competed in the English and French championships. She again won the national title of Australia in 1926, 1927, and again two years ago.

The selection of the fifth player was delayed until late this week. It was thought that two players were so closely associated to fill this place that further evidence of their ability was needed before the vacancy was filled.

Immediately on the completion of the championships, the Australian team will leave for New Zealand, where they will be fully extended on the good but difficult course at Titirangi.

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A special purchase made this low price possible! Boys' all-wool Golf hose in black, grey or marl, with fancy overtops. All sizes. Usl. 3/6 to 6/9. 350 prs. at 2/6

BOATERS, 6/11
Another special purchase for "back-to-school" selling! Straw Boaters fitted with Bon Ton leather. All sizes, 6½ to 7¾. Usually 9/6 each; now, each, 6/11.

4/6 VESTS 2/3
300 Boys' and Youths' summer weight undervests of best quality white cotton. Short sleeves. Sizes 26 to 32-inch chest. Usually 4/6 each; now at Half Price!

9/6 SHOES 6/11
Boys' Tan Calf Derby shoes, sturdily built with sewn soles and lined with leather. Sizes and half-sizes, 10 to 1½. Usual Price, 9/6; 75 pairs at 6/11.

School Outfit Specials

Regulation Tunics — 3/11
Dark Navy regulation Tunics of Orient Cloth. Recommended for hard wear and neat appearance. Length: 22 24 27 30 33 36 39 42 45. Price: 3/11, 4/6, 4/11, 5/6, 5/11, 6/6, 6/11, 7/6, 7/11

Natural Fuji de Luxe Shirts — 2/6
Well-made Shirts with neatly-tailored shoulders, and finished with tape at waist. The natural Fuji de Luxe is a quality to wear and launder excellently. Bust 32 to 38 ins., price, 2/11; bust, 24 to 30, 2/6

Navy Wool Flannel Blazers — 10/11
All wool Flannel Blazers, trimly cut and securely reinforced at seams and pockets. In navy with red, gold, royal or navy cord trimming. All sizes. Bust 32 to 38, price 11/11; bust, 24 to 30 inches, price 10/11

Navy Tobralco Bloomers — 3/9
Well-fitting Bloomers, strongly made with a double gusset. Dark navy Tobralco that will survive endless wearing and washing. Fadeless. Length of side leg, 18 to 24 inches, price 3/11; length, 14 to 16, pr. 3/9

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